THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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In This Number

Irvin S. Cobb—Henry Irving Dodge—Rob Wagner—Henry C. Rowland—William H. Hamby
Eleanor Franklin Egan—Corra Harris—Pelham Grenville Wodehouse—James H. Collins

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The HOUSE *of* KUPPENHEIMER

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SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT

By Henry Irving Dodge

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

SKINNER had inhabited the iron-bound inclosure labeled "Cashier" at McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. so long that the messenger boys, to whom he had become something of a bluff, had dubbed him the Cage Man. The sobriquet was evolved from a chance remark by one of these miniature men in uniform and had spread until everybody had come to think of Skinner as the Cage Man—a fact that did not add greatly to his dignity.

But on this particular morning the Cage Man was even more harmless than usual. He sat at his tall desk and stared abstractedly at the open pages of his cashbook.

Skinner had stage fright! He had resolved to ask McLaughlin for a raise. Skinner was afraid of McLaughlin, but only in the way one man fears another man who he has hypnotized himself into believing holds his destiny in his hands. If Skinner had been left to himself he would never have asked for a raise—for no advance he could hope to get could compensate him for the stage fright he'd suffered for months from thinking about it.

It was his wife! She made him do it!

Skinner's wife was both his idol and his idolator. He'd never been an idol to anyone but her. No one else had ever even taken him seriously. When he entered their little house, out in Meadeville, he entered his kingdom—all of which made it imperative on Skinner to do his very utmost to make good in her eyes.

The Skinners had a little bank account for which they had skimped and saved. "Honey" had denied herself new gowns and Skinner had gone her one better: he had gone positively shabby. They had watched their little bank account grow, bit by bit, from ten dollars up. It had become an obsession. It stood between them and the dread of destitution. Thus it had become a sacred thing, and they had tacitly agreed never to touch it. What made it imperative for Skinner to ask for a raise was the fact that he had been bragging. Skinner was only human, and being a hero to his wife had made him a little vain. No man is proof against hero worship. He had bragged—a little at first—about his value to the firm. He had given his wife the idea that he was a most important man in McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc.; that he had only to suggest a raise in order to get it.

"They're a Perfect Fit—But the General Effect Doesn't Seem Right"

Several times Honey had hinted to Skinner that the firm was slow to show its appreciation of his indispensable qualities; but on such occasions Skinner had urged that the psychological moment had not yet arrived. But one evening he ill-advisedly admitted that the waves of prosperity were beginning to lap the doorstep of McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. That was enough! Next morning Honey gently urged that further delay would be inexcusable; that the bank account wasn't growing fast enough to suit her; that he must ask for a raise.

Now that it had been put up to him to make good, doubt entered Skinner's heart. He argued that if the firm had considered him worth more money it would have advanced him. Presently, however, he stepped out of his cage and locked the door behind him.

As he entered the long passageway that led to McLaughlin's office Skinner felt like a man who had emerged from a bathhouse and was about to traverse a long stretch between himself and the icy water.

Skinner tapped at the great glass door marked "Mr. McLaughlin," turned the knob and took the plunge.

When he came to the surface and partially recovered his senses he found himself facing McLaughlin, president of McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. McLaughlin sat at his desk, rotund, red-faced and pig-eyed, his stubby hair bristling with chronic antagonism.

"Hello, Skinner!" he said; then waited for the cashier to state his business.

Skinner had outlined a little argument, but he forgot it, and to cover his confusion he dragged a chair close to his employer's desk, a proceeding which rather puzzled the boss.

"What's the row?" he asked.

On his way down the long passageway that led to McLaughlin's office Skinner had made up his mind to demand a raise. Then he thought it might be better to ask for a raise. On reflection, however, he decided that to demand would be a little too stiff, while to ask would put him in the suppliant class. So he compromised with himself and concluded merely to suggest a raise.

"Mr. McLaughlin, I came in to see how you felt about giving me a little more money."

McLaughlin flushed and swung round in his swivel chair with a ready retort on his lips; but, meeting the quiet gray eyes of his subordinate, he said simply:

"Raise your salary?"

Skinner nodded.

"I just wanted to know how you feel about it."

"You know how we feel about it. We haven't done it, have we?"

Skinner became nervous and decided to plead rather than argue.

"My expenses are increasing, and ——"

But McLaughlin cut him short:

"So are ours."

The boss was going to add his customary excuse when tackled for more money: "And times are hard with us; our customers don't pay up, and our creditors ——"

But he suddenly remembered that he was speaking to his cashier.

He turned away and looked into space, and drummed on his desk with an ivory paper cutter. Thus he remained, apparently pondering the matter for some seconds, while hope and fear chased each other up and down Skinner's spinal column. Then the boss turned to his papers.

"I'll talk it over with Perkins. Stop in on your way home, Skinner."

After Skinner had gone McLaughlin rang the bell on his desk, and when the boy appeared he said:

"Ask Mr. Perkins please to step in here."

The junior partner, immaculately dressed and twirling his tawny mustache, entered a few moments later and found McLaughlin with his feet on the desk, staring ahead with humorous intentness.

"Well," said McLaughlin, "it's come at last!" With true Irish dramatic instinct he paused; then plumped out: "Skinner's asked for a raise!"

He turned to note the effect of his words.

"What?" said the junior, hastening to suppress any suggestion of emotion. "That great, big, long-eared, overgrown rabbit! Did he dare to come in here and beard the hound in his kennel?"

"He did that same," said McLaughlin, who had never quite lost his California vernacular. "Wonder why he asked just now! He doesn't know about that new contract with the Hudson & Erie people, does he?"

"No, Mac; it just occurred to him—that's all—it just occurred to him." Perkins paused, looked out of the window; then turned. "What do you think, Mac?"

"We can't start in raising salaries just now, Perk. If one gets it the others'll want it too. They'll all be dissatisfied."

"Don't do it—that's all."

McLaughlin reflected a moment.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as a worm turning?"

"Yes; but a worm doesn't turn very fast. There'd be plenty of time to see the indications and head it off."

McLaughlin drummed with his paper cutter.

"Somehow I've always been afraid of worms. They're so damned humble," he said presently.

Perkins laughed.

"I believe you're afraid you'll lose Skinner."

"Somebody might have got after him—Billings or Humphreys."

"Nobody's after a man who dresses like that!"

"But ——" McLaughlin protested.

Perkins cut him short.

"You don't have to raise him. Any man who wears clothes like a doormat will let you use him like a doormat!"

"That's just what puzzles me. A good-looking man—fine eyes and a figure! Perk, why does he dress like that?"

"He began by skimping for that little house out in Meadeville. He got used to going without good clothes and he didn't care."

"It's notorious."

"Nobody cares much whether a cashier in his cage is well dressed," said Perkins. "You can't see him below the waistline."

McLaughlin turned to his partner.

"But we can't afford to lose him. He's too honest, too faithful, too loyal."

"I know his value as well as you do; but we don't want to put wise goggles on him."

"Then you wouldn't do it?"

"Of course not! Bluff him—in a tactful way. You're an old poker player, Mac; you know how to handle the situation."

"But supposing you're mistaken in Skinner? Suppose he hangs out for a raise?"

"If he does we'll have to give it to him. Offer him ten dollars a week more. But remember, Mac, only as a last resort!"

So when Skinner stepped in at five o'clock McLaughlin made the bluff. Skinner didn't call it. Instead, he bowed submissively, almost with relief, and, without a word, left for home.

Everything contributed to the drab occasion for Skinner. The weather was bad, the ferryboat steamier and smellier than ever. As he took his seat in the men's cabin he was full of drab reflections—disappointment; deep disgust. By gad! Why hadn't he made a fight for a raise? They could only sack him—hand him the blue envelope.

Sack him! The thought brought back the days when he had wandered from office to office, a suppliant, taking snubs, glad to get anything to do. The memory of the snubs had made more or less of a slave of him, for Skinner was a proud man, a man of very respectable family. Perhaps he ought to be glad that McLaughlin hadn't done any worse than refuse him a raise.

Unfortunately, on the train Skinner got a seat in the very center of a circle of social chatterboxes, male commuters and female shoppers. Some talked of their machines and rattled off the names of the makers. There was an inextricable mass of phrases—six cylinder; self-starter; nonpuncturable; nonskiddable.

Skinner felt that this talk about machines was only to impress others with their motor lore, for familiarity with motor lore indicates a social status of a sort. Any man who can own a car has at least mounted a few steps on the social ladder; and the next thing to owning a car is to be able to talk about a car.

Skinner wondered if all these chatterers could afford their way of living. He had always looked forward with a certain satisfaction to the time when the smash would come to some of these social butterflies, with their mortgaged automobiles; and then he, Skinner, with his snug little bank account, would be the one to laugh and to chatter. This reflection greatly consoled him for wearing cheap clothes.

Presently Wilkes, in the seat just ahead of Skinner, folded his newspaper and turned to his neighbor.

"Are you going to the reception to the new pastor at the First Presbyterian?"

"You bet I am. We're all going."

The remark brought Skinner back to the things of the moment with a jerk. By Jove! Honey was going to that reception and she'd set her heart on his going with her. She'd been making over a dress for it. He had made up his mind that she'd buy something new—a lot of new things—when he'd got his raise. But now—well, it was a deuced good thing she was handy with her needle!

The thought of her disappointment was overshadowed by an awful realization that suddenly came to Skinner. How could he square the fact that McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. had turned him down with the way he'd bragged about his value to the firm? Skinner frowned deeply.

What would Honey think of him? He couldn't bear the idea of falling in her esteem. He pondered a bit. By Jove! He wouldn't fall in her esteem. He wouldn't disappoint her either. Everybody had disappointed him, but that was no reason why he should disappoint her! He suddenly laughed aloud. If they wouldn't raise his salary he'd take things into his own hands. He'd be independent of the firm. He'd raise it himself. If he were going to lie, why not lie to some effect?

He'd raise himself five dollars a week! All he had to do was to take it out of his own bank account. Every week he'd cash a check for five dollars in New York. He always kept his personal check book in the firm's safe. When he handed over his salary he would give her the extra five to deposit to the credit of their account in the Meadeville National. It would work out beautifully. Nobody would be any the wiser; and if nobody would be any the richer surely nobody would be any the poorer, and—he would not have to disappoint Honey.

Skinner stepped off the train at Meadeville and threaded his way between the glaring, throbbing automobiles to the slush-covered sidewalk.

When he reached his house he ran up the steps with a radiant face. Honey was waiting for him at the door, her lithe little figure and mass of chestnut hair done up on top of her head silhouetted against the light in the hall. She kissed him and in her eagerness literally dragged him into the hall and shut the door.

"Dearie, you've done it! I know by your face you've done it!"

"Uh-huh!"

"Now, don't tell me how much till I show you something!" She drew him into the dining room and pointed to the table, where a wonderful dinner was waiting.

"Look, dearie; oysters to begin with, and later—beefsteak! Think of it! Beefsteak! And look—those flowers! Just to celebrate the occasion! I was so sure you'd get it! And now tell me—how much did they appreciate you?"

Skinner was swept off his feet by her enthusiasm. He threw caution to the winds—that is, after he'd made a lightning calculation. It wouldn't cost any more, so why be a piker?

"Ten dollars," he said with affected quiet.

She flung her arms round his neck, and, looking up into his face with eyes brimming, sighed:

"Dearie, I'm so happy! So happy for you!"

And Skinner felt that the lie was justified. He put his hand up and pressed her glossy head close to his breast and, looking over her shoulder, winked solemnly at the wall.

"Somebody's Very Much Alive! We're the Dead Ones!"

"And now, dearie," said his wife when they were seated at the table, "tell me! You actually bearded that old pig in his pen? My hero!"

"Uh-huh!"

"You told him you wanted a raise?"

"Uh-huh!"

"And what did he say?"

"First, he said he'd see Perkins."

"And he saw Perkins; and what then?" Skinner threw his hands apart and shrugged his shoulders. If he had to lie he'd use as few words as possible in doing it.

"Was that all?"

"Uh-huh!"

"It was a cinch, just as you said—wasn't it, dearie?"

Skinner imperceptibly winced at the word.

"Uh-huh!"

"I was just figuring, dearie. Let's see—ten dollars a week; how much is that a year?"

"Five hundred and twenty dollars."

"Five hundred and twenty dollars a year—that'd be more than a thousand dollars in two years!"

"Yes," Skinner affirmed.

"And in four years? Think of it—over two thousand dollars!"

Skinner began to see his ten-dollar raise growing to gigantic proportions. He had visions of himself at the end of four years hustling to make good "over two thousand dollars."

Suddenly Skinner began to question the wisdom of promoting himself. But he couldn't back out now.

"And now I've got a surprise for you, dearie," Honey said after a while. "You thought I got you to get that raise just to build up our bank account—didn't you?"

"Sure thing!" said Skinner apprehensively. "Why?"

"You old goosie! I only got you to think that so you'd go after it! That isn't what I wanted it for—at all!"

Skinner's mouth suddenly went dry.

"We've been cheap people long enough, dearie," she began. "We've never dressed like other people; we've never traveled like other people. If we went on a trip it was always at excursion rates. We always put up at cheap hotels, bargained for the lowest rate, and ate in cheap restaurants. As a result, we've always met cheap people."

"You mean poor people?" said Skinner quickly.

"Goodness, no, dearie. I mean cheap people—people with cheap minds, cheap manners and, worst of all, cheap speech. I'm tired of cheap people!"

"What are you going to do about it?" said Skinner, his apprehension growing.

"We're not going to put one cent of this new money in the bank. That's what I'm going to do about it! Instead of waiting a year for that five hundred and twenty dollars to accumulate we're going to begin spending it now. We'll never be any younger. We're going to draw on our first year's prosperity!"

"What the deuce are you talking about?" said Skinner, staring wide-eyed. "What do you mean?"

She clapped her hands.

"Now don't argue! I've planned it all out. We're going to have good times and good clothes. We're going to begin on you. You old dear, you're going to have a dress suit!"

"Dress suit?" Skinner echoed. "Why dress suit now at this particular stage of the game? Why dress suit at all?"

"Why? For the reception at the First Presbyterian, of course. You old dear, you don't think I'm going to let you miss that affair just for the sake of a dress suit, now that we've got a whole year's raise to spend—do you?"

"How much will it cost?" Skinner murmured almost inarticulately.

"Only ninety dollars!"

Skinner gulped his coffee down hot.

"I see," he said. Then, after a pause: "Couldn't we hire one? It's only for one occasion."

"A hired dress suit? I guess not!"

Skinner pondered a moment, like a cat on a fence with a dog on each side.

"Couldn't we buy it on the installment plan?"

"We might buy a cheap suit on the installment plan. But remember, dearie, we're not going to be cheap people any more!"

"One can see that with half an eye," said Skinner. "I think I'll have another demi-tasse."

"It'll keep you awake, dearie."

"If I don't sleep it won't be the coffee that keeps me awake," said Skinner enigmatically.

Honey went to the city with Skinner the next day, and during the lunch hour a high-class tailor in the financial district measured Skinner for his suit. When the wonderful outfit arrived a few days later, and Skinner put it on, she pretended to admire the whole effect unqualifiedly.

"Beautiful!" she cried. "Perfectly beautiful!"

But she chuckled to herself as she noted the look of perplexity that gradually came into Skinner's eyes as he regarded himself in the mirror.

"These clothes are very handsome," he said presently, "and they're a perfect fit—but the general effect doesn't seem right."

Honey remained discreetly silent. Presently Skinner turned to her with a suggestion of trouble in his eyes.

"Say, what do dress shirts cost?"

"I don't know exactly. Four dollars perhaps."

"Four dollars!" Then, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone: "I suppose a certain kind of collar and tie are necessary for a dress shirt."

"A dollar would cover that."

Another pause; then:

"I've got to have studs. And cuff buttons. Say, where do we get off?"

"They're not expensive, dearie."

Just then he glanced down at his shoes.

"It isn't necessary to have patent leathers too?" he appealed.

"It's customary, dearie, but not absolutely necessary."

"Certainly," Said Mrs. Colby— "Two if You Like. That's All I've Got Left"

"People don't see your feet in a reception like that," he urged.

Her giggle irritated Skinner.

"It may be very funny to you, but—how much? That's the question!"

"Not more than six dollars for the best."

"I see," said Skinner, making an effort to be calm. "Silk hosiery?"

"A dollar will cover that," she answered.

"Thank goodness, I don't have to have a high hat!"

"Six dollars will cover that."

"That's a darned sight more than the hat'll cover if I don't stop spending money! But why a hat anyway?" he continued. "You don't wear it in the house. That's the only time your dress suit shows. When you're out-of-doors you wear it under an overcoat." He paused abruptly. "An overcoat! Great Scott! Have I got to have a new overcoat?"

"You seem to think you have; and, honestly, I agree with you. It would never do, dearie, to be fine at both ends and shabby in the middle."

Skinner grunted.

"An overcoat will cost forty dollars! Do you hear? Forty dollars!"

"I didn't say anything about an overcoat, dearie. It's your own suggestion."

"You didn't say anything about it—oh, no! You only said enough to cinch my suggestion! Forty dollars!" he repeated. "And a hat—six dollars more! Well, I'll get a hat. Gee-whiz! What have you let me in for, anyway?"

"I let you in for, dearie!" Her baby-blue eyes stared at him. "You let yourself in for it when you got your raise."

For a moment Skinner pondered; then abruptly:

"Say, I'll be hanged if I don't buy new underclothes. For the first time in my life I'll be well dressed all through—hide, hoofs and horns!—socks, shoes, trousers, waistcoat, coat, hat, overcoat! Is there anything else?" he shouted.

"Let me think."

"Yes; think hard!" Skinner retorted. "Don't leave a stone unturned to make me the one great, perfect tailor's model!"

"There's gloves and a monocle chain. You can get them both for three dollars," Honey added sweetly, affecting not to notice Skinner's reproachful irony.

"Monocle chain!" Skinner shouted. "What's that? Something to lead me by? Am I going to be a monkey?"

"Don't be silly, dearie!"

Skinner laughed with deep disgust.

"Why be a piker, Skinner? You got your raise, didn't you? Why be a piker?"

Honey clapped her hands delightedly.

"Is that all? Are you through with me? Are you finished with me absolutely?"

"My love, you're the finished product."

"Good! Now we'll begin on you!"

"Me?" Honey cried.

"Yes, you! You don't suppose I'm going to be the only one in this outfit to be decked out in gay attire. It would be as bad as the man that went on his wedding trip alone because he was too mean or too poor to take his wife along!"

"I'm all right!"

"What have you got?" Skinner insisted grimly.

"The beautiful pink dress I made over."

"Get it!" said Skinner.

Already his tone was taking on an unaccustomed authority. She got the pretty homemade thing and laid it on the table.

"Put it on!" Skinner ordered.

Honey got into the dress as quickly as her trembling fingers would permit. Skinner inspected her.

"That's a beautiful little dress for the house," he said finally; "but it doesn't match this suit of mine. Incompatible isn't the word."

Honey began to tremble. Skinner had no idea of the cost of women's clothes!

"Look here," Skinner went on, resuming the imperative; "I got this suit at a first-class tailor's—you go to a first-class dressmaker and get a gown to correspond to it. To correspond to my patent leathers, you get evening shoes at a first-class bootmaker's. To correspond to my overcoat, you get an evening cloak. Piece for piece, you must do just as I do. We'll be a symphony in clothes! Silk stockings, long gloves, silk underwear, and all the rest of it—that's what you're going to have."

"But silk underwear? No one can see it, dearie," Honey protested.

"There's a psychology to it. I want you to feel well dressed!"

Honey's face went white.

"Have you any idea what these things will cost?"

"No! And I don't care!" Skinner burst out. "It's all on me. I got the raise, didn't I? You didn't, did you? Very well; I'll take the consequences. And, moreover, I want you to understand we're going to ride to that reception—in a cab!"

II

MEADEVILLE was a suburb once removed, a kind of second cousin to the big city—the only kind of suburb that could really be aristocratic. And the First Presbyterian was the smartest church in town. The men who passed the plate all belonged to the millionaire class. But no church congregation was ever made up entirely of aristocrats. It needs a generous sprinkling of the poor and the moderately well-to-do to keep up the spiritual average.

The ultrafashionables rarely attended the church gatherings. But this was a special occasion. A new pastor was to be introduced. So, prompted by curiosity and a desire to make a good impression on the future custodian of their morals, the smarter set attended.

As like attracts like—on the same principle that laborers in a car forgather with other laborers—so Skinner began to forgather with the dress-suit contingent. As he aligned himself with them he realized that many of them were clerks who had risen in the world and owned their own machines, while the underdressed men, as a rule, still belonged to the bicycle club. Many of the newly rich men were old acquaintances of Skinner's who had passed him—left him behind, as it were—years before. To these his dress suit was a kind of new introduction. They seemed pleased to see him. They clapped him on the shoulder.

He thrust his hands into his pockets—as he saw the others do—and strode, not walked or glided pussy-footedly as became a Cage Man. And he began to feel a commiseration for the men who were not in evening clothes.

Skinner found himself taking a sudden interest in the social chatter about him.

He began to wonder whether social life was really so potent of good cheer, physical and mental refreshment.

When McLaughlin came up and greeted him cordially McLaughlin seemed a changed man. His eyes were genial and even his hair was conciliatory. And social intercourse had done that.

"Gee-whiz!" said Skinner to himself.

And Skinner took a brand-new pride in his wife. She was radiantly happy; radiantly beautiful in her new gown. She was the very center of a group of some of the "best" people there. By Jove! McLaughlin's wife had thrust her arm through Honey's and was leading her off to another group. As he watched her Skinner felt that even sin—when undertaken for another—has its compensations.

"Who is that distinguished looking man over there?" said Mrs. J. Smith Crawford, the wife of the senior deacon of the First Presbyterian.

Miss Mayhew adjusted her lorgnette.

"What distinguished looking man?"

"There's only one," replied Mrs. Crawford. "The one over there who looks like a cross between a poet and an athlete."

"Oh, that's Skinner, of McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. The Skinners are great friends of ours."

As a matter of fact, Miss Mayhew had never taken the trouble to notice the Skinners particularly; but now that Skinner had made an impression on Mrs. Crawford, that altered the case.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Crawford. "Go and get him."

Skinner found Mrs. Crawford most engaging, and when he left her his head was in the clouds. He was brought down to earth, however, by someone plucking him by the sleeve.

"Gee, Skinner! Where did you get it?" said Allison, who stood there grinning in his newly pressed sack suit.

As the Skinners were departing Tom (newly rich) Lewis touched Skinner on the arm.

"We'll drop you and Mrs. Skinner at the house," he said. "We have plenty of room in the car."

"Can you beat it?" said the Cage Man as they closed the front door. "Lewis has scarcely noticed me for two years."

"It was that new dress suit, dearie."

"It's earned a dollar and a half already."

"How?"

"You Mean to Say That I'm Going to St. Paul With You?"

"Cab fare! Say, I'm going to keep an account of what this suit actually cost me and what it brings in," said Skinner.

"And to think of it, dearie—it's all because of your getting that raise!"

"Uh-huh!" said Skinner absently.

"I'm so grateful to think you got it; I just couldn't help telling Mrs. McLaughlin ——"

"Huh?" Skinner interrupted. "You didn't mention that raise to Mrs. McLaughlin, did you?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"But did you?" said Skinner with apprehension.

"Why, no. I simply told her I was so grateful for the mark of appreciation they'd shown."

"And what did Mrs. McLaughlin say?"

"She asked me what I meant."

"And what did you say?"

"I told her that her husband would understand it—and I wanted him to know just how I felt about it."

"The devil you did!" said Skinner.

True to his word, Skinner proceeded to keep a little book marked Dress-Suit Account. He was probably the only man, he reflected, who had ever done such a thing; and he did it at first more as a joke than anything else. But he found that the Dress-Suit Account developed serious as well as humorous possibilities. He first entered carefully, item by item, the cost of the dress suit and its accessories:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT		CREDIT
Dress suit	$ 90.00	
Dress shirt	4.00	
Tie	.50	
Collar	.25	
Shoes	6.00	
Gloves	1.50	
Studs and cuff links	4.00	
Hat	6.00	
Overcoat	40.00	
Underwear	8.00	
Monocle chain	1.50	
Total	$161.75	

To that he added the cost of Honey's outfit:

DEBIT		CREDIT
Gown	$100.00	
Underwear	10.00	
Hose	3.00	
Corset	15.00	
Slippers	10.00	
Wrap	50.00	
Gloves	4.00	
Total	$192.00	

Explanatory comment: Honey's outfit not directly descended from but collaterally related to Dress-Suit Account—an inevitable expenditure.

He noted that everything was on the debit side until the night of the First Presbyterian reception. Then Skinner put down:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
	Beginning of social education.

And he didn't neglect to add the relatively unimportant item:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
	Cab fare saved—$1.50.

From that time on, both debit and credit items were put down as they occurred to Skinner.

While Skinner was thus directly concerned with the Dress-Suit Account that potent affair was rapidly developing ramifications in an unsuspected direction.

"I say, Perk," said McLaughlin to the junior partner the day after the reception, "I saw our Skinner and his wife at the First Presbyterian affair in Meadeville last night, all dressed up."

"There's nothing startling in that."

"No—but what do you suppose Skinner's wife said to Mrs. Mac?"

Perkins sighed heavily at the bare suggestion.

"She almost wept on Mrs. Mac's neck," McLaughlin went on, "while she told her how grateful she was—grateful for the way we had shown our appreciation of Skinner!"

"What did she mean by that?"

"Don't know. Mrs. Mac asked her what she was driving at, and she said I'd understand. She wanted me to know how she felt about it—that's all! Say, Perk," McLaughlin went on, "do you reckon she was trying to be sarcastic? Trying to give us a sly dig for turning Skinner down?"

"He'd never tell her that."

McLaughlin knitted his brows.

"I don't understand it." He drummed on the table with the paper knife. "I told you I was afraid of worms," he said after a pause.

"He hasn't begun to turn yet."

"How do you know? Hang it, a worm is always turning! There's no telling when he begins. He crawls in curves."

"Oh, rats!" was Perkins' only comment.

Mr. McLaughlin paused longer than usual. He looked troubled.

"Can We Take a Spin With Them This Afternoon, Dearie?"

"Say, Perk," he said presently, "somehow I'm afraid this particular worm of ours is pluming for flight."

"That's a dainty metaphor, Mac, but it's a little mixed."

McLaughlin glared at Perkins. He hated these petty corrections.

"Ain't a caterpillar a worm, my Harvard prodigy?"

"I grant you that."

"Don't he turn into a butterfly? Don't he plume for flight?" McLaughlin nailed each successive argument with a bang of his fist on the desk. "Ain't Skinner getting to be a social butterfly? Get the connection? My metaphor may be mixed as you say—which I don't understand—but my logic is O. K. Say, ain't it?"

"Well," said Perkins resignedly, "it beats me."

Skinner's feelings were not of the most amiable kind when on Saturday he drew his first check on his own private bank account to pay himself his first week's raise. And he swore lightly as he realized that this would be a weekly reminder of his folly, perhaps for years to come. But Honey chirked up wonderfully when he handed her the extra ten.

"This shall go into the bank Monday morning early," she cried. "I'm so glad we're beginning to put money back into the bank; we've drawn so much out!"

Honey held up a finger; then turned and listened.

"That's the postman's whistle. I'll go."

A moment later she burst into the room, her face radiant.

"There!" she cried, throwing a large square envelope down in front of Skinner. "You can credit your Dress-Suit Account with that!"

It was an invitation to a dance at the J. Smith Crawfords' on the fifteenth—just two weeks off.

"I'll put it down in my little book. It isn't exactly tangible, but you can bet it may lead to something tangible."

"Tangible?" echoed Honey. "It's a social triumph."

In his fine round hand Skinner inscribed in the little book the following:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
	One social triumph.

He passed the record over for Honey's approval.

"And, oh, goody!" Honey cried. "We're all prepared for it. Not a penny to spend! Now don't you dare to think of anything! . . . Is there?"

"You're right! You're right!" Skinner almost shouted. He paused abruptly; then, in a hoarse whisper: "Say, do you know how to dance?" She stared at him wide-eyed. "Do you know the new things—these cubist-proposition dances where you glide and side-step and pause and back up and go ahead again and zigzag round?"

"You mean the turkey trot and the tango and the one-step and the fox trot and the hesitation?" she rattled off glibly.

They looked at each other for a moment without a word.

"No use—we've got to do it."

"But that means money. We've only got two weeks. Private lessons! That means lots of money."

"Honey," said Skinner solemnly, "we've invested in this dress-suit engine of conquest. It's no good unless we use it. We must learn the most efficient way to use it or all the first cost will be wasted. Besides, it won't cost much to learn to dance. There are places on Sixth Avenue ——"

She held up both hands.

"Mercy! If you learn to dance on Sixth Avenue you'll have the Sixth Avenue stamp on you. The men who dance on Sixth Avenue hire their dress suits on Third Avenue—it all goes together.

"But, dearie," she urged, "it isn't absolutely necessary for us to learn to dance. And, remember, you promised not to spend any more money."

"I told you my dress suit was our engine of conquest—plant! You buy your machinery; that's the initial cost. Then you have to learn how to run it."

He took out his little book and put down:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
Operating expenses.	

She lifted her face and smiled.

"But there isn't anything to worry about after all, is there? We haven't anywhere near spent that five hundred and twenty dollars, have we?"

"No," said Skinner grimly—"not yet."

He disengaged himself from her arms and slowly mounted the stairs. Once inside his room, he turned and locked the door, still smiling grimly. He strode to the closet, flung the door open, lifted his dress suit from its peg and held it at arm's length, where it swayed like a scarecrow.

"You're a Nemesis!" he growled. "There's one for you—there's another!" He punched the thing hard and fast. "That's you, Skinner—that's you—for being an ass—a blooming, silly ass!"

Nevertheless, the Skinners put themselves in charge of a first-class dancing instructor just off Fifth Avenue. For two solid weeks every day Honey met dearie after office hours and they practiced trotting the fox trot, stepping the one-step, and negotiating the tango and the hesitation.

At the end of the brief term Skinner wrote down in his little book:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
Instruction in dancing for two—since the dress-suit engine of conquest needs two to run it— $60.00	A certain stimulation due to dancing, which quickens the mental forces and makes one happier and more alert at his work.

Two weeks' loyal devotion to the art of Terpsichore made Skinner at the Crawford dance no less conspicuous as a dancer than as a man of distinguished presence. He found himself surprisingly in demand; and he made the quick calculation that this new enhancement of his value was due to his dancing—which, in turn, was due to the dress suit!

Early in the evening Mrs. Crawford, the hostess, introduced him to Mrs. Stephen Colby, the magnate's wife, and Skinner asked for a dance. And as he led that lady to the ballroom he formulated the following entry in his notebook, to be jotted down at the first opportunity:

"Credit dress-suit account one dance with the wife of a multimillionaire—a social arbiter. An event undreamed of, even in my most ambitious moments! What next, I wonder?"

Mrs. Colby had a way of commenting on other persons present with a certain cynical frankness that amused Skinner, and he took a genuine fancy to her. The wine of the dance got into his blood and when the music ceased he begged for another dance.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Colby—"two if you like. That's all I've got left."

Later in the evening Skinner made the following entry in his little book:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
	Two more dances with a social arbiter. That's what's next! Going some, I reckon.

Between dances young Crawford took Skinner by the arm. "Come into the den and have a wee nippie."

In the den Skinner found a group of millionaires and multimillionaires, talking in quiet, good-natured tones. Skinner had many original ideas, which, because of a certain lack of assertiveness as a Cage Man, he had never been able to exploit. But now he was out of his cage. He talked with these men as he never knew he could talk.

As a Cage Man he had always dealt with men of small caliber, who were ever in a hurry. If he chanced to meet one of these on the street, or in a restaurant, and had attempted to exploit his ideas, the other had always seemed bored. But the men he was now mixing with seemed to have the leisure of the gods on their hands. They were not bored. They listened to him apparently with keen interest.

Skinner observed that these men were good listeners and later noted the fact:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
	Important discovery: Big men of affairs better listeners than talkers.

But when they did talk at all they talked in big figures. And later Skinner jotted down:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
	One new experience: Heard much big talk that was not hot air!

There was a fascination to it all. Skinner felt that somehow he was sitting in a big game—sitting on the edge, perhaps, but rubbing shoulders with some of the men who actually shaped the affairs of the business world. The realization stimulated him, lifted him up; and when he went to claim his next dance with the social arbiter he felt more like an equal with "bigness."

When Skinner that night put the dress suit away he patted the coat fondly.

"Sorry, Skinner, old chap—you know what for!" he murmured.

Then he made the note in his little book:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
	One important lesson: Never prematurely vent spleen on an inanimate object. Only a silly ass does that.

Next morning, good commuter that he was, Skinner made his customary dash for the train. Halfway down to the gate he saw Stephen Colby's car coming down the road. Here was the multimillionaire with whom he had talked on terms of equality the night before, making for the Pullman end of his train; here was he, Skinner, in his old clothes. Would Colby recognize him or wouldn't he? First, Skinner was afraid he wouldn't and then he was afraid he would. He decided not to chance it. He darted back into the vestibule, and waited until the magnate's car had passed; and then he emerged from his hiding place and made his customary sprint for the depot. When he got there he hurried into the smoker—the laboring man's club.

Would he have to do this dodging act every day, like a fugitive? he wondered. It was dawning on him that his shabby clothes had somehow made him a fugitive from respectability. He sat up straight as he realized for the first time that he was about the most poorly dressed commuter Meadeville could boast. He had prided himself that he had never given a cuss what other people thought of his clothes, so long as his bank account was intact. By Jove! Perhaps he'd never known what they thought because they were too polite to tell him.

Honey, too, pondered Skinner's curious dash out and back. She had her suspicions, but said nothing. She simply waited until another morning to confirm them. And when the whole combination of circumstances—Skinner's advance; Colby's car appearing down the road; Skinner's retreat—was repeated it was as plain as an open book.

The matter of the business suit was uppermost in the mind of each; but, as it was something that involved a further assault on their financial stronghold, it was a subject that must be approached with great tact. Each, dreading an avalanche of reproach, waited for the other to speak; and it was not until Skinner had finished his second demi-tasse one night that he began.

"I notice that Colby and Crawford, and the rest of that bunch, wear dark business suits," he ventured.

"Dark; but generally with a fine threadlike stripe, and ties to match always," Honey supplemented softly. "And the simplest jewelry," she went on.

Then they both fell silent.

"I know what you're thinking about," Skinner ventured again, not unwilling to shift the burden.

"What?"

"You want me to get a new business suit. Now don't deny it!"

He made the "Don't deny it" suggest a warning—almost a threat. But, although the ice was broken, Honey didn't take the plunge. Instead, she felt her way in:

"You haven't had one for ever so long—and that was only a cheap one."

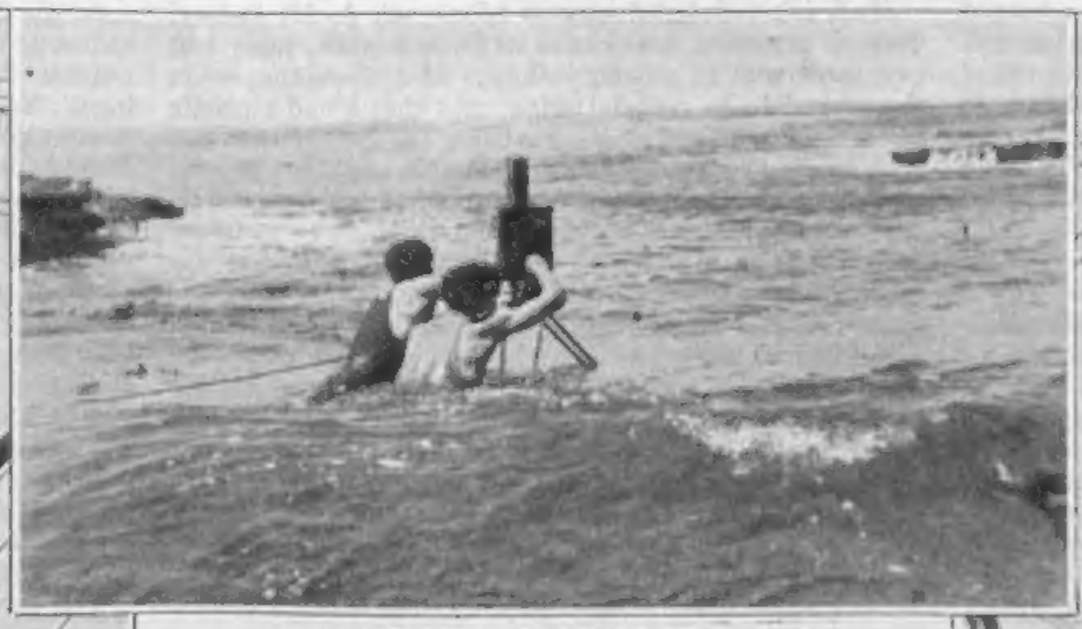
"I shouldn't need one now if I didn't have to live up to that dress suit you made me buy."

Honey sighed.

"Think of the cost," Skinner went on, using the suggestive form and leaving himself an avenue of escape if necessary. *(Continued on Page 52)*

The Vicissitudes of Victor, or Shoot the Piece

I'd Sooner Leave the Sea Stuff to the Sailors



Waiting Two Days for the Porpoises

I Never Knew Before Why Masts Grew on Steamships

By ROB WAGNER

NOW I know why philosophers have always sought the solitude of the cell, the cloister or the hospice, in which to contemplate a nervous world. For six weeks I have lain upon my fair young back and looked at four chaste and beautiful white walls—not a picture or a drape to distract my thoughts.

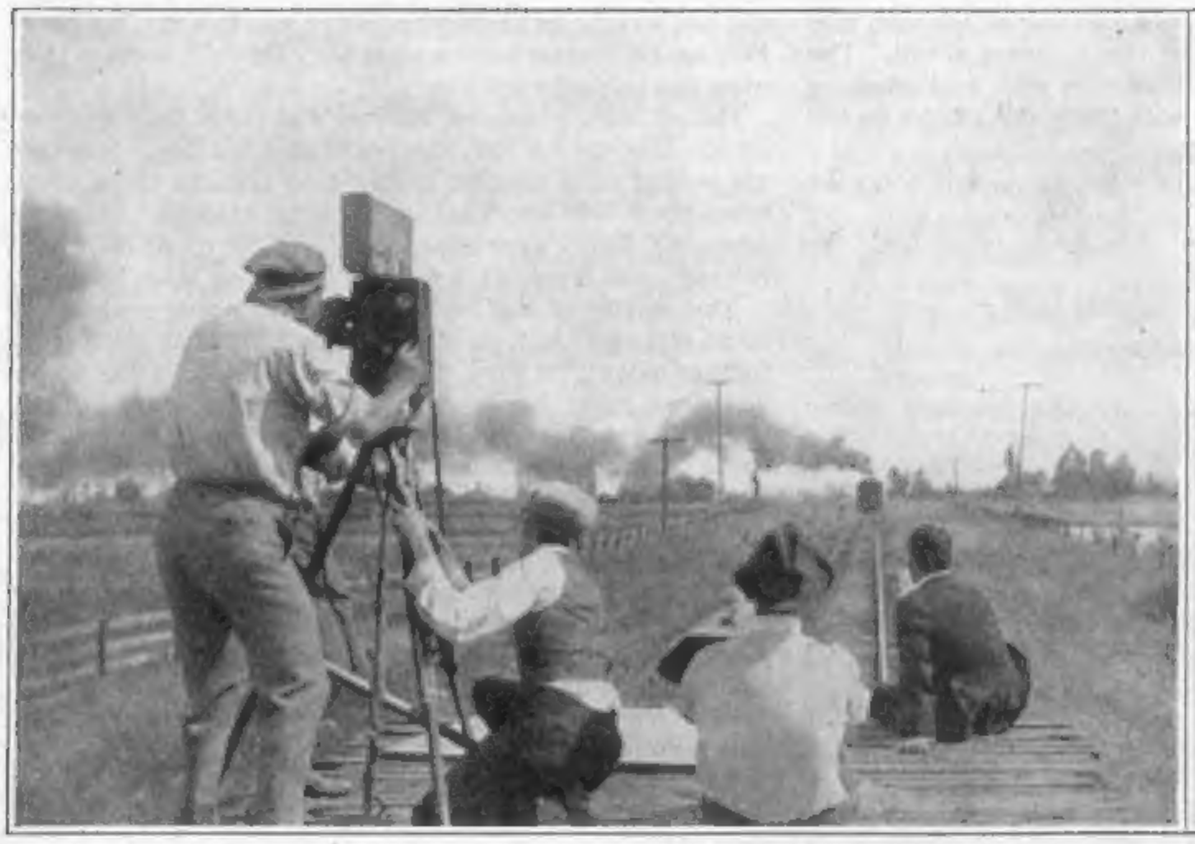
The result of this period of reflection has been that in the long stretches of the day and night I have had time to gain a perspective on my very tumultuous life. I "had 'er in the high" so long that I really didn't know what leisure was until I struck this heavenly place. If I had realized what rest for the spirit lay within the antiseptic walls of the Good Samaritan I should have been lots less careful of my human chassis.

The cause of my taking to the cloistered life must be told later; but meantime here I am, with two broken legs and a split collar bone. Also, I have had a fine new set of open plumbing put in and a couple of loose teeth taken out. Altogether I'm not what would be called a physical success, but fortunately my sconce was not cracked; so I still may be not utterly useless. A man can stand quite a while on his head when his legs are gone.

After the operation and consequent pain and discomfort of the first few days, I enjoyed the enforced rest of the succeeding three weeks; but that was about all my nervous disposition could stand, and I began to irk at the deadly stillness. I wanted to be up and out, and at it.

I have seen nobody except Mrs. Goodhue, the human plumber, and the white-frocked angel of mercy who ministers to my physical wants, and it is Mrs. Goodhue who is responsible for my writing the following tale—it was through her urging that I have undertaken it. "For," as she says, "the film favorite and movie queen have told their stories; and, though occasionally somebody may wonder where the camera was in some exciting scene, nobody has yet recounted the Vicissitudes of Victor, the boy who turns the crank. And they are infinitely more exciting than anything that happens to our pampered pets in the headlines."

Artists, they say, are born; business men are made; but camera men just happen. When the picture business was new, and growing by leaps and bounds, it was impossible that enough cinematographers should come from the



Everybody Can Sit Down and Enjoy the Game Except the Camera Man

A Few Hours Later the Ledge We Stood on Dropped Into the Volcano

ranks; so they were recruited from all walks of life. If I should take the first fifty of these chaps who come to mind we should find that their previous experience included everything from undertaking to cowboying; but nowadays men are going through a regular training as laboratory men and as camera assistants. When I broke into the game this source was inadequate to supply the demand.

I once knew a fellow who studied for the ministry who is now driving a beer truck. My family had me all framed up for the law, but the gods intervened and decided that such a life was much too sedentary. As a high-school boy I built a motorcycle, the engine of which finally achieved the motive power of a pushmobile; and in this miniature racer I entered all the junior contests. I got a taste for speed.

After two years of law at the university I finally threw legal fame to the winds and, greatly to my family's distress, went to work as a salesman and demonstrator for one of the best-known automobiles. In a year or so I went into the racing game as a driver for the same car. After a few local successes, the Detroit factory sent me all over the country, until I became known as one of the most successful racing drivers in America.

Meantime I married, and right away Mrs. Goodhue urged me to quit racing. The dangers were a constant threat to her peace of mind, and for a week before a race she would be fearfully upset. She was obsessed by all sorts of visions of her Freddie boy scattered over the landscape or distributed throughout the grand stand; for she seemed to think that all racing drivers were doomed to death. The joke of it is there are several of us who haven't been killed.

The Wiles of the Tempter

BUT finally I succumbed to her point of view and we decided that the Vanderbilt race at Santa Monica in 19— should be my last. I was to quit and go back into the sales department. Well, that classic event decided my future, all right, but not in the way we had anticipated. All in a bunch, I was leading on the next to the last lap of the three-hundred-mile race when my tire blew out 'way over by the Soldiers' Home. By the time I had limped round by the grand stand I was hopelessly beaten.

With this depressing knowledge I drove slowly toward the pits; and as I did so who should come running out on the track but a bunch of alleged comedians from a well-known film company, getting comedy race stuff.

When they saw me limping in, covered with dust and oil, they began to act like crazy people. The director hurried up and said, inasmuch as I was out of the race, wouldn't I get in the picture for just a few moments? Not caring particularly one way or the other, I acquiesced, and these idiots began to pull off the darnedest capers I have ever seen. It was evidently trick camera stuff, for I could make neither head nor tail out of their maneuvers—simply obeying instructions. I learned later, however, the picture would show that, while racing down the track at eighty miles an hour, I had run over a bride and groom.

It all seemed absurd enough at the time and I thought no more of it; but the next day I got a note from the director asking me if I could not run out to the studio to see him.

All unsuspicious of his little frame-up, I went; and this was the song he sang:

"Goodhue, we are in a curious fix. We made that picture yesterday and you are in it so prominently that we cannot go on unless you can appear in subsequent scenes. The stuff, so far, is bully; but it's all lost unless you'll consent to come out for a week and let us finish with you."

Inasmuch as I was out of racing and was going back to the gentle art of selling cars, I saw no reason why I shouldn't put in the week making pictures—especially as they were going to pay me well. Mrs. Goodhue was delighted—she thought perhaps I could break into this new, high-salaried business, make a great success, and be doing work that would not jeopardize my foolish bones. I found out, however, that the boss had been stringing me beautifully. They really did not need me to finish the comic story; what they wanted was to make some race pictures, in one of which I was to wreck a car going at high speed. This was a snappy change for a man who was trying to get out of the dangers of racing. Some half-wit had written a scenario that had a racing driver for the hero, and, according to the plans and specifications, I was to be the splendid boy in oilskins and goggles.

Well, it's wonderful what a fellow will do for money. Though my chest was caved in from medals, none had ever been won at a beauty show. Mrs. Goodhue, when she wished to be real flattering, said that I had a profile like a Newfoundland cod—this being the handsomest cod that swims the sea. But after all, eyes are the thing on the screen—large, liquid, romantic eyes; and these can be made on an albino. Even an oblique chin can be rectified.

I will not dwell at length upon my shame as an actor—I was rotten; that's all that can be said and get by the censor. But who cares about the acting in the thrillers? I could wreck a car when utterly sober and live to tell the tale. We don't need any Henry Irvings in the smash-up stuff. I was leading man for about a month in heroic race pictures, and knew that sooner or later an enraged or enlightened public would demand my elimination.

However, I liked the picture game; it was exciting and I wanted to stay in. From the start the camera interested me most, as it would any mechanic, and I spent all my spare time fooling with one. I had even taken one home and had taken it all apart and had put it together again, so as to know the secret of its wonderful insides.

One is often amazed at the number of chauffeurs who have become camera men. And the fact is explained this way: In the early days, when companies went out on location, the driver of the car acted as assistant to the camera man, packing the tripod, giving him focus, and so on. Through this friendly intimacy the chauffeur would learn to load and thread a camera, and occasionally to shoot a few feet of test film.

This was exactly my experience. I learned the mechanics of the camera well; the light can be learned only through observation and experience. The time came one day when an extra camera man was needed in an emergency. I offered my services; and, though the offer was considered a joke, having little choice they let me make a couple of scenes.

Nobody Loves the Camera Man

WHEN I went home one evening and showed Mrs. Goodhue my contract for fifty dollars a week as camera man, she nearly exploded with delight. "Oh, to think that at last you have given up racing for good, and that you will not have to risk your precious bones just to make our living!" Yes, sir; that's just what she said! I was to leave the dangers of the auto track for the peace and security of simply turning a little crank!

Well, here I am in the hospital as evidence of the grimness of that joke. Peace? Security? Why, automobile racing is really like riding in a beach chair! There is a mild thrill, of course, in driving a red demon at ninety miles an hour; but one has really never tasted speed until he has been lashed to a platform out in front of said red demon and has had to crank a camera carefully at the secure and comfortable occupants behind. Thirty miles an hour in the tonneau seems like eighty miles to the chap astride the radiator.

Safety first? Not for the camera man. A reporter can get together a pretty good story of a battle from what the soldiers tell him, but to get pictures the camera man must be right there. Then the leading man and woman can get doubles for their dangerous stuff. Not so with us; we must take all our own bumps.

If I should tell the whole truth you would think I was laying it on strong to make a story; so I shall tell only enough of these adventures not to strain your credulity. I regret, also, that I cannot fortify all my stories with photographs; but they are rarely taken. "Stills" are invariably made of the actors in all their scenes, calm or dangerous; but nobody ever thinks of making a still of the poor devil with the camera, even though he may be hanging by his eyebrows from the edge of a skyscraper. But why should they? Who are we, anyway?

The public is interested only in the pictures of the Willie boys and Minnie girls that we record. The people care nothing about the fellow who records them. Even the old English custom of kissing the cook when the dinner was good has largely gone out of fashion. But I hope to show before I am through that there is often

When We Do Animal Stuff Nowadays, We are the Ones in the Cages

more real picturesque excitement behind the camera than your dimpled hero is pulling before it.

Our profession is made up of camera men and crank turners—the latter are perhaps plumbers or undertakers who have jumped into the game without the least training for it. They know nothing of the camera except to twist its tail. No crank turner ever admits that he is one, but regrets that four-fifths of the other fellows are. After a couple of years, if a chap has worked intelligently hard, he may take pictures that will justify the title of camera man. In my own case I learned a great deal inside of one year—Joe, the laboratory superintendent, was particularly patient with me and helped me through my experimental stage.

By working in sympathy with the laboratory I had full tests made of all my work. You see, when we shoot a scene we always take about three feet after the director has ordered us to cut; we then open the camera and cut a notch in the film. This last three feet is used for test developing. In rewinding from the magazines the laboratory man watches for the notches, and at each one he cuts the three feet behind it. This part of the film is then developed by letting one end down slowly into the developer, so that the forty-eight pictures are developed in different lengths of time. When the strip is examined the best spot is observed and the time of development noted; then the scene from which the test was cut is developed accordingly. I might add that in my opinion the laboratory superintendent should be drawing the highest pay on the lot, for into his hands goes hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of film for better or for worse.

Before the war, cameras ranged in price from four hundred and fifty to twelve hundred dollars; but the ambition of every camera man is to make a new machine—one that is "right." Every man who handles the cinema has all his own little devices and stunts for achieving various effects.

It is very amusing how we all watch and work for the trick stuff; but the sad part is that, after one has worked his head off to devise some new and novel effect, he can use it only once. Every other camera man hops onto his secret as soon as it is shown. So important is this fact that, in order to use a trick even once, great secrecy must be maintained; and the big, high-priced, two-reel companies are very timid about having strangers in the studio. If a scout from some cheap little split-reel comedy company, turning out two pictures a week, should steal the trick or situation, his company would beat the big fellow to the screen with it by perhaps several weeks.

Precautions Against Camera Pirates

THIS reminds me that we also have our pirates—camera pirates. When some director has spent anything up to a hundred thousand dollars to build a wonderful set, some pirate might conceal his camera or sneak in early some morning and film enough of the set to use for a picture of his own. In order to circumvent that dodge, we keep the set placarded—except when we are using it—with the company's name or the title of the story. These placards, distributed everywhere, absolutely prevent stealing.

The photographers doing dramatic stuff are inclined to laugh at the camera man of the comics as a poor devil who is sentenced to do necessary but inartistic work; but, having done both, I can say truthfully that my work with the comics was far the better training of the two in helping me toward the mastery of my camera. It is true that in the drama one has opportunity to work for beautiful light effects—much of the success of the picture depends on fine photography; but, after all, compared to comedy, the work is most leisurely. People who sit and howl their heads off at the Keystone Police or Charlie Chaplin have no idea how difficult it was to make the picture.

The average fan believes that these jolly chaps splash through those scenes just as they occur, the whole thing taking probably an hour to make. The fact is, it takes more than twice as long to make a comedy as a drama. One reel a week is supposed to be the average for dramatic work, except the big-feature stuff; but in comedy, if we make a two-reeler within a month we think we have attained speed. Often a simple two-reel comedy will take six or seven weeks of hard work to build; and in order to get that little two thousand feet we shoot perhaps twenty-five thousand—twenty-three thousand feet utterly wasted!

If the Rope Breaks We Lose an $800 Camera

Good comedy is the most serious stuff we make—work, work, work, work—just to produce one little laugh. Often the whole studio will be called into consultation—managers, directors, and even extras—to see why a particular scene is not funny and to make suggestions. It is a mere trifle to spend two thousand dollars to get a sixty-foot laugh. The dramatic stories are filmed from script, and everything is so well planned that they often go through many scenes with only one rehearsal. But it is quite impossible to work from script in comedy—a bare synopsis is all. The humor must be developed on the spot, and this is not always easily accomplished. I have seen Charlie Chaplin absolutely refuse to work for several days because he could not do a few feet of film in a way he thought was sufficiently humorous. Then, often the whole story will be changed because of some unforeseen bit of action that takes place during its making.

The speed of the action is the camera man's greatest problem. If the action is to be slowed down we must crank faster, and if it is to be speeded up we must crank more slowly. Normal cranking is at sixteen. This means the taking of sixteen pictures to two revolutions in one second. So, if we crank at eight, the action will be twice as fast. Our speeds range all the way from one to twenty-four; and when you realize that we have to compensate our light with each change of speed, it will be seen that the camera man is kept on the jump quite as much as the actors. I am not going to dwell upon the tricks of the camera—it has been done to death and is disillusionizing; and, anyway, I think the adventures of a camera man are lots more exciting than his mechanical triumphs.

The light was not difficult, and I had learned the stops from Mason, the camera man who had been making my race pictures. The result was photographically good. After shooting one or two more successful scenes, I was signed up. Straightway I made the study of the camera a religion; every moment I could get away was spent in the laboratories, watching developing, printing and splicing.

At this point it may be well to say that the relation between the camera and laboratory is most intimate—or should be to result in good work. Where the laboratories are located miles away from the studios, there is always friction, and each side passes the buck to the other for all weak or thick films, static marks or scratches. But where the laboratories are on the lot the camera man can get daily reports on his film, with suggestions for his lighting; each can help the other immeasurably.

But there is one stunt that is rather amusing. It is a very nifty way we have of stopping a train. It is easy enough to get pictures of the bunch hopping off and on a Pullman sleeper when she is in the yard; but to get the Empire State Express to slow down to almost a stop between stations would be nearly impossible. But it is impossibilities that we eat. Hand a camera man a problem and his head will split before he gives it up. You'll laugh when I tell you how easy it is to stop an express train; and, furthermore, none of the passengers will know it. When the train appears in the distance we crank at normal speed, but as she draws nearer we begin to speed up, thus slowing the action of the train; and if we can crank fast enough we can almost bring the train to a standstill.

How to Raise a Setting Sun

BECAUSE of the intensity of the light, sunrises are almost impossible to film; so if we want a sunrise we photograph a sunset and reverse the action by rewinding the film and feeding it through the camera backward.

When you are watching the antics of a bunch of comedians overturning a motor boat, how many of you ever stop to wonder where the camera was? When Sid Chaplin stood on the top of a submarine while she sped along and then began to submerge, did you think the camera was in a balloon? Well, it wasn't—it was on the back of the submersible; and the fellow at the crank had to keep turning until the water reached the top of his tripod, when the camera was rescued by somebody on the superstructure. But the camera man had to shift for himself.

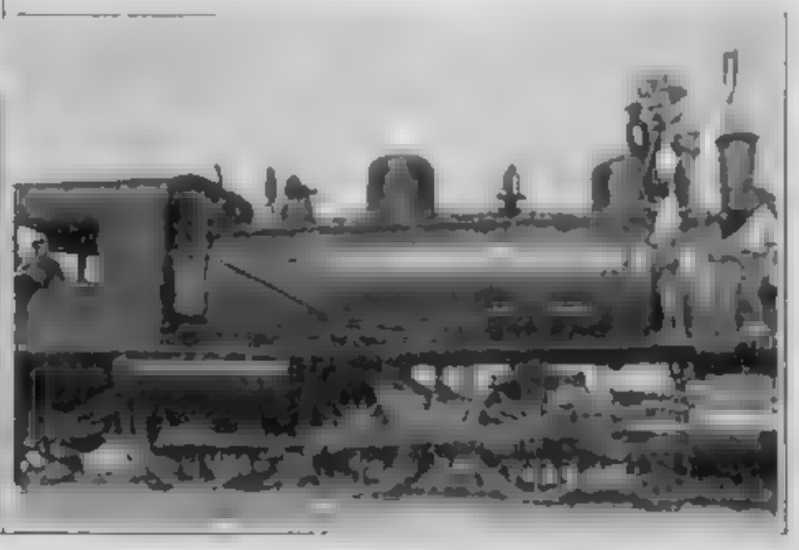
One reason the companies prefer to own their cameras is that if the operator used a twelve-hundred-dollar instrument belonging to the company he would take pictures with much greater abandon than if he stood to lose or injure his own outfit.

The curse of my racing reputation and reckless photography stuck so hard that I have never been able entirely to side-step it; and after serving about a year in comedy I was bought off by a company that turned out thrillers. There I found the making of railroad pictures particularly trying; I have filmed hobos tearing along through the oil and dust on the brake beams of a fast-moving express train while I occupied a similar position on the other end of the car. I think I have shot pictures from every part of the engine but the whistle; I grew to regard the dear old cowcatcher as being as comfortable and safe as a billiard table. Also, with this company I got my first taste of aeroplaning. It was the one thrill left to satisfy my inordinate appetite for speed. Naturally Mrs. Goodhue was worried, for she didn't want her little Freddie boy picked up on a blotter. However, a few glorious flights, on one of which I took her, allayed her fears; and then one day I came home all chopped up.

(Continued on Page 30)

The End-of-the-Train Picture

Keeping Ahead of a Mile-a-Minute Car



Two Shot From Every Part But the Whistle

AND THERE WAS LIGHT

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BOWER

SO MANY things that at first seem amazingly complex turn out amazingly simple. The purely elemental has a trick of ambushing itself behind a screen of mystery; but when by deduction and elimination—in short, by the simple processes of subtraction and division—we have stripped away the mask, the fact stands so plainly revealed we marvel that we did not behold it from the beginning. Elemental, you will remember, was a favorite word with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and one much employed by him in the elucidation of problems in criminology for the better enlightenment of his sincere but somewhat obvious-minded friend, the worthy Doctor Watson.

On the other hand, traits and tricks that appear to betray the characters, the inclinations and, most of all, the vocations of their owners may prove misleading clews, and very often do. You see a black man with a rolling gait, who spraddles his legs when he stands and sways his body on his hips when he walks; and, following the formula of the deductionist cult of amateur detectives, you say to yourself that here, beyond peradventure, is a deep-water sailor, used to decks that heave and scuppers that flood.

Inquiry but serves to prove to you how wrong you are. The person in question is a veteran dining-car waiter.

Then along comes another—one with a hearty red face, who rears well back and steps out with martial precision. Evidently a retired officer of the regular army, you say to yourself. Not at all; merely the former bass drummer of a military brass band. The bass drummer, as will readily be recalled, leans away from his instrument instead of toward it.

"For a Little While He Did Nothing Except Stand in His Tracks, Transfixed and Transfigured"

For a typical example of this sort of thing, let us take the man I have in mind for the central figure of this tale. He was a square-built man, round-faced, with a rather small, deep-set gray eye, and a pair of big hands, clumsy-looking but deft. He wore his hair short and his upper lip long. Appraising him upon the occasion of a chance meeting in the street, you would say offhand that this, very probably, was a man who had been reasonably successful in some trade calling for initiative and expertness rather than for technic. He wouldn't be a theatrical manager—his attire was too formal; or a stockbroker—his attire was not formal enough.

I imagine you in the act of telling yourself that he might be a clever life-insurance solicitor, or a purchasing agent for a trunk line, or a canny judge of real-estate values—a man whose taste in dress would run rather to golf stockings than to spats, rather to soft hats than to hard ones, and whose pet hobby would likely be trout flies and not first editions. In a part of your hypothesis you would have been absolutely correct.

This man could do things with a casting rod and with a mid-iron too.

Seeing him now, as we do see him, wearing a loose tweed suit and sitting bareheaded behind a desk in the innermost room of a smart suite of offices on a fashionable side street, surrounded by shelves full of medical books and by wall cases containing medical appliances, you, knowing nothing of him except what your eye told you, would probably hazard a guess that this individual was a friend of the doctor, who, having dropped in for social purposes and having found the doctor out, had removed his hat and taken a seat in the doctor's chair to await the doctor's return.

Therein you would have been altogether in error. This man was not the doctor's friend, but the doctor himself—a practitioner of high repute in his own particular line. He was known as a specialist in neurotic disorders; privately he called himself a specialist in human nature. He was of an orthodox school of medicine, but he had cast overboard most of the ethics of the school and he gave as little as possible of the medicine. Drugs he used sparingly, preferring to prescribe other things for most of his patients—such things, for instance, as fresh air, fresh vegetables and fresh thoughts. His cures were numerous and his fees were large.

On the other side of a cross wall a woman sat waiting to see him. She was alone, being the first of his callers to arrive on this day. A heavy, deep-cushioned town car, with a crest on its doors and a man in fine livery to drive it, had brought her to the doctor's address five minutes earlier; car and driver were at the curb outside. The woman was exquisitely groomed and exquisitely overdressed. She radiated luxury, wealth and the possession of an assured and enviable position. She radiated something else, too—unhappiness.

Here assuredly the lay mind might make no mistake in its summarizing. There are too many like her for any one of us to err in our diagnosis when a typical example is presented. The city is especially prolific of such women. It breeds them. It coddles them and it pampers them, but in payment therefor it besets them with many devils. It gives them everything in reason and out of reason, and then it makes them long for something else—anything else, so long as it be unattainable. Possessed of the nagging demons of unrest and discontent and satiation, they feed on their nerves until their nerves in retaliation begin to feed on them. The result generally is smash. Sanitariums get them, and divorce courts and asylums—and frequently cemeteries.

The woman who waited in the reception room did not have to wait very long, yet she was hard put to it to control herself while she sat there. She bit her under lip until the red marks of her teeth showed in the flesh, and she gripped the arms of her chair so tightly and with such useless expenditure of nervous force that through her gloves the knuckles of her hands exposed themselves in sharp high ridges.

Presently a manservant entered and, bowing, indicated mutely that his master would see her now. She fairly ran past him through the communicating door which he held open for her passage. As she entered the inner room it was as though her coming into it set all its orderliness awry. Only the ruddy-faced specialist, intrenched behind the big table in the middle of the floor, seemed unchanged. She halted on the other side of the table and bent across it toward him, her finger tips drumming a little tattoo upon its smooth surface. He did not speak even the briefest of greetings; perhaps he was minded not to speak. He waited for her to begin.

"Doctor," she burst out, "you must do something for me; you must give me medicine—drugs—narcotics—anything that will soothe me. I did not sleep at all last night and hardly any the night before that. All night I sat up in bed or walked the floor trying to keep from screaming out—trying to keep from going mad. I have been dressed for hours—I made my maid stay up with me—waiting for your office to open so that I might come to you. Here I am—see me! See the state I am in! Doctor, you must do something for me—and do it now, quickly, before I do something desperate!"

She panted out the last words. She put her clenched hands to her bosom. Her haggard eyes glared into his; their glare made the carefully applied cosmetics upon her face seem a ghastly mask.

"I have already prescribed for you, madam," the doctor said. "I told you that what you mainly needed was rest—complete and absolute rest."

"Rest? Rest! How can I rest? What chance is there for me to rest? I can't rest! If I try to rest I begin to think—and then it is worse than ever. I must keep on the go. Something drives me on—something inside me, here—to go and go, and to keep on going until I drop. Oh, doctor, you don't know what I suffer—what I have to endure. No one knows what I have to endure. No one understands. My husband doesn't understand me—my children do not, nor my friends.

"Friends? I have no friends. I can't get on with anyone—I quarrel with every one. I know I am sick, that I am irritable and out-of-sorts sometimes. And I know that I am self-willed and want my own way. But I've always been self-willed; it's a part of my nature. And I've always had my own way. They should appreciate that. But they don't. They cross me. At every turn somebody crosses me. The whole world seems in a conspiracy to deny me what I want.

"It can't be my fault always that I am forever quarreling with people—with my own family; with my husband's family; with every one who crosses my path. I tell you they don't understand me, doctor. They don't make allowances for my condition. If they would only make allowances! And they don't give me any consideration. I can't stand it, doctor! I can't go on like this any longer. Please—please, doctor, do something for me!"

Mounting hysteria edged her voice with a sharpened, almost a vulgar shrillness. The austere and studied reserve of her class—a reserve that is part of it poise and the rest of it pose—dropped away from her like a discarded garment, and before her physician she revealed herself nakedly for what she was—a creature with the passions, the forwardness and the selfishness of a spoiled and sickly child; and, on top of these, superimposed and piled up, adult impulses, adult appetites, adult petulance, adult capacity for misery.

"I told you," he said, "to go away. I thought, until my man brought me your name a bit ago, that you had gone. Weeks ago I told you that travel might help you—not the sort of travel to which you have been used, but a different sort—travel in the quiet places, out of the beaten path, and rest. I told you the same thing again less than a week ago."

"But where?" she demanded. "Where am I to go? Tell me that! I have been everywhere—I have seen everything. What is there left for me to see in the world? What is there in the world that is worth seeing? You told me before there was nothing organically wrong with me, nothing

fundamentally wrong with my body. Then it must be my mind, and travel couldn't cure a mind in the state that mine is in. How can I rest when I am so distracted, when small things upset me so, when ——"

In the midst of this new outburst she broke off. Her eyes, wandering from his as she pumped herself up toward a frenzy, were focused now upon some object behind him. She pointed toward it.

"I never saw that before," she said. "It wasn't there when I was here last."

He swung about in his chair, its spiral creaking under his weight.

"No," he said; "you never saw that before. It came into my possession only a day or two ago. It is a ——"

She broke in on him.

"What a wonderful face!" she said. "What beauty there is in it—what peace! I think that is what made me notice it—the peace that is in it. Oh, if I could only be like that! Doctor, the being to whom that face belonged must have had everything worth having. And to think there can be such beings in this world—beings so blessed, so happy—while I—I ——"

Tears of self-pity came into her eyes. She was slipping back again into her former mood. With his gaze he caught and held hers, exerting all his will to hold it. A brother psychologist seeing him in that moment would have said that to this man a possible way out of a dilemma had come—would have said that an inspiration suddenly had visited him.

"Perhaps you would like to see it at closer range," he said, still steadfastly regarding her. "There is a story regarding it—a story that might interest you, madam."

He rose from his place, crossed the room and, reaching up, took down a plaster cast of a face that rested upright against the broad low molding that ran along his walls on two sides.

As he brought it to her he saw that she had taken a chair. Her figure was relaxed from its recent rigidness. Her elbows were upon the tabletop.

He put the cast into her gloved hands and reseated himself. She held it before her at arm's length, and one gloved hand went over its surface almost caressingly.

"It is wonderful!" she said. "I never saw such an expression on any human face—why, it is soothing to me just to look at it. Doctor, where did you get it? Who was the original of it—or don't you know? What living creature sat for the artist who made it?"

"No living creature sat for it," he said slowly.

"Oh!" she said disappointedly. "Well, then, what artist had the imagination to conjure up such a conception?"

"No artist conjured it up," he told her.

"Then how ——"

"That, madam," he said, "is a death mask."

"A death mask!" Her tone was incredulous. "A death mask, doctor?"

"Yes, madam—a death mask. See; the eyes are closed—are half closed, anyway"

"Do you mean to tell me that death can leave such an expression on any face? How could ——"

She broke off, staring incredulously at the thing.

"That is what makes the story I mean to tell you," he said—"if you care to hear it?"

"Of course I want to hear it." Her manner was insistent, impatient, demanding almost. "Please go on."

He kept her in suspense a moment or two; and so they sat, he squinting up at the ceiling as though marshaling a narrative in its proper sequence in his mind, she holding fast to the disked shape of white plaster.

At length he began, speaking slowly.

"Here is the story," he said: "A few weeks ago an acquaintance of mine—a fellow physician—told me of a case he thought might interest me. Primarily it was a surgical case, and I, as perhaps you know, do not practice surgery; but there was another aspect of it that did have a direct and personal appeal for me.

"It seems that some weeks before there had been put into his hands for treatment a man—a young man—who was stone-deaf and stone-blind, and whose senses of taste and of smell were greatly affected—perhaps I should say impaired. He could speak, more or less imperfectly, and his sense of touch was good; in fact, better than with ordinary mortals. These two faculties alone remained to him. He had been afflicted so from infancy; the attack, or the disease, which left him in this state had come upon him in babyhood, before his mind had registered any sensible impressions.

"Speech and feeling—these really were what remained intact. Yet his intelligence, considering these handicaps, was above the average, and his body was healthy, and his temperament, in the main, sanguine. Practically all his life he had been in an asylum—a charity institution. Until chance brought him to the attention of this acquaintance of mine it had seemed highly probable that he would spend the rest of his life in this institution.

"The physicians there regarded his case as hopeless. They were conscientious men—these physicians—and they were not lacking in sympathy, I think; but their hands and their thoughts were concerned with their duties, and perhaps—mind you, I say perhaps—perhaps an individual case more or less did not mean to them what it means to the physician in private practice. You understand? So this young man, who was well formed physically, who was normal in his mental aspects, seemed to be doomed to serve a life sentence inside walls of utter darkness and utter silence.

"Well, this man came under the attention of the surgeon I have mentioned. Possibly because it seemed so hopeless, the case interested the surgeon. He made up his mind that the affliction—afflictions rather—were not congenital, not incurable. He made up his mind that a tumorous growth on the brain was responsible for the present state of the victim. And he made up his mind that an operation—a delicate and a risky and a difficult operation—might bring about a cure. If the operation failed the subject would pass from the silence and the blackness he now endured into a silence and a blackness which many of us, similarly placed, would find preferable. He would die—quickly and painlessly. If the operation succeeded he probably would have back all his faculties—he would begin really to live. The surgeon was willing to take the chance, to assume the responsibility.

"The other man was willing to take his chance too. Both of them took it. The operation was performed—and it was a success. The man lived through it, and when he was lifted off the table my friend had every reason to believe in fact, to know as surely as a man whose business is tampering with the human organism can know anything—that before very long this man, who had walked all his days in darkness, lacking taste and smell, and hearing no sound, would have back all that his afflictions had denied him.

"It was at about this point that my own attention was directed to the case. To my friend, the surgeon, it seemed likely that I, as a person concerned to a degree in psychologic manifestations and psychologic phenomena, would be glad of the opportunity to be present at the hour when this man, through his eyes, his ears, his tongue and his palate, first registered intelligible and actual impressions. And I was glad of the opportunity. Almost it would be like witnessing the rebirth of a human being; certainly it would be witnessing the mental awakening, through physical mediums, of a human soul.

"At first hand I would see what this world, to which you and I are accustomed and of which some of us have grown weary, meant to one who had been so completely, so utterly shut out from that world through all the more impressionable years of his life.

"Naturally I was enormously interested to hear what he might say, to see what he might do in the hour of his reawakening and re-creation.

"So I went with the surgeon on the day appointed by him for testing the success of his operation. Only five of us were present—the man himself, the surgeon who had cured him, two others and myself. Until that hour and for every hour since he had come out from under the ether, the patient's eyes had been bandaged to shut out light, and his ears had been muffled to shut out sounds, and he had been fed on liquid mixtures administered artificially."

"Why?" asked the woman, interrupting for the first time.

For a moment the doctor hesitated. Then he went on smoothly to explain:

"You see, they feared the sudden shock to senses and to organs made sensitive by long disuse until he had completely rallied from the operation. So they had hooded his eyes and his ears"

"But food—why couldn't he have eaten solid food before this?" she insisted. "That is what I mean."

"Oh, that?" he said, and again he halted for an instant. "That was done largely on my account. I think the surgeon wanted the test to be complete at one time and not developed in parts. You understand, don't you?"

She nodded. And he continued, watching her face intently as he proceeded:

"So, first of all, we led him into a partly darkened room and sat him down at a table; and we gave him food—very simple food—a glass of cold water; a piece of bread, buttered; a baked Irish potato, with butter and salt upon it—that was all. We stood about him watching him as he tasted of the things we put before him—for it was really the first time he had ever properly tasted anything.

"Madam, if I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the look that came into his face then. Even though he lacked the words to express himself, as you and I with our greater vocabularies might conceivably have expressed ourselves had such an experience

(Continued on Page 33)

He Rose From His Place, Crossed the Room and, Reaching Up, Took Down a Plaster Cast of a Face

AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER

The Troubles of Neutral Holland

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE Dutchman accepts with bad grace anything in the nature of an interference with his liberties; so there is no happy mean for him these days between towering rage and deep disgust. The Dutch who govern the Dutch know enough in ordinary times not to try to impose governmental restrictions on personal privileges; but the times are not ordinary times. The Dutchman is difficult to drive and almost as difficult to lead. He would go his own way, a way which he is at energetic pains to make a prosperous way and which he takes pride, usually, in making an honest and a decent way. His golden rule is "Help U-Zelf!"—which needs no translation into English; but for the first time in many generations he finds himself in a position where he cannot help himself, and his suffering is great. But, even so, such is his natural bent, he manages somehow to convey an impression that he is helping, at least, to dictate the terms of his humiliation and distress; which he really is not.

In Holland there is very little war sentiment, as we understand sentiment. Trying to get an expression of pro- or anti- feeling from a Dutchman is like "hollerin' down a rain barrel." You get nothing but a wooden echo of the noise you yourself make. He is neither expansive nor confiding. If he has sympathies and convictions they are at present ingrowing. He is convinced that he is getting the worst of it—as he is—and his sympathies are all with himself. I am sure he wishes Holland was an island in the remotest and safest sea instead of being the island it is, entirely surrounded by strife. An expression of his real feelings with regard to either England or Germany would exhaust any printer's supply of dashes and exclamation points.

England's edict to Holland is: You must not sell food to Germany. If you do we will cut off your ration of grain and imported raw materials.

Germany's edict to Holland is: You must sell us everything you have to sell, even at the utmost risk of England's displeasure. If you do not we will cut off your coal; and we should hate even to hint at what else we might be tempted to do.

The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea were never more perfectly exemplified.

On the one hand, Holland must have coal and England cannot give it to her. What with strikes and labor shortage and various other drawbacks, England has coal troubles of her own. Besides, she has to help supply Italy, Italy having no coal at all. Coal in Italy is forty dollars a ton, or it was when I was there not long ago, and conditions have not improved. In Holland it retails for about twelve dollars a ton, and the difference in the profit to the exporter it would not be in human nature to despise. Holland must get coal from Germany and coal is one of the things Germany has to exchange for the countless things she has not.

Crossing the North Sea Mine Fields

ON THE other hand, Holland must also have bread. To supplement her own meager product she must import at least sixty thousand tons of wheat every month in order to live. Also, in order to keep her vast and various dairy enterprises going, she must have corn and oats and barley and rye, all kinds of cattle feed, as well as certain raw materials for her manufactures. Nor is it quite right that Holland, being at peace with all the world, should do without sugar and coffee and spices and tea, and a few of the fine fruits of the far places, which have been a part of her daily living always, and many of which she brings from her own beloved Indies. But, so far as Holland is concerned, England's right and England's might are to-day expressed in a band of battleships belting the seas from the aurora borealis to the sands of her southmost shores. So what can Holland do?

I have seen a part of England's blockading fleet. Indeed, I was convoyed across the North Sea the other day by eleven British destroyers and two big cruisers. At least, it might as well have been I. We had the French Minister to The Hague on board and it may just be that he was the object of England's solicitude, but—I was there too; and it was worth risking floating and submerged mines on a cold, damp day to see.

When the Germans seized the Brussels not very long ago it was supposed they were disappointed in not finding the French Minister to The Hague among her passengers, because he had intended to take that very ship. It was to guard against his capture, no doubt, that the big flotilla scoured the seas round us so spectacularly for two hours or more. Our boat was one of the ancient side-wheelers which have been restored to service in the North Sea because it will not be such a dreadful loss if they are sunk; and I might add that the person who embarks on one of them has to sign a paper releasing everybody but the Deity to Whom he prays from all responsibility for anything that may happen to him. And no wonder! It is only a few days since, but that same boat now lies at the bottom of the sea, off North Hinder Lightship. All day two destroyers had steamed leisurely alongside of us, for all the world like two smart young fellows escorting a timid and decrepit old lady.

It was about mid-sea that the flotilla appeared—nine destroyers and two big cruisers. They rose up on the northern sky line and bore down across our bows in perfect formation, like a column of infantry on parade. They shot straight on to the south horizon, where they stopped quite still and stood for a minute or more, looking like majestic gray specters of ships in the feathery light-shot mist. They turned and in single file paraded west, then across our wake to the north and back again in column across our bows, so fast that high white clouds of spray washed over them from stem to stern. They swiftly divided as we passed them and, with four destroyers and a cruiser on one side and five destroyers and a cruiser on the other, they strode proudly down and, accommodating their step to ours, marched with us through the sea for miles on miles, while our own two little guards steamed steadily on as though nothing at all were happening.

At last they left us. They whirled again, like one ship with one commander—reminding me of the perfect polo pony that can "turn round on a nickel"—and swept in column to the south again; then back again to the north, where they disappeared down the far slope of the sea hill.

It was a sight to move a human heart to thrills, even though it had been only peace-time play at war. But we knew it was in almighty earnest. We knew that sea was strewn with mines and we knew that it was the merest luck that neither they nor we had struck one. We knew, too, that if a German ship had shown her nose, or a German submarine her periscope, the great black muzzles with which every one of the gray beasts bristled would have spoken with a roar that would have caught and flung back the far-away thin, thunderous rumble of guns that rolls and rolls incessantly these days against the south horizon. Yes; it was a bit of England's blockade.

But to get back to Holland's woes: England has Holland on what is known as "the rationing system"; and Holland can do nothing but submit. There are two kinds of neutrality—Holland's kind and our kind. It would be interesting to know what we should do if England were able to dictate every detail of our lives, even to the sum of our food supplies. Holland is allowed sixty thousand tons of wheat a month and no more, and it all comes from the United States and Argentina—mostly from the United States. Before the war her own consumption of her large wheat import was only about fifty-four thousand tons a month; but she has had something like one million Belgian refugees to feed, to say nothing of between thirty-two thousand and thirty-three thousand interned soldiers and allied war prisoners, a number that is being added to constantly by desertions and escapes across the Belgian border. Many of the Belgians have gone their way to England, back into Belgium, or to the more congenial environment of Northern France, where the Belgian state is in exile; but enough of them remain to make a real difference in Holland's food problems, and the extra six thousand tons of wheat a month is a positive and proved necessity. Holland sells no wheat to Germany.

The cows, the horses, the hogs, the sheep and the goats are equally accounted for as to numbers and requirements, and they, too, are on their war ration—or have been; but that is another story. Just so much grain and feed of all kinds has England been letting in—no more; and just so many tons of the various metals, of sugar and coffee, and the raw stuffs that go into Holland's factory products. Barely enough of anything to cover Holland's specified and sworn-to necessities.

At the beginning of the war the Dutch Government was practically forced to accept responsibility for the character of Holland's commerce, and everything that was shipped to Holland was consigned to the government. But this became an intolerable burden, with no proper and experienced organization to carry it, and as a makeshift for the guarding and guaranteeing of neutrality was fraught with all manner of diplomatic dangers. So an Englishman suggested a plan whereby that extraordinary association, the Netherlands Oversea Trust, came into being. This is a combination in restraint of trade if ever there was one; but it is disinterested in the highest degree, having its capital invested in the honor of its people and doing no business of any kind on its own account. It is a noble institution and has on its board of directors the names of Holland's first citizens, formally approved by both the British and the Dutch Governments, men of assured international position in the commercial and banking world, whose reputations for public spirit and integrity are worth more to them than any considerations of temporary self-interest could possibly be.

The Englishman who gets credit for the inception of this organization is Sir Francis Oppenheimer, the Commercial Attaché of the British Legation at The Hague. In the British House of Commons an honorable member got up the other day and asked why, in the name of England, England should at such a time be represented, in such a capacity and at such an important post, by a German. The answer was that Sir Francis Oppenheimer is not a German, but as staunch an Englishman as ever lived. His father was a German, but he moved to England in his early youth, was naturalized, married an Englishwoman, and Sir Francis was born an Englishman. "And," the answer concluded, "he is occupying the important post he does because there is not another man in England who could do it half so well." If the Netherlands Oversea Trust is wholly a product of his thinking processes, and its existence a result of his diplomatic endeavors, he surely deserves what a friend of mine calls "eoniums" in as great measure as his country can heap them upon him. It is a Dutch alliance with England against the Dutch.

German Purchasing Agents in Holland

THE N. O. T., as it is familiarly known, was organized in November, 1914, but did not really get into operation until January, 1915, since which time, at England's pleasure, it has undergone considerable modification. Its object, as set forth in its articles, is "to act as intermediary for Netherlands merchants, with a view to promoting the unmolested conveyance from overseas of merchandise which has been or may be declared contraband—either absolute or conditional—by belligerent states." This is as far as it commits itself on paper; but in effect it is a sort of fidelity insurance company and the self-constituted guardian of Holland's legitimate interests and commercial morals. Not since January, 1915, has anything contraband or otherwise been shipped into Holland except under N. O. T. contract; and this contract is a guaranty to England that the goods shipped under it, whatever they may be, are not intended for transshipment to any enemy of England. Wheat alone has been withheld from N. O. T. control, and continues to be consigned to and dispensed by the Dutch Government.

Circumstances have somewhat altered the conditions of N. O. T. supervision; but in the beginning if a shipper wanted to bring in, let us say, a cargo of copra, he went to the N. O. T. and placed himself under bond to the full value of the cargo, taking his oath that the copra was intended for consumption in the Netherlands only. He then received the N. O. T. guaranty and was under contract to that institution to keep his word or forfeit the amount of his bond. The loophole, as anyone can see, was big enough to drive elephants through, but it was not expected that any good Dutchman could be induced to take advantage of it.

In opposition to the Netherlands Oversea Trust is the General Export and Import Company, so called, with extensive and perfectly frank headquarters at The Hague. This is a German organization, established since the war began, and charged by the German Government with the purchase of foodstuffs in Holland. Its sole object is the promotion and facilitation of breaches of Dutch neutrality in trade, and its fingers drip the kind of golden temptation that would hypnotize any ordinary man who failed to recognize it as temptation to wrongdoing. And why should not the peace-keeping Hollander sell his goods to whom he will? The multiple eye of this concern is on every truck patch, every field, every animal, every ship, shop and factory in the country, and it seems to have unlimited cash. A bond in the sum of the full value of a desirable cargo is to its directors what might be called a mere detail.

"Here," they would say to a merchant in the beginning, "is three times the amount of your bond. Get your cargo released under your N. O. T. contract, deliver it to us and forfeit your bond. And you will still have a profit of one hundred per cent."

This worked in several instances, but never again could the man guilty of such a breach of trust get a hearing with the N. O. T. or do business in Holland in any way. The result of its too frequent occurrence, however, was that the

shipper must now give bond in the sum of two or three times the value of his cargo, which puts the bid up a little too high for the Germans.

There are only about six million people in Holland, and such is the almost sociological organization of the country's industries that the hand of government has but a few reins to gather up in assuming direction and control of the acts of each individual. Controlling the population of the city of New York or of Chicago would be an infinitely more complex and difficult problem. Practically every producer in Holland belongs to some sort of coöperative association.

Holland produces butter, eggs, milk, cheese, vegetables, fruits, cattle, pigs, sheep, a few horses, a little birdseed, and almost nothing else except flowers and bulbs. Vast quantities of margarine are manufactured from home products supplemented by ingredients brought from the United States and other places; and there is a flourishing beet-sugar industry.

The bulb export, incidentally, before the war was worth more to the country than the export of vegetables and fruits combined, and ran into millions of dollars. The Dutch quote hyacinths, tulips and gladioli on their stock exchange. Though the bulb and flower interests are free from all the restrictions imposed by the war, except the restrictions of limited cargo space and the dangers of the seas—and the fact that both England and France have prohibited the importation of Dutch bulbs—economic conditions everywhere are such that there is little inclination on anybody's part to indulge in delights for the eye alone; so many a priceless tulip and hyacinth field has gone down into potatoes and cabbages during the past two unlovely years.

Fat Dutch Landscapes

AS THE value of bulb land ranges from one thousand dollars to three thousand an acre in the best areas, and as single rare Dutch bulbs have been known to sell for six and eight and even ten thousand dollars, the substitution of cabbages and potatoes would seem a sad sort of necessity. But it is just because Germany has no use at the moment for tulips and hyacinths and gladioli, and the more potatoes and cabbages the Dutch can raise, the more they can sell—and at gladiolus prices too.

Holland is not quite the littlest country in the world, but it certainly does seem like the littlest. It is possible to take a train from Rotterdam in the morning—and not very early—and go to Delft, The Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, Utrecht and Gouda and be back again in Rotterdam in time for dinner—that is, if you do not waste too much time at luncheon and in side trips to Volendam, Monnickendam, Marken and other such picturesque and enticing villages.

And what does one see? Black-and-white cows. Black-and-white cows in small squares and oblongs of green pasture; windmills; innumerable perfect vegetable gardens; black-and-white cows. Narrow canals where fences ought to be, and which the black-and-white cows seem never to cross without permission; women and girls in adorable Dutch costumes or in hideous misfits of modern garments; black-and-white cows. Ten thousand models of the Man with the Hoe in ten thousand little flower-hedged gardens; windmills and church spires against the low sky line, Dutch Reformed Church spires mostly and nothing much to speak of, but with hundreds of black-and-white cows in the foreground. Long slips of canal crowded with ugly or quaint craft of various kinds and lined with primly set rows of stubby trees or with high-gabled, red-roofed, red-brick houses. In village squares acres of red and yellow and purple cheeses and, in certain sections, if the season is right, fields upon fields of low-growing, wonderful flowers. But principally black-and-white cows in small squares and oblongs of green pasture.

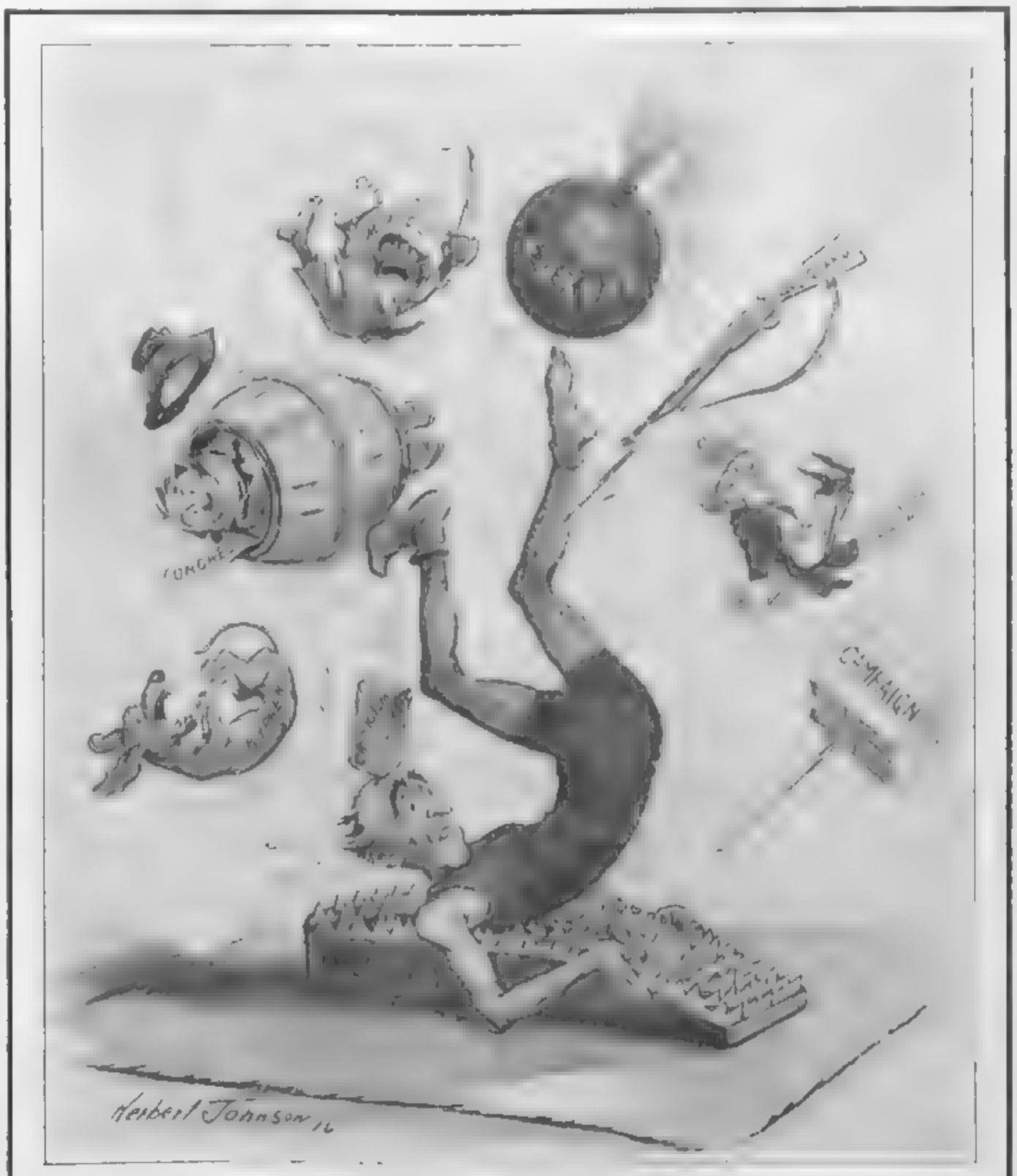
Broad, open meadows? Densely forested acres sheltering wild things of the earth and sky? Uplands and lowlands? Wide, wasteful rivers running loose in a riotous sunlight? No; nothing like that in Holland. The Edam cheese is a snug little cheese, all slick and firm and brightly colored. That is Holland. Why is it that, wherever you go in the wide, wide world, from the islands of the South Seas to the lands of the all-summer sun, you can nearly always get an Edam cheese?

The answer is that there are three million and some hundred-odd thousands of black-and-white cows in Holland; a cow, at least, for every two persons—man, woman and child. There are sheep and goats and pigs as well, but they are not so conspicuous in the landscape.

However, in just glimpsing a country that seems the smallest ever, because it is so densely populated and its towns are so close together, one need not forget that it embraces some twelve thousand-odd square miles of territory, and that practically every inch of it is under intensive cultivation. The sum total of its product is astonishing and enough to make a real difference in Germany's food situation if the people were free to sell all that Germany would buy; which they are not—though they were, almost, until recently. Recently England undertook to regulate the marketing of Holland's home products. This was found to be much more difficult than controlling the over-sea trade. It is easy enough, of course, to accuse a country of breach of neutrality, but one is at a loss to understand why Holland has not a right to sell to Germany anything that Germany can buy and get delivered. That is the brand of our own neutrality, I believe; but fortunately we are in a different position for the time being.

I have no idea what arguments were brought to bear, but it was arranged that no Hollander should sell anything to Germany except by the personal consent of the Dutch Minister of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce, who was to be guided by the strictest tenets of international law and Holland's dire necessities. This was the diplomatic formula. It was urged that Holland had to keep friendly with Germany; that she was dependent on Germany for coal and certain less important commodities; and that incidentally Germany had as strong rights of demand on her neutrality as England. The maintenance of the relationship between them was imperative. This England agreed to, but insisted upon the regulation of export which she proposed, with the result that the Minister of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce is holding down about as unenviable a little job as one could possibly imagine. England manages to dictate unrelentingly the full extent of his powers so far as the export of Holland's produce is concerned.

As an instance: Though Holland has to import all her sole leather, she exports the lighter qualities of hides in considerable quantities, and there is a very estimable organization of Dutch packers known as the Hide Club. This Hide Club not long ago made a contract with Germany for the sale of one hundred thousand hides at a price never paid for hides before. They were highly pleased with themselves, and sent representatives at once to the Minister of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce to get his signature on their shipping agreement. He, too, thought it was a good stroke of business, and was just reaching for his pen to sign his name when in rushed a messenger from the British Legation. This is an actual fact, though it may sound like a moving-picture scenario.



Yet There's Competition for the Job!

The First Hitch

THE British Legation's compliments—and it was none of their business, of course—but it was considered only fair to His Excellency the Minister of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce to inform him that they had heard about the undertaking with regard to one hundred thousand hides, and that if he should, by any unfortunate error of judgment, give his consent to its fulfillment they would find themselves under the regrettable necessity of withholding from Holland all future shipments of sole leather, harness, saddles, tannin, and all articles connected in any way with leather.

The good minister was in a predicament. He said something equivalent to:

"Excuse me, please; but I promised my consent to these gentlemen of the Hide Club and I am afraid I must keep my word."

"Right-o!" said the British Legation in effect. "You keep your word and we will keep ours—and nothing more will be said about it."

They argued the question for two months. It became just another local irritant, and the minister had every dealer and worker in leather in the whole country down about his ears threatening all kinds of things if he dared to give his consent to the shipment. He was in a bad position all round, the cattle and hide people being a particularly powerful organization, who were themselves being threatened by Germany with various forms of retaliation if they failed to fulfill their contract.

The minister sent representatives to England to take the matter up directly with the British Government; but the British Government stubbornly backed its Legation at The Hague and would agree to nothing more favorable to the Hollanders than the purchase of the hides on its own account, and at the regular market price. This proposition the Hide Club rejected, and that was where the N. O. T. stepped in. The N. O. T. bought the hides at the German figure and sold them to England for what England was willing to pay, thereby losing something like a quarter of a million dollars. Then, in order to get its money back, it caused a special tax to be levied on leather goods of all kinds. So both England and the Hide Club won, the little men in the leather trade paid, and there was no way, after all, for Germany to get even without injuring herself. The main point is that England won.

Until quite recently all such produce as butter, eggs, cheese, fish, fruits and vegetables could be sold to Germany in any quantity that was left over after the Dutch Government had put its stamp on the amount required for home consumption. But this privilege and the amazing prices Germany was willing to pay proved such a stimulus to production that England came to a rather tardy conclusion that something would have to be done about it.

(Continued on Page 28)

WRATH

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE first page of this little human document was given me by Mr. Cadrigan, the manager of the Chain Lakes Club, of which I have the honor to be president. Cadrigan was rather worried over the situation, feeling himself to be a sort of host of the members who came so far for a pleasant summer's vacation on the splendid preserve of lakes and forest, and not wishing their enjoyment to be marred by any discordant note. This now appeared to threaten through the violent quarrel between that splendid girl, Caroline Penfold, and a member whom I shall call Hounsley Bates.

"The trouble started on the landin', doctor," said Cadrigan, "and has been gettin' worse daily. No sooner were they out of the launch than her bull terrier flew at his bloodhound and had him part eaten before I had presence of mind to pick them up and throw them into the lake. Mr. Bates was pale with passion, though his speech was soft and smooth.

"'You ought to keep that vicious animal on the leash or muzzled!' says he.

"'He is not vicious; and if he were he would not be the only one here that ought to be kept muzzled,' says Miss Penfold, her pretty face aflame with rage, for he had picked up a canoe paddle and broken it over her pet. 'Your cowardly brute is twice his size, anyhow.'

"'He is a gentleman!' says Mr. Bates.

"'Which is more than can be said for his owner!' she retorts, for Mr. Bates had used strong words while strivin' to stop the fight.

"'The attack was entirely unprovoked,' says Mr. Bates in his drawlin' voice; 'or, at least, I hope it was. Anyhow, if he tries it again I'll put a bullet in him!'

"'And if you do I'll put a bullet in you!' promises Miss Penfold, who has warm blood if she does come from Boston.

"'My chief regret is that you are not the man you try to imitate,' purrs Mr. Bates.

"'And you are not even a fair imitation of one, Hounsley Bates!' she flashes back at him.

"And with that she slips the leash on her gladiator and starts for the camp, leavin' him white to the lips and me examinin' the ear of the bloodhound, which I had hauled from the lake with a boat hook. But I have sewn it up and it is healin' nicely, which is more than can be said for the quarrel. The worst of the business is that the two will not keep apart."

"The bloodhound and the bull terrier?" I asked.

"No, sir; Miss Penfold and Mr. Bates. Never a chance do they lose to return to the fray. Would you believe it, doctor, they go walkin' together, and on the lake, for the sheer delight of miscallin' one another! Somethin' must be done. Some here seem to regard it as a joke; but it is no joke."

I was inclined to agree with Cadrigan. Our club was a social community that had always been something of a big, happy family, and it seemed most unfortunate that a quarrelsome element should have found its entry. Hounsley and Caroline belonged to the same set in Boston and had known each other slightly for some years. It is probable that she had always detested the type he represented, which was that of a rich young idler, with no particular aims and ambitions beyond indolent amusement, spending a good deal of his time and money in Europe. The most strenuous occupation in which I had ever heard of his taking any interest was in mountaineering, and he had written some rather interesting magazine articles that many people were inclined to discredit. I determined to keep them under my presidential eye and, if the feud became too unpleasant for the rest of us, to put a stop to it in some way. I certainly did not intend that our vacations should be spoiled because of a dog fight.

If the sudden violent hatred developed between these two young people had taken a normal course it would quickly have corrected itself on the departure of one or the other of them.. At least they would have avoided each other and spared the rest of us the spectacle of such primitive mutual loathing. Instead, they appeared to find each other's society evilly indispensable; and they would actually go out together on the lake, paddle about for an hour or so, and return to camp in a sort of poisonous mist of concentrated spite. And even then they could not seem to separate, but would circle uneasily about, eying each other with baleful glances.

All this time Hounsley was drinking hard and steadily, and with some effort at secrecy and stealth. Caroline appeared to take a diabolical delight in catching him at his buffet nips. I was an inadvertent witness to one of these encounters. Hounsley, thinking nobody was about, had sneaked into the pantry. Caroline followed him in, ostensibly to get a glass of water.

"At it again?" she asked pleasantly.

"Oh, no," he answered; "still at it."

"Don't you ever get tired?"

"Very! Especially at such moments as this," he answered; and I heard the pop of a soda bottle. "Espionage is always fatiguing."

"Why don't you carry the bottle round with you?" she asked.

"Hate to spoil your fun," said he.

"How long do you suppose you could really go without a drink?" she asked. "From now until luncheon time?"

"It would come hard," he answered in a doubtfully mocking tone. "However, if you are interested enough we might walk until then."

She appeared to reflect.

"If you will leave that dog of yours behind."

She knew that the only creature for whom Hounsley appeared to care was his bloodhound pup.

"Very well," he answered, "though I suppose you will insist on lugging yours along."

"I should scarcely care to venture away from camp with a person of your habits without some protection."

And a few minutes later I saw them strolling off with their hostile manner, and from the set of Caroline's head and the flush in her cheeks I could see that he had already succeeded in getting her into a rage, probably in what he had discovered to be the easiest way, which was a disparagement of the sincerity of any human motive or action, or by some sneering and rather witty commentary on woman suffrage, of which she was an ardent partisan.

After all, it seemed a good deal of a shame; they were such an attractive pair to look at—Caroline strong and vividly intense, with a temperament blazing out of her that she could not possibly conceal, and Hounsley with his handsome, dissipated face, athletic figure and mocking, cynical manner. He was rich and talented enough, though beyond the writing of occasional special articles he had never accomplished anything to speak of. There seemed to be no reason or excuse for behaving the way he did; nor did I think it probable that his case was by any means hopeless. Caroline was the daughter of a college professor, who had only his salary, which was inconsiderable.

But this sort of fascinated dislike appeared rapidly to grow in its virulence as their acquaintance increased, and it seemed to me to be having a bad moral effect on the girl, making her nervous, with a sort of fierce, poorly contained recklessness of speech and manner. Their cutting remarks to each other were rapidly straining the limits of polite behavior and the expression of their eyes when one or the other got home with fang or claw made me uncomfortable at times.

"Why do you do it?" I asked her one day. "Do you get any pleasure out of it?"

She gave a little shudder, then laughed, showing her double row of strong, white teeth. Her gray eyes reminded me of those of a trapped lynx.

"Pleasure is scarcely the word," she answered. "I can't help but try to sting him into some show of decent feeling."

"You will scarcely succeed so long as he keeps on drinking," said I. "If he could only be made to stop for a while you might find what you are looking for. I imagine it is there."

"I don't," she answered. "Besides, I don't believe he could stop. Do you, doctor?"

"Not under the present conditions," I answered. "There would probably have to be some powerful incentive. I doubt if that exists here. But I think you are only making matters worse, Caroline. Either make peace or else let him alone."

"I have tried to let him alone," she answered, frankly enough adding: "But his very viciousness fascinates me, somehow. Besides, I have the feeling that if I could only hurt him badly enough he might be shamed into some sort of effort at reform."

"Better leave that sort of reform to other forces," I answered. "You can't make him swear off. The devil that drives him is too strong. It's the devil of discontent with himself and things in general, and flourishes most on a diet of hatred and abuse, such as you are feeding him. Try the militant power of good if you must try anything."

"But that's what I've been trying!" she persisted.

"Nobody would ever guess it, to see you two together," I retorted. "Besides, perhaps you are not so good as you believe."

She gave me a rather startled look. "That's so," she mused thoughtfully. "Perhaps I am not."

And then she looked at me surprised and resentful because I laughed.

What now follows must be fragmentary, reconstructed from the scant observation of others, as I was obliged to leave for Boston that night to undertake a surgical case. Immediately on my departure an interesting situation developed itself. Probably it was something of this sort:

Caroline, having listened to my advice to let Hounsley strictly alone, proceeded to follow it by giving him a brochure prepared by a friend of hers who was actively engaged in a crusade that included the maintenance of a coöperative boarding house for working girls.

"Perhaps you might be interested in this," said she. "Most of the people here have wished to contribute a little something to help the work."

"Thank you," said Hounsley, taking the pamphlet and observing it with his contemptuous smile. "How much ought I to give?"

"Please read it first," Caroline answered, struggling with anger at his cool way of receiving her appeal. "Perhaps you may have no sympathy with the movement. I merely thought that I might offer you the opportunity to do a little good for once in your life."

So he opened the pamphlet and began its perusal while Caroline withdrew to the other end of the veranda, whence she watched him covertly over her work. He was, of course, quite aware of this surveillance, and as he read on his smile grew into a grin, punctuated by an occasional satiric chuckle. Caroline observed him with increasing, suppressed fury. She may have guessed that he was purposely tormenting her, but this did not help. The worst, however, was yet to come. Hounsley finished the brochure, rose in his lazy way and stepped inside, whence Caroline heard the clink of glass and the pop of a soda cork. She waited a few moments, seething with rage at what appeared to be Hounsley's insulting dismissal of the matter, or at least his lack of respect for her in keeping her waiting while he had a drink before giving back the pamphlet with his comment on its subject matter.

Finally, unable longer to contain herself, Caroline got up and went into the reading room, where she found him writing at a desk, a glass under his hand, a cigarette hanging negligently from his lips, and her pamphlet tossed disrespectfully aside. Caroline stepped up to where he sat and stood a moment, with pale, quivering lips, a green flame in her eyes, and her bosom heaving over the tumult beneath. Hounsley glanced up at her with his maddening smile and placed a blotter over his page. "Sorry to keep you waiting," he drawled. "I just had to have a drink."

"You cad!" breathed Caroline. "Give me that pamphlet."

"You are so impulsive," Hounsley sighed. "I meant to bring it out directly with my modest contribution. Great work—helping girls."

He reached for the brochure and handed it to her with a check for one hundred dollars, which he had just written.

Caroline stood for an instant, glaring; then snatched up the check, tore it in pieces and flung them in his face.

"I'd like to kill you!" she cried passionately.

"Don't blame you," he answered. "I sometimes feel as if I should like to kill myself."

"Well, you are doing so as fast as you can," retorted Caroline, who was getting herself in hand.

She had plenty of will and common sense, and perhaps something of what I had recently said flashed into her mind. Hounsley's face may have struck her as rather tragic and she noticed how his hand trembled as he reached for his glass.

"Can't you stop it?" she asked.

"Of course I can," he answered; "but I don't see any reason why I should. Do you?"

It seems rather odd that she should have remained to talk to him; but then, the whole conduct of their mutual hatred had been odd from the very first. Her knees felt rather weak and, instead of leaving, she sank down on a chair and stared at him with a sort of fascination.

"I've always despised the silly efforts of people who waste their time and money in trying to help other people that have not the slightest desire to be helped," Hounsley observed. "It is precisely what I should feel for anybody who wanted to help me reform. If I wanted to be saved I should save myself."

"You couldn't," Caroline answered contemptuously. "You are not enough of a man. You haven't the strength to stop drinking for a week."

Observe how excellently she was following my advice.

"That is your foolish feminine lack of any sound knowledge of human nature," Hounsley answered; "meretricious theory based on 'what folks say.' Any sane person can keep from doing anything at any time if the desire is there."

Caroline's wrath began to glow, as it always did when the intelligence of her sex was impugned. This was Hounsley's favorite and laziest method of rousing her.

"More of your quibbling!" said she scornfully. "What difference does it make whether one can't keep from doing a thing or can't desire to keep from doing it?"

"There is always the possibility of something happening to rouse the desire," Hounsley answered in the mock-patient and slightly bored tone of one arguing down to a lower mentality. "For instance, you say I can't stop drinking for a week. I say I can, but that I don't desire to. You say I can't desire to do it. How can a person of your limited imagination and experience possibly know what any person might be led to desire at any moment?"

He looked sneeringly at her hot, angry and rather bewildered face, then slowly finished his long drink, his very way of doing it an injury.

"Now," he continued, "in proof of my theory I may say that I would be quite willing to go without a drink for a fortnight thoroughly to humiliate you. I consider you to be one of the most irritatingly intolerant, obstinate and stupid young women I have ever known. Besides that, I dislike you intensely. But I should like to teach you a lesson before leaving you and to convince you of how little you are able to estimate men and motives. So I am willing to make you a bet that I can stop drinking for a fortnight. I would like to bet you ten thousand dollars for any of your charities—this one if you like—against—well, let us say——"

He paused and stared at her with an insolent appraisement that set her face aflame.

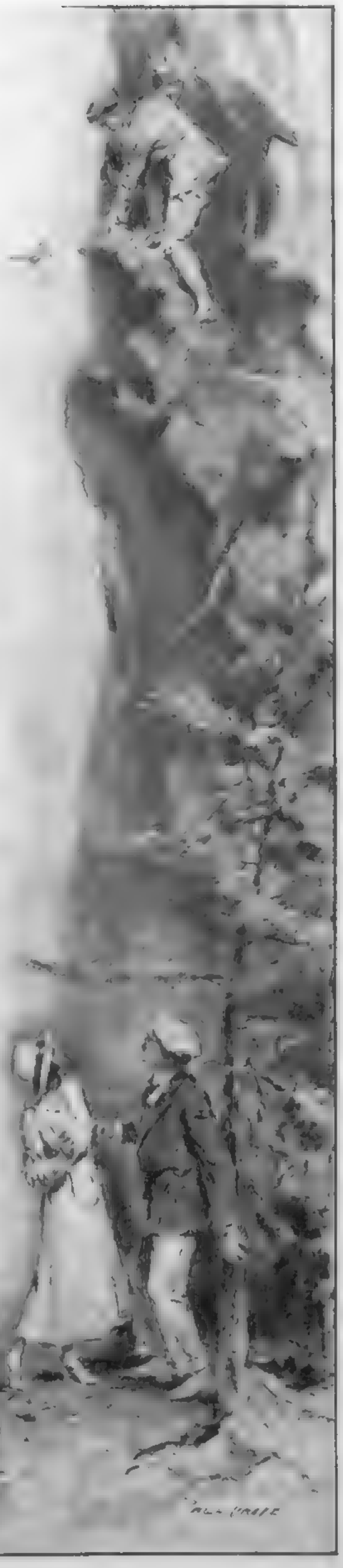
"Well—against what?" Caroline demanded.

"Let me see. What would be apt to humiliate you most and yet not do you any actual harm? Suppose we say—a kiss."

Caroline bounded from her chair.

"How dare you!" she cried.

"Tush! Tush!" Hounsley raised his hand with a mock soothing gesture. "I don't want to kiss you any more than you want to have me. I merely want to humiliate you.



When His Fingers Gripped Hard, So Did Ours—Mine Into the Bark of the Pine and the Young Lady's Into My Arm

Besides, you might win the bet; and just think what a lot you could do with ten thousand dollars! It seems to me that no young woman who claims to be an earnest sociologic worker and reformer should be able to reconcile it with her conscience to risk losing so much money for the cause through fear of having to kiss a man."

These words must have hit Caroline like the hind hoof of a vicious mountain mule and with much of the same stunning effect. It is impossible that she could ever have been spoken to so in her life. She had always been liked and admired for her vigorous beauty of mind and body, especially at college and just after, though I doubt that she had ever been made love to except in a long-range, respectful way. Probably the term of admiration most applied to her had been that she was a "splendid" girl, which she assuredly was. To have this man tell her what he thought of her with such concise candor must have been a good deal of a shock. No doubt she was too demoralized to say or do much for the moment.

Hounsley regarded her with a malicious, indolent smile.

"Think it over until bedtime," he suggested. "Then, if you decide to take the bet give me a nod or something and you're on. Ten thousand dollars against a kiss that I can go without a drink for a fortnight. If you are afraid to take me up—then don't. Only remember that in such a case you will have shown that you lack the courage of your convictions. If you decline to bet I shall probably clear out to-morrow morning. Getting a bit fed up on this place! Hadn't expected to stick on so long as I have. Fighting with you has been the only thing to render it supportable. Now if you'll excuse me I believe I'll go down for a dip before dinner."

By what analytic processes of ethical reasoning Caroline arrived at her decision I have no very clear conception. The chances are that neither had she. More important is the fact that Hounsley did not leave the following day, while it became immediately evident to everybody about the place that, for his own good reasons, he had decided to eschew not only alcohol but tobacco as well. Perhaps he found it easier on his parched throat.

An interesting side light on the drama is that Caroline appears never to have had any doubt as to his good faith, either in the matter of sneaking drinks without owning up or of meeting his debt in case of his losing the bet. The next actual evidence is that of Mr. Cadrigan, the manager of the preserve, which keen observer had followed the feud from its origin over the dog fight. Cadrigan was an Irish gentleman of good traditions, a bit of a gossip, and something of a Paul Pry, I fear; but kindly, honest and very much of a man.

"Now just what befell between those two it would need a sewin' circle to so much as guess at, doctor," he told me; "but never did I see a man so take off his nature like it was a wet cape and hang it up to dry. Whatever it was, a body with eyes and ears could see that she hated him no less in his new suit—only there was this difference: She looked at him not boldly and full of scorn, as before, but with a hint of somethin' in her gray eyes that if not entirely fear was no great distance removed.

"But him I could not make out at all. For the first week that he was without the drink—a cold and rainy one—they say at the camp there was no slightest change of word or look or action to him, and yet all who had to do with him had the sense of dealin' with an entirely different man. He kept the same hours, lounged about in the same 'oh-be-damned-to-everything' sort of way, ate as usual, was the same with the others, sayin' little, but that witty and unpleasant, and lost never a chance of makin' a bitin' remark to the young lady, who answered him in kind.

"But there was no mistakin' the growin' dread in her eyes when she came to me where I was sittin' one evenin' lookin' across the lake at the blaze of the settin' sun against Sachem's Leap—a sheer wall of rock about two hundred feet high—and asked me if any man had ever scaled it.

"'Not to my knowledge, Miss Penfold,' I answered; 'and I am an old-timer here.'

"'Do you think it could be done?' she asked.

"'Personally I do not,' I answered, 'though there was a gentleman here some years ago, a famous mountaineer, who spent three days studyin' the face of the rock in varyin' lights through the telescope. Finally he announced that he could make the ascent and was all for tryin' it. But the opposition was too strong, the others pointin' out to him that 'twas no part of a guest to spoil their holiday and throw a gloom upon the camp by committin' suicide before their faces; so finally he gave up the foolish plan, though with great reluctance. Perhaps he might have managed it, bein' as he was an expert in such antics.'

"We were talkin' on when, happenin' to glance toward the veranda, I saw Mr. Bates come out; and, goin' to the telescope, he set himself to examine the precipice. Somehow I was immediately suspicious. It was then about a week since anybody had seen him smoke or touch so much as a glass of wine, and he before that the camp drunkard and sleepin' with a cigarette hangin' from his lips! I thought of the black hatred between these two.

"'Now there is a man who should be put in irons for merely lookin' at Sachem's Leap,' said I.

"'They say that he is quite a celebrated climber,' answers our pretty Miss Caroline; and a pallor came in her face, always so rosy.

"'A celebrated drinker!' says I. 'He would break his neck could he manage to swarm up high enough to do so.'

"'That would be no great loss to society,' says she.

"'Perhaps not at this moment,' I answered; 'but, for the future, who and what are we to say?'

(Continued on Page 36)

OUR MOST HUMAN INDUSTRY

The Mine Becomes a Factory—By James H. Collins

IF YOU want a glimpse of the romance of Western metal mining, go into the hills with a prospector and help him hunt, through one summer, for outcrop. There's romance in that—and fresh air and muscle and a golden appetite. If it is the element of chance that appeals to you, just buy a few shares in a genuine mine-development project and hold your breath while the tunnel is being driven into the hill to determine whether riches or blighted hopes are to be your portion.

Then, when the vein is proved and the mine is made, chance and romance fade away, and you have your Western metal mining in its settled state—a routine factory process. Through the tunnel or shaft quite ordinary looking rock comes out to a mill, with its flow sheet and percentage of recovery and production cost; and any excitement over this is apt to be of a high financial nature. But do not think that the industry is no longer interesting, for now it begins to disclose its technical wonders.

As an example of this phase of mining, let us consider an enterprise in Alaska, yielding what is said to be the leanest gold ore now being treated in the world. A ton of this rock contains only one dollar's worth of the yellow metal, of which ninety-four cents' worth is extracted. So more than five tons of this rock must be taken from the underground workings, crushed to sand fineness, and put through an elaborate equipment of milling machinery, in order to get as much gold as is contained in a five-dollar gold piece. And the gross profit on a five-dollar gold piece is about thirty-one cents, a slender manufacturing margin. This process represents a tremendous advance over the methods of the forty-niner, who washed nuggets from the grass roots with his pan or cradle. But this is just a beginning in the possibilities of reducing metals. For many a Western river contains gold so fine that the flakes can be seen only under a high-power microscope, and no method of recovering it has yet been devised.

All Through the War Boom Old Mines Have Been Reopened

In Utah there is a mountain of copper ore so lean that the average of the richest grade runs only "one point four," or one and four-tenths pounds of copper metal to the hundred pounds of rock. This mountain is being hauled bodily to mills twenty miles away. The mining is done by stripping one hundred and fifty feet of topsoil off the mountain and taking out the ore with steam shovels. Eventually the whole mountain will be hauled off, thereby moving more earth than was moved at the Panama Canal, and at less than half the canal cost a cubic yard. Besides the copper, there is one-tenth of an ounce of silver to each ton of ore, and an ounce of gold in every sixty-six tons. Because this kind of copper ore contains sulphur the smelter is able to turn its smoke into sulphuric acid, which is used to leach a grade of ore still leaner, recovering its fraction of one per cent of copper. And at the bottom of the mountain there are beds of still leaner ore, of unknown depth, containing such a tiny modicum of the metal that no process known is capable of extracting it at a profit. But some day, probably, the right process will be found.

As for silver, very little is said nowadays about the extraction costs of that metal, because it has become largely a by-product of other metals—silver is the squeal of the zinc, lead and copper pigs.

Some of the most remarkable achievements of the mining engineer have been along the line of separating complex ores. Zinc is the best example. For ages the world had just one way of getting zinc out of ore, which was to turn it into vapor by intense heat and condense the vapor into metal. This process called for cheap fuel. Most of the zinc districts of the West are far from coal and natural gas. The higher-grade simple zinc ores could be concentrated at the mines and shipped East for reduction, where fuel was plentiful. But the lean ores, and especially the complex ores containing zinc in combination with lead, silver and copper, were considered a nuisance. The prospector in the past might discover a mountain of that sort of stuff only to have a white elephant on his hands—he had wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, but no way of turning it into real money.

There was a mine in Montana that was typical of this condition of affairs. It contained ore with so high a proportion of zinc, mixed with other metals, that the smelters imposed an extra penalty for working the concentrates. When the owners kept shipping concentrates, despite the scanty profit, the smelter superintendent threw up his hands in despair.

"For heaven's sake, boys," he pleaded, "have a heart! I'll take these last three cars of your stuff on only one condition—that you close the mine!"

The mine was closed accordingly and stayed so until the war boomed metal prices. By that time, however, the West had developed its new electrolytic process for taking the zinc out of complex ores with cheap water-power electricity, and this mine was reopened and became a rich producer.

All through the war boom the West has been making money from its mines. Old mines have been reopened, new ones developed, mining towns have grown busy again, and miners have been earning premium wages, with bonuses based on the price of metal. During this prosperous period the metallurgists have been working to develop better methods in mill and smelter, so that when metal prices return to normal again—as prices always do, whether it be soon or late—they can keep many mines running regularly that might otherwise be forced to close down, and can compete with rich foreign mines.

There is a big new word in the West, full of possibilities. That word was seldom heard until a couple of years ago,

and even now the experts are divided in their opinion as to what it really means—they are only certain about what it does. The word is "flotation," and there is little doubt that it will revolutionize Western metal mining during the next few years.

When the old red-shirted miner of the days of forty-nine found free gold in the sand and gravel near the surface of the ground, he separated it by a very simple process. A big pan was filled with gold-bearing dirt. The pan was dipped in water. Then, by skillful manipulation and repeated dippings, the dirt was washed over the edge of the pan gradually, until only the heavier particles of gold were left, along with the larger stones.

This same process was carried on in a bigger way by washing dirt over specially contrived baffles, or obstacles, which caught the gold and let the dirt flow away. The gold was also caught by quicksilver.

When miners had to go down into the earth and had to recover metals from rock, they elaborated this process by using machinery. First, the ore was crushed to the fineness of sand, and larger particles that escaped the crushers were sorted out to be sent back and ground again. The sand was passed through different machines, such as jigs, vanners, classifiers and the like, and by a general method of being churned up and down in water the heavier particles of metal were separated from the lighter particles of rock and dirt.

Every mine to-day has a mill for effecting this separation of metal from ore, so that the particles of ore, mixed with some dirt and rock known as concentrates—can be shipped at low freight rates to the smelters and refineries, where the pure metal is extracted. Ores have become leaner and leaner, as well as more complicated in their combinations of one metal with another. Mills have become more complex, too, because each mine needs its own process, adapted to the peculiarities of its ore. But until flotation appeared every mine mill was of the same general nature—a plant for pounding the ore to dust in gyratory crushers, stamps, ball mills and similar contrivances, and separating the metal from the rock dust by washing with water in jigs and the like.

This washing with water was satisfactory because nothing better had ever been devised. But it had the shortcoming of wastefulness. On the average, not much more than sixty per cent of the metal was recovered. Most of the fine particles escaped and ran out into the tailings of the mine. Before flotation was available, mill superintendents sometimes talked about eighty and ninety per cent recovery. But that was accepted as just talk.

The New Idea in Mining

FLOTATION introduced an entirely new idea. To the water, in which the finest particles of ore were washed, was added oil, with an acid reagent. This was done by means of an apparatus that churned the water, oil and ore particles into a bubbling, frothy mixture. As a greased needle will float upon water, if carefully placed, so these oily bubbles in the flotation froth carried the fine particles of metal on the surface of the mixture, letting the rock dust sink. Once afloat, it was the simplest thing in the world to skim off the metal particles automatically and to wash them out of the oily mixture. That is flotation, the marvelous; and by its agency the tallest boast that a mine superintendent ever made, in his most confident moment, has now come true. For, instead of sixty per cent recovery under the old methods, flotation to-day gives eighty and ninety per cent recovery. What an increase of fifty per cent in the factory output of a mine means, with only a reasonable added expense for operation, can be figured out by anybody who is used to running processes on narrow margins of profit. A bilious critic said, not long ago, that some of the big porphyry-copper companies in the West were taking three pounds of copper from ore—to sell at a profit of from two to three cents a pound—and were letting two pounds run into the waste tailings. Flotation will come near to saving those two pounds of waste.

Flotation is only a baby yet, but it has got itself tangled up in scientific controversy and lawsuits. Various theories have been advanced to explain its workings. Some experts believe that there is an electrostatic factor that causes the metal particles to float on the froth, and others have theories about surface tension, occlusion, selective affinity of oils for metallic sulphides, and so forth. Really, nothing is known for certain except that flotation does float some kinds of ore—the sulphides principally—and that everything it floats is nearly clear profit. Which is all that a great many practical citizens ask of it. There have been some heated disputes as to who originated the idea, and some litigation over patents. A Denver woman took out a patent for something of the kind thirty years ago, but never perfected a process. Some of the earliest flotation was done in Australia. Regardless of the squabbles, however, flotation has struck Western mining districts like an epidemic, and the wealth of metal it ultimately saves will far outrun that produced in all our historic gold rushes.

Flotation has also created a flurry among the oil men, because the process has made a demand for varieties of oil that were formerly almost waste products. Down in the turpentine districts of the South they had pine oil, which was practically unsalable. Flotation quickly exhausted all the pine oil available, at good prices, because it is one of the best oils for the purpose. In the petroleum industry there was another useless residue, called acid sludge. Flotation is utilizing that. Each type of ore requires its special oil or oil mixture, and among those being used for the purpose are pine oil, acid sludge, eucalyptus oil, creosote, tar oil, palm oil, cottonseed oil, corn oil, animal fats, castor oil, linseed oil and turpentine. An ore mill used to be devoid of smell, but to-day, as a result of flotation, it may have either a fragrance due to pine oil or some agreeable essential, or a vile odor due to the fumes of acid sludge. At the outset, large quantities of oil were needed—as much as three tons of oil to a ton of ore. But it is not the oil that floats the particles of fine ore so much as it is the bubbles. Therefore, it has become the practice to use as little oil as possible, because it costs money, and to be extremely liberal with the bubbles, which can be made by pumping air into the mixture, and cost nothing. Things have been brought down to so fine a point that a ton of ore is now worked with a third of a pound of oil. But even this trifling quantity becomes a serious item of expense to the big low-grade copper companies that handle from twenty to fifty thousand tons of ore daily.

Another significant word through the Western mining districts is "conservation." Outside of every mine there are dumps of refuse ore, and outside of every mill great accumulations of tailings—the fine sand that has been allowed to run away in years past because no known method would extract more metal from such residue. As better processes of recovery have been developed, these tailings have become valuable. Once upon a time they were permitted to run away in the swift mountain streams and gave trouble to farmers by overrunning their tilled lands, or poisoned the fish with their content of lead and other metals. To-day it is standard practice to impound these tailings on company property, where they can be kept in possession and worked over as new processes make it possible to recover their metal. When they were permitted to flow away anybody might take them.

There are two stock stories that one hears in every Western mining section. One is the story of the mule that was lent to a prospector who was becoming utterly discouraged and was just about to give up searching. The mule, so the story goes, in a fit of temper, kicked loose enough rock to lay bare a fine mine. Then the owner of the mule put in a claim for half of the mine, because his animal had been the real discoverer. This legend clings to the history of almost every great mine, and it bobs up so persistently that one mining man has declared that he would invest in no property that was not said to have a mule as its discoverer.

Chance and Romance Fade Away, and You Have Your Mining in Its Settled State—a Routine Factory Process

Tramp Tales

THE other story is about a tramp, or desert rat, who came out of the nowhere and camped on a mine dump, or tailings bank, and began to conduct some mysterious operations. After trained mining engineers had watched him some months, in idle amusement, they suddenly woke up to the fact that he was extracting gold or silver or copper from this waste, by some secret process of his own, and growing rich on the proceeds. If this story were as true as it is persistent, practically the whole march of modern metallurgy would have been led by intelligent tramps who knew more than the experts. Of course the tramp always clears a fortune before the experts wake up to what he is doing.

In one instance this story is told of a mill pond in a gold and silver district. Tailings were dumped into the pond and a white scum rose to the surface of the water. A tramp, who happened along one day, swept this scum off and refined it for metal. Whether the tramp really discovered that the scum on the pond carried leachings of precious metal does not matter; at any rate, sweepings from all the ponds in that district are now gathered every few days, and they yield a higher percentage of metal than the ores that are being worked by the mills.

The following story has been interwoven in the early history of one of the most interesting recovery methods of copper mining—the so-called tin-can process. According to the best popular version there was a Butte policeman who liked a drink occasionally and blundered on the process by keeping a tin pail of beer submerged in a pond of mine water on his beat. People who have a weakness for puns say it was only to be expected that such a process should be discovered by a "copper." Another version gives the credit to a German scientist, who asked for the privilege of diverting some mine water at Butte. He is supposed to have made a fortune out of his recovered copper before the mine company knew what he was doing. The same process of recovery has been followed for centuries in the oldest copper mine in the world, the famous Río Tinto, of Spain, and it is perhaps significant of American methods that, in our abundance of natural wealth, we have overlooked the little economies practiced elsewhere and have had to discover them again, in our own way, before we have utilized them.

The Western copper ores are usually rich in sulphur—so rich that in a region of expensive fuel their sulphur content

(Concluded on Page 79)

PICCADILLY JIM

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"If Ogden Really Wishes to Break That Vase," Said Mrs. Crocker in a Detached Voice, "Let Me Ring for the Butler to Bring Him a Hammer"

II

LONDON brooded under a gray sky. There had been rain in the night, and the trees were still dripping. Presently, however, there appeared in the leaden haze a watery patch of blue; and through this crevice in the clouds the sun, diffidently at first but with gradually increasing confidence, peeped down on the fashionable and exclusive turf of Grosvenor Square. Stealing across the square its rays reached the massive stone walls of Drexdale House, until recently the London residence of the earl of that name; then, passing through the window of the breakfast room, played lightly on the partially bald head of Mr. Bingley Crocker, late of New York, in the United States of America, as he bent over his morning paper. Mrs. Bingley Crocker, busy across the table reading her mail, the rays did not touch. Had they done so she would have rung for Bayliss, the butler, to come and lower the shade, for she endured liberties neither from man nor from Nature.

Mr. Crocker was about fifty years of age, clean shaven and of a comfortable stoutness. He was frowning as he read. His smooth, good-humored face wore an expression that might have been disgust, perplexity, or a blend of both. His wife, on the other hand, was looking happy. She extracted the substance from her correspondence with swift glances of her compelling eyes, just as she would have extracted guilty secrets from Bingley, if he had had any. This was a woman who, like her sister Nesta, had been able all her life to accomplish more with a glance than other women with recrimination and threat. It had been a popular belief among his friends that her late husband, the well-known Pittsburgh millionaire, G. G. van Brunt, had been in the habit of automatically confessing all if he merely caught the eye of her photograph.

From the growing pile of opened envelopes Mrs. Crocker looked up, a smile softening the firm line of her lips.

"A card from Lady Corstorphine, Bingley, for her at-home on the twenty-ninth."

Mr. Crocker, still absorbed, snorted absently.

"One of the most exclusive hostesses in England. She has influence with the right sort of people. Her brother, the Duke of Devizes, is the Premier's oldest friend."

"Uh?"

"The Duchess of Axminster has written to ask me to look after a stall at her bazaar for the Indigent Daughters of the Clergy."

"Huh?"

"Bingley, you aren't listening! What is that you are reading?"

Mr. Crocker tore himself from the paper.

"This? Oh, I was looking at a report of that cricket game you made me go and see yesterday."

"Oh, I am glad you have begun to take an interest in cricket. It is simply a social necessity in England. Why you ever made such a fuss about taking it up I can't think. You used to be so fond of watching baseball, and cricket is just the same thing."

A close observer would have marked a deepening of the look of pain on Mr. Crocker's face. Women say this sort of thing carelessly, with no wish to wound; but that makes it none the less hard to bear.

From the hall outside came faintly the sound of the telephone, then the measured tones of Bayliss answering it. Mr. Crocker returned to his paper. Bayliss entered.

"Lady Corstorphine desires to speak to you on the telephone, madam."

Halfway to the door Mrs. Crocker paused, as if recalling something that had slipped her memory.

"Is Mr. James getting up, Bayliss?"

"I believe not, madam. I am informed by one of the housemaids who passed his door a short time back that there were no sounds."

Mrs. Crocker left the room. Bayliss, preparing to follow her example, was arrested by an exclamation from the table.

"Say!" His master's voice. "Say, Bayliss, come here a minute. Want to ask you something."

The butler approached the table. It seemed to him that his employer was not looking quite himself this morning. There was something a trifle wild, a little haggard, about his expression. He had remarked on it earlier in the morning in the servants' hall.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Crocker's ailment was a perfectly simple one. He was suffering from one of those acute spasms of homesickness which invariably racked him in the earlier summer months. Ever since his marriage, five years previously, and his simultaneous removal from his native land, he had been a chronic victim to the complaint. The symptoms grew less acute in winter and spring, but from May onward he suffered severely.

Poets have dealt feelingly with the emotions of practically every variety except one. They have sung of Ruth, of Israel in bondage, of slaves pining for their native Africa, and of the miner's dream of home. But the sorrows of the baseball bug, compelled by fate to live three thousand miles away from the Polo Grounds, have been neglected in song. Bingley Crocker was such a one, and in summer his agonies were awful. He pined away in a country where they said "Well played, sir!" when they meant "At-a-boy!"

"Bayliss, do you play cricket?"

"I am a little past the age, sir. In my younger days ——"

"Do you understand it?"

"Yes, sir. I frequently spend an afternoon at Lord's or the Oval when there is a good match."

Many who enjoyed a merely casual acquaintance with the butler would have looked on this as an astonishingly unexpected revelation of humanity in Bayliss, but Mr. Crocker was not surprised. To him, from the very beginning, Bayliss had been a man and a brother, who was always willing to suspend his duties in order to answer questions dealing with the thousand and one problems which the social life of England presented. Mr. Crocker's mind had adjusted itself with difficulty to the niceties of class distinction, and though he had cured himself of his early tendency to address the butler as "Bill," he never failed to consult him as man to man in his moments of perplexity. Bayliss was always eager to be of assistance. He liked Mr. Crocker. True, his manner might have struck a more sensitive man than his employer as resembling that of an indulgent father toward a son who was not quite right in the head; but it had genuine affection in it.

Mr. Crocker picked up his paper and folded it back at the sporting page, pointing with a stubby forefinger:

"Well, what does all this mean? I've kept out of watching cricket since I landed in England, but yesterday they got the poison needle to work and took me off to see Surrey play Kent at that place, Lord's, where you say you go sometimes."

"I was there yesterday, sir. A very exciting game."

"Exciting? How do you make that out? I sat in the bleachers all afternoon, waiting for something to break loose. Doesn't anything ever happen at cricket?"

The butler winced a little, but managed to smile a tolerant smile. This man, he reflected, was but an American, and as such more to be pitied than censured. He endeavored to explain.

"It was a sticky wicket yesterday, sir, owing to the rain."

"Eh?"

"The wicket was sticky, sir."

"Come again."

"I mean that the reason why the game yesterday struck you as slow was that the wicket—I should say the turf—was sticky—that is to say, wet. Sticky is the technical term, sir. When the wicket is sticky the batsmen are obliged to exercise a great deal of caution, as the stickiness of the wicket enables the bowlers to make the ball turn more sharply in either direction as it strikes the turf than when the wicket is not sticky."

"That's it, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thanks for telling me."

"Not at all, sir."

Mr. Crocker pointed to the paper.

"Well, now, this seems to be the boxscore of the game we saw yesterday. If you can make sense out of that, go to it."

The passage on which his finger rested was headed Final Score, and ran as follows:

SURREY

FIRST INNINGS

Hayward,	c Wooley	b Carr . .	67
Hobbs,	run out	. . . . .	0
Hayes,	st Huish	b Fielder .	42
Ducat,	b Fielder	. . . . .	33
Harrison,	not out	. . . . .	11
Sandham,	not out	. . . . .	4
	Extras	. . .	10
Total (for four wickets)		. . . .	139

Bayliss inspected the cipher gravely.

"What is it you wish me to explain, sir?"

"Why, the whole thing. What's it all about?"

"It's perfectly simple, sir. Surrey won the toss and took first knock. Hayward and Hobbs were the opening pair. Hayward called Hobbs for a short run, but the latter

was unable to get across and was thrown out by mid-on. Hayes was the next man in. He went out of his ground and was stumped. Ducat and Hayward made a capital stand considering the stickiness of the wicket, until Ducat was bowled by a good length off-break and Hayward caught at second slip off a googly. Then Harrison and Sandham played out time."

Mr. Crocker breathed heavily through his nose.

"Yes!" he said. "Yes! I had an idea that was it. But I think I'd like to have it once again slowly. Start with these figures. What does that sixty-seven mean, opposite Hayward's name?"

"He made sixty-seven runs, sir."

"Sixty-seven! In one game?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, Home-Run Baker couldn't do it!"

"I am not familiar with Mr. Baker, sir."

"I suppose you've never seen a ball game?"

"Ball game, sir?"

"A baseball game?"

"Never, sir."

"Then, Bill," said Mr. Crocker, reverting in his emotion to the bad habit of his early London days, "you haven't lived. See here!"

Whatever vestige of respect for class distinctions Mr. Crocker had managed to preserve during the opening stages of the interview now definitely disappeared. His eyes shone wildly and he snorted like a warhorse. He clutched the butler by the sleeve and drew him closer to the table, then began to move forks, spoons, cups, and even the contents of his plate, about the cloth with an energy little short of feverish. .

"Bayliss?"

"Sir?"

"Watch!" said Mr. Crocker, with the air of an excitable high priest about to initiate a novice into the mysteries.

He removed a roll from the basket.

"You see this roll? That's the home plate. This spoon is first base. Where I'm putting this cup is second. This piece of bacon is third. There's your diamond for you. Very well then. These lumps of sugar are the infielders and the outfielders. Now we're ready. Batter up! He stands here. Catcher behind him. Umps behind catcher."

"Umps, I take it, sir, is what we would call the umpire?"

"Call him anything you like. It's part of the game. Now here's the box, where I've put this dab of marmalade, and here's the pitcher winding up."

"The pitcher would be equivalent to our bowler?"

"I guess so, though why you should call him a bowler gets past me."

"The box, then, is the bowler's wicket?"

"Have it your own way. Now pay attention. Play ball! Pitcher's winding up. Put it over, Mike, put it over! Some speed, kid! Here it comes right in the groove. Bing! Batter slams it and streaks for first. Outfielder—this lump of sugar—boots it. Bonehead! Batter touches second. Third? No! Get back! Can't be done. Play it safe. Stick round the sack, old pal. Second batter up. Pitcher getting something on the ball now besides the cover. Whiffs him. Back to the bench, Cyril! Third batter up. See him rub his hands in the dirt. Watch this kid. He's good! Lets two alone, then slams the next right on the nose. Whizzes round to second. First guy, the one we left, on second, comes home for one run. That's a game! Take it from me, Bill, that's a game!"

"I Wish, Bingley, You Would Not Begin Your Sentences With the Word 'Jay!'"

Somewhat overcome by the energy with which he had flung himself into his lecture, Mr. Crocker sat down and refreshed himself with a cup of cold coffee.

"Quite an interesting game," said Bayliss. "But I find, now that you have explained it, sir, that it is familiar to me, though I have always known it under another name. It is played a great deal in this country."

Mr. Crocker started to his feet.

"It is? And I've been five years here without finding it out! When's the next game scheduled?"

"It is known in England as rounders, sir. Children play it with a soft ball and a racket, and derive considerable enjoyment from it. I have never heard of it before as a pastime for adults."

Two shocked eyes stared into the butler's face.

"Children?" The word came in a whisper. "A soft ball and a racket?"

"Yes, sir."

"You—you didn't say a soft ball?"

"Yes, sir."

A sort of spasm seemed to convulse Mr. Crocker. He had lived five years in England, but not till this moment had he realized to the full how utterly alone he was in an alien land.

Fate had placed Bingley Crocker, bound and helpless, in a country where they called baseball rounders and played it with a soft ball.

He sank back into his chair, staring before him. And as he sat the wall seemed to melt and he was gazing upon a green field, in the center of which a man in a gray uniform was beginning a Salome dance. Watching this person with a cold and suspicious eye stood another uniformed man, holding poised above his shoulder a sturdy club. Two Masked Marvels crouched behind him in attitudes of watchful waiting. On wooden seats all round sat a vast multitude of shirt-sleeved spectators, and the air was full of voices. One voice detached itself from the din: "Pea-nuts! Get y'r pea-nuts!"

Something that was almost a sob shook Bingley Crocker's ample frame.

Bayliss, the sympathetic butler, gazed down upon him with concern. He was sure the master was unwell.

The case of Mr. Bingley Crocker was one that would have provided an admirable instance for a preacher seeking to instill into an impecunious and skeptical flock the lesson that money does not of necessity bring with it happiness. And poetry has crystallized his position in the following stanza:

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

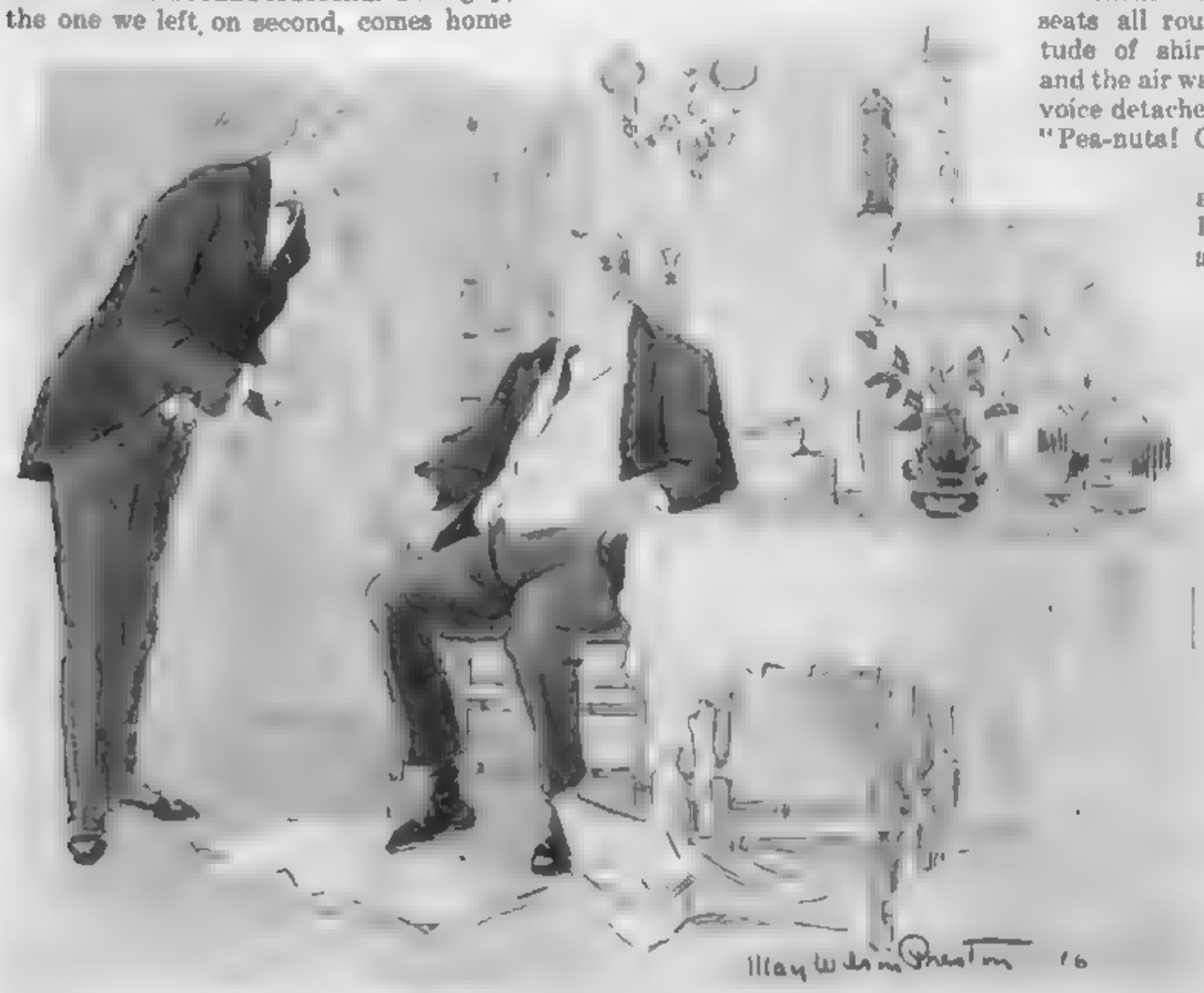
Mr. Crocker had never lived in a thatched cottage, nor had his relations with the birds of his native land ever reached the stage of intimacy indicated by the poet; but substitute "Lambs Club" for the former and "members" for the latter, and the parallel becomes complete.

Until the time of his second marriage Bingley Crocker had been an actor, a snapper-up of whatever small character parts the gods provided. He had an excellent disposition, no money, and one son, a young man of twenty-one. For forty-five years he had lived a hand-to-mouth existence in which his next meal had generally come as a pleasant surprise; and then, on an Atlantic liner, he met the widow of G. G. van Brunt, the sole heiress to that magnate's immense fortune.

What Mrs. van Brunt could have seen in Bingley Crocker to cause her to single him out from all the world passes comprehension; but the eccentricities of Cupid are commonplace. It were best to shun examination into first causes and stick to results. The swift romance began and reached its climax in the ten days which it took one of the smaller Atlantic liners to sail from Liverpool to New York. Mr. Crocker was on board because he was returning with a theatrical company from a failure in London, Mrs. van Brunt because she had been told that the slow boats were the steadiest. They began the voyage as strangers and ended it as an engaged couple—the affair being expedited, no doubt, by the fact that, even if it ever occurred to Bingley to resist the onslaught on his bachelor peace, he soon realized the futility of doing so, for the cramped conditions of shipboard intensified the always overwhelming effects of his future bride's determined nature.

The engagement was received in a widely differing spirit by the only surviving blood relations of the two principals. Jimmy, Mr. Crocker's son, on being informed that his father had plighted his troth to the widow of a prominent millionaire, displayed the utmost gratification and enthusiasm, and at a little supper, which he gave by way of farewell to a few of his newspaper comrades, and which lasted till six in the morning, when it was broken up by the flying wedge of waiters for which the selected restaurant is justly famous, joyfully announced that work and he would from then on be total strangers. He alluded in feeling terms to the Providence that watches over good young men and saves them from the blighting necessity of offering themselves in the flower of their golden youth as human sacrifices to the Moloch of capitalistic greed; and, having commiserated with his guests in that a similar stroke of luck had not happened to each of them, advised them to drown their sorrows in drink. Which they did.

Far different was the attitude of Mrs. Crocker's sister, Nesta Pett. She entirely disapproved of the proposed match. At least, the fact that in her final interview with her sister she described the bridegroom-to-be as a wretched mummer, a despicable fortune hunter, a broken-down tramp, and a sneaking, grafting confidence trickster, lends color to the supposition that she was not a warm supporter of it. She agreed whole-heartedly with Mrs. Crocker's suggestion that they should never speak to each other again as long as they lived; and it was immediately after



"In England, Sir, Children Play it With a Soft Ball and a Racket"

this that the latter removed husband Bingley, stepson Jimmy, and all her other goods and chattels to London, where they had remained ever since. Whenever Mrs. Crocker spoke of America now it was in tones of the deepest dislike and contempt. Her friends were English, and every year more exclusively of England's aristocracy. She intended to become a leading figure in London society, and already her progress had been astonishing. She knew the right people, lived in the right square, said the right things and thought the right thoughts; and in the spring of her third year had succeeded in curing Bingley of his habit of beginning his remarks with the words "Say, lemme tell ya something!" Her progress, in short, was beginning to assume the aspect of a walk-over.

Against her complete contentment and satisfaction only one thing militated—that was the behavior of her stepson, Jimmy.

It was of Jimmy that she spoke when, having hung the receiver on its hook, she returned to the breakfast room. Bayliss had silently withdrawn, and Mr. Crocker was sitting in somber silence at the table.

"A most fortunate thing has happened, Bingley," she said. "It was most kind of dear Lady Corstorphine to ring me up. It seems that her nephew, Lord Percy Whipple, is back in England. He has been in Ireland for the past three years, on the staff of the Lord Lieutenant, and only arrived in London yesterday afternoon. Lady Corstorphine has promised to arrange a meeting between him and James. I particularly want them to be friends."

"Eugenia," said Mr. Crocker in a hollow voice, "do you know they call baseball rounders over here, and children play it with a soft ball."

"James is becoming a serious problem. It is absolutely necessary that he should make friends with the right kind of young men."

"And a racket," said Mr. Crocker.

"Please listen to what I am saying, Bingley. I am talking about James. There is a crude American strain in him that seems to grow worse instead of better. I was lunching with the Delafields at the Carlton yesterday, and there, only a few tables away, was James with an impossible young man in appalling clothes. It was outrageous that James should have been seen in public at all with such a person. The man had a broken nose and talked through it. He was saying in a loud voice that made everybody turn round something about his half-scissors hook—whatever that may have been. I discovered later that he was a low professional pugilist from New York—a man named Spike Dillon, I think Captain Wroxton said. And Jimmy was giving him lunch—at the Carlton!"

Mr. Crocker said nothing.

Constant practice had made him an adept at saying nothing when his wife was talking.

"James must be made to realize his responsibilities. I shall have to speak to him. I was hearing only the other day of a most deserving man, extremely rich and lavishly generous in his contributions to the party funds, who was given only a knighthood, simply because he had a son who had behaved in a manner that could not possibly be overlooked. The present Court is extraordinarily strict in its views. James cannot be too careful. A certain amount of wildness in a young man is quite proper in the best set, provided that he is wild in the right company. Everyone knows that young Lord Datchet was ejected from the Empire Music Hall on boat-race night every year during his residence at Oxford University; but nobody minds. The family treat it as a joke. But James has such low tastes. Professional pugilists! I believe that many years ago it was not unfashionable for young men in society to be seen about with such persons, but those days are over. I shall certainly speak to James. He cannot afford to call attention to himself in any way. That breach-of-promise case of his three years ago is, I hope and trust, forgotten, but the slightest slip on his part might start the papers talking about it again, and that would be fatal. The eventual successor to a title must be quite as careful as ——"

It was not, as has been hinted above, the usual practice of Mr. Crocker to interrupt his wife when she was speaking, but he did it now.

"Say!"

Mrs. Crocker frowned.

"I wish, Bingley—and I have told you so often—that you would not begin your sentences with the word 'Say!' It is such a revolting Americanism. Suppose some day when you are addressing the House of Lords you should make a slip like that! The papers would never let you hear the end of it."

Mr. Crocker was swallowing convulsively, as if testing his larynx with a view to speech. Like Saul of Tarsus, he had been stricken by the sudden bright light which his wife's words had caused to flash upon him. Frequently during his sojourn in London he had wondered just why Eugenia had settled there in preference to her own country. It was not her wont to do things without an object, yet until this moment he had been unable to fathom her motives.

Even now it seemed almost incredible. And yet what meaning would her words have other than the monstrous one which had smitten him as a blackjack?

"Say—I mean, Eugenia—you don't want—you aren't trying—you aren't working to—you haven't any idea of trying to get them to make me a lord, have you?"

"It is what I have been working for all these years!"

"But—but why? Why? That's what I want to know. Why?"

Mrs. Crocker's fine eyes glittered.

"I will tell you why, Bingley. Just before we were married I had a talk with my sister Nesta. She was insufferably offensive. She referred to you in terms which I shall never forgive. She affected to look down on you, to think that I was marrying beneath me. So I am going to make you an English peer and send Nesta a newspaper clipping of the Birthday Honors with your name in it, if I have to keep working till I die! Now you know!"

Silence fell. Mr. Crocker drank cold coffee. His wife stared with gleaming eyes into the glorious future.

"Do you mean that I shall have to stop on here till they make me a lord?" said Mr. Crocker limply.

"Yes."

"Never go back to America?"

"Not till we have succeeded."

"Oh, gee! Oh, gosh! Oh, hell!" said Mr. Crocker, bursting the bonds of years.

Mrs. Crocker, though resolute, was not unkindly. She made allowances for her husband's state of mind. She was willing to permit even American expletives during the sinking-in process of her great idea, much as a broad-minded cowboy might listen indulgently to the squealing of a mustang during the branding process. Docility and obedience would be demanded of him later, but not till the first agony had abated. She spoke soothingly to him.

"I am glad we have had this talk, Bingley. It is best that you should know. It will help you to realize your responsibilities. And that brings me back to James. Thank goodness, Lord Percy Whipple is in town. He is about James' age, and from what Lady Corstorphine tells me will be an ideal friend for him. You understand who he is, of course—the second son of the Duke of Devizes, the Premier's closest friend, the man who can practically dictate the Birthday Honors. If James and Lord Percy can only form a close friendship our battle will be as good as won. It will mean everything. Lady Corstorphine has promised to arrange a meeting. In the meantime I will speak to James and warn him to be more careful."

Mr. Crocker had produced a stump of pencil from his pocket and was writing on the tablecloth:

Lord Crocker
Lord Bingley Crocker
Lord Crocker of Crocker
The Marquis of Crocker
Baron Crocker
Bingley, first Viscount Crocker

He blanched as he read the frightful words. A sudden thought stung him.

"Eugenia!"

"Well?"

"What will the boys at the Lambs say?"

"I am not interested," replied his wife, "in the boys at the Lambs."

"I thought you wouldn't be," said the future baron gloomily.

III

IT IS a peculiarity of the human mind that, with whatever apprehension it may be regarding the distant future, it must return after a while to face the minor troubles of the future that is immediate. The prospect of a visit to the dentist this afternoon causes us to forget for the moment the prospect of total ruin next year. Mr. Crocker, therefore, having tortured himself for about a quarter of an hour with his meditations on the subject of titles, was jerked back to a more imminent calamity than the appearance of his name in the Birthday Honors—the fact that in all probability he would be taken again this morning to watch the continuation of that infernal cricket match, and would be compelled to spend the greater part of to-day, as he had spent the greater part of yesterday, bored to the verge of dissolution in the pavilion at Lord's.

One gleam of hope alone presented itself. Like baseball, this pastime of cricket was apparently affected by rain if there had been enough of it. He had an idea that there had been a good deal of rain in the night, but had there been sufficient to cause the teams of Surrey and Kent to postpone the second installment of their serial struggle? He rose from the table and went out into the hall. It was his purpose to sally out into Grosvenor Square and examine the turf in its center with the heel of his shoe, in order to determine the stickiness or nonstickiness of the wicket. He moved toward the front door, hoping for the best, and just as he reached it the bell rang.

One of the bad habits of which his wife had cured Mr. Crocker in the course of the years was the habit of going and answering doors. He had been brought up in surroundings where every man was his own doorkeeper, and it had been among his hardest tasks to learn the lesson that the perfect gentleman does not open doors, but waits for the appropriate menial to come along and do it for him. He had succeeded at length in mastering this great truth, and nowadays seldom offended. But this morning his mind was clouded by his troubles, and instinct, allying itself with opportunity, was too much for him. His fingers had been on the handle when the ring came, so he turned it.

At the top of the steps which connect the main entrance of Drexdale House with the sidewalk three persons were standing. One was a tall and formidably handsome woman in the early

(Continued on Page 73)

He Was Profoundly Thankful That She Had Mistaken Him for the Butler

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

THE Scriptures prove that the Lord thinks well of widows. In the old Moab days a little grain was left after the harvest for them to pick up. Even the "unjust judge" had to grant the plea of the importunate widow, not because she was importunate—for this is the singsong characteristic of most women—but because she was a widow and had a hard time. It is the widow's mite that counts for more than the rich man's gift with Him. If you notice, widows are the ones who go about with their mites tied up in the end of their pocket handkerchiefs. I've seen Molly Brown keep the collection basket bobbing in Sam Parks' hand many a time while she untied the knot and squeezed out her penny. And you are commanded to visit widows in their affliction, because He numbers them with the sparrows that fall.

The women best known for their good works and faithfulness among the early Christians were nearly all widows, like Phebe and Dorcas and Lydia. Maybe they could follow the will of their own spirits better, having no husbands to hinder them. For husbands do have a powerful effect upon the morals of their wives. Many a good woman cannot serve God according to her conscience because she must serve her husband according to his will and feelings. If I could preach, I'd take Sapphira as my text, and I'd prove by the lives of the women I know that she never would have cheated the Lord, nor told that lie about the "possession" they sold, if Ananias had not made her do it. Women are generous to the church. But I can name half a dozen in this Methodist Church at Berton, married to prosperous men, who never give more than a widow's mite because they have no more to spare. And they are always telling Sapphira lies about that, for the same reason—to obey and shield an Ananias husband.

Lily May be the Spirit of Progress in This Town. But if She is, Progress Looks Most Awfully Like Damnation to Me

But I say the real widows make a good showing in the Scriptures. They are used in the best parables to teach the most comforting things. The kingdom of heaven is likened unto the leaven that a widow hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. I have never seen a church yet where this yeast of the spirit was not furnished by widows, and by old maids who are really virgin widows, and by some little pinched-pocket Sapphira wife who might as well be a widow.

But when it comes to the leaven of the scribes and Pharisees, you will find that chiefly among the brethren. And when Paul said "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," he was warning the Corinthian Christians against keeping a certain prominent man in the church whose morals had fermented.

Nearly every church has this evil leaven in it—some woman with damaged skylights in her reputation, or some man with the same kind of character who keeps a tight roof over his reputation. If it is a man, the apostle or the preacher discovers him and flings enough Scriptures in his direction to warn the innocent and to keep him in modest retirement; but if it is a little gilt-edged woman with the yeast of seven devils in her, he maneuvers the Gospel round her, never attacks her, never crosses the dead line of her influence. I do not know why this is, unless it is because a woman with seven devils is dangerously sacred.

Some people think Lily Triggs is this leaven in our church. I do not know. After observing her for four years I am still in doubt about her. But my doubts grow darker and my antipathy increases. That may be due to the evil mind in me, for I know, by experience as well as by observation, that the power of imputing sin to others is often very strong in Christian workers.

Lily may be the spirit of progress in this town, for all I know, patiently laboring to overcome our prejudices against the current of modern ideas. But if she is, progress looks most awfully like damnation to me. We have never produced anything else like her in Berton. She has a nefarious use of her faculties, which could only have been acquired where sin is not sin but the unfortunate result of environment; where virtue is custom, and righteousness is not righteousness but an old-fashioned bigotry which limits the constitutional rights of human nature to vaunt itself and have a good time. She is an individualist when it comes to this question of personal liberty, and will have her rights at the expense of whatever injury to society as a whole. But she is something of an anarchist and a socialist after she gets what she wants for herself, ready to destroy the order of things and lead a movement over the ruins of the way. In short, she is a very able woman, and there is nothing like her in the moral world except another woman of the same kind.

She has kept her place in the choir of this church with a fortitude under strictly feminine persecution which no good woman should have felt called upon to endure. She has lived down one scandal after another like a saint who is not a saint. She is eager to serve. If there is an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the church or parsonage, she is in the thick of it, with more and better plans for raising money than anyone else can think of. If the district meeting is held in Berton she takes more delegates than anybody gets, including the presiding elder. The only time we have had a bishop to preach for us in four years he was entertained by Mrs. Lily Triggs and her aunt, Mrs. Browder—this "aunt" being an old rag-doll lady Lily has picked up to give an air of propriety and sanctity to her elegant establishment. If someone is in distress and needs help, her purse flies open while the rest of us are hesitating about how much we can afford to give. If it is the funeral of some woman who did not speak to her, Lily is there to sing "Shall We Gather at the River"!

From time to time there is a violent secret agitation in the church, stirred by the efforts we make to get her out of the choir. She remains artlessly ignorant of this opposition, though the town may be seething like a caldron with it. We invariably fall back defeated, and relieve our indignation by talking about her to the injury of our Christian attributes. But she never talks about anyone, except to speak well of them. She will not criticize her worst enemy. If she is a good woman she is the best woman in the church. And we have never been able to prove that she is not good. Every time we think we have caught her red-handed, she faces about with one of our own most cherished virtues clasped to her breast as a shield and buckler. When Maggie Fain was on the point of suing for divorce from Oscar and naming Lily as corespondent, what was our astonishment to learn that she had given up the idea, gone back to Oscar and joined the Suffrage League. We heard later that Lily was developing the oldest Fain girl's voice, which she said was wonderful, and she hoped to see the child on the grand-opera stage some day. Maggie told this story with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

Lily had Molly Brown's unqualified support, because she paid Molly's grocery bill and "talked like an angel." Charlotte Warren was her devoted friend and running mate, because she said Lily was a brilliant woman with advanced ideas, wasting her talents in a little old one-horse town where she was not appreciated.

They were like a police force corrupted with a compliment here, a good deed there, all contributed by Lily like the cleanest Christian charity.

We often had the same pastor returned to us for four years. But after Lily joined the choir every preacher sent to this church was moved at the end of his first year. And the pathetic part of it was that he always expected to be returned and never knew why he was moved.

The negotiation of pastors is carried on privily between the presiding elder and influential members of the church. A pastor may leave for Conference with his assessments paid in full, and with every reason for believing that he has been acceptable to the people in his charge. But when the appointments are read he may find that he has been sent to another charge two hundred miles distant. He never knows why. Maybe he has offended a steward. Maybe he had a great revival, and many souls reclaimed, but only collected thirty per cent of his assessments. So the presiding elders get together in the bishop's cabinet and trade preachers. Sometimes there is a little runt of an itinerant whom no elder wants in his district. He is given a mission in the mountains, or is sent as a "supply" to fill up a chink in the general work. If a young preacher shows marked evangelistic tendencies and grows faster in popularity with the people he serves than the elders think is good for the church—which may happen, owing to a reaction against emotional religion—they switch him off entirely by making him the "agent" for an educational institution or for some general fund. I am not criticizing these methods, you understand; I'm only telling how a church governed by a military system is conducted, with the bishops and thirteen elders as ranking officers.

Brother Worthen was Lily Triggs' first victim. He was an honest man and a good one, which made it all the easier for her to throw her bright dust in his eyes. He was our pastor, the husband of his wife, and Lily's Knight of the Garter, ready to defend her at the risk of his own reputation. Nothing was farther from his thoughts than that he would not be returned here when he left for Conference. But a preacher's wife is clairvoyant in these matters, and Brother Worthen was hardly out of town before Sister Worthen began to pack her things.

As a matter of fact, the stewards and trustees of our church—some of them members of the choir—had already

notified the presiding elder of this district that they wanted Brother Worthen moved. They had no complaint to make, they wrote; he was a fine, genial gentleman, but not the man for Berton. They wanted a pastor with "some backbone."

We got him. Brother Hale had two backbones, so to speak. Instead of finding the harvest ripe and the laborers few on the outside of the church, he sailed into the membership of the church itself, and undertook to weed the tares from the wheat, which is a thing no preacher can do without tearing up the church by the roots of its natural transgressions. He had trouble with the stewards and the Sunday-school superintendent, not to mention the trouble he stirred up with an old Dorcas like me. However, there is always an element in the church that supports such a preacher, and I reckon he would have been sent back the next year if he had not finally caught sight of Lily Triggs sitting like a limed twig in the choir. He put his whole mind upon Lily, but not in the terms of Christian charity. Still he was prudent, never openly preaching against more than the powder on her nose, which he did under the term of "female vanity" and in a manner so general it applied to every woman who had flowers on her hat. Privately, however, he announced to the brethren that if he should be returned to Berton another year he would have the Triggs woman out of the choir or abolish sacred music in the church.

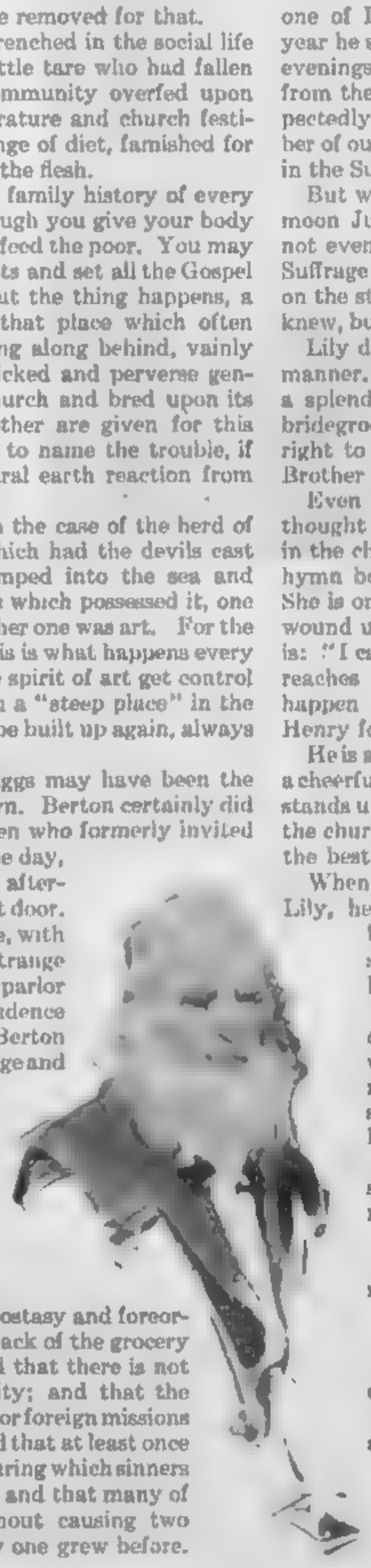
Tom Warren went to Conference as lay delegate that year. He is the richest man in our church, and he can practically behead any preacher he does not like by cutting off his subscription to the pastor's salary. He demanded the removal of Brother Hale really because Charlotte took this way of defending Lily. What he charged against him was a "contentious spirit injurious to the harmony of the church," which was funny, considering that his line-fence feud with Roger Peters had split the very amen corners of it for ten years. Thus if we had a pastor who approved of Lily, he was removed for that. If we had one who disapproved of her, he was sure to be removed for that.

By this time she was firmly intrenched in the social life of the town. She was a pretty little tare who had fallen in good ground, the soil of a community overfed upon doctrines and foreign-mission literature and church festivals, unconsciously craving a change of diet, famished for the normal pleasures of life still in the flesh.

This is the turning point in the family history of every church. And it just will turn, though you give your body to be burned and all your goods to feed the poor. You may call in the most eloquent evangelists and set all the Gospel forces of the church against it, but the thing happens, a revolution in the very spirit of that place which often leaves the Christian people tagging along behind, vainly swinging to the coat tails of a wicked and perverse generation which was born in the church and bred upon its faith. One explanation and another are given for this phenomenon. Far be it from me to name the trouble, if it is a trouble—or merely a natural earth reaction from too much sky culture.

But I will venture this—that in the case of the herd of swine, mentioned in Matthew, which had the devils cast into it, went crazy, ran and jumped into the sea and perished because of the evil spirits which possessed it, one of the devils was progress and another one was art. For the records of history all prove that this is what happens every time the spirit of progress and the spirit of art get control of a civilization. It tumbles down a "steep place" in the next century, perishes, and has to be built up again, always by the Christian religion.

As I have said before, Lily Triggs may have been the spirit of progress leavening the town. Berton certainly did take on a strange new life. Women who formerly invited you to dinner in the middle of the day, gave receptions in the tail of the afternoon and served punch at the front door. Or there was a lecture on Suffrage, with refreshments afterward. Or a strange woman came to town and gave a parlor interpretation of Parsifal at the residence of Mrs. Lily Triggs, for Lily said Berton was woefully lacking in the knowledge and appreciation of the great operas.



You may always know where a community is in the scale of things, without reading a history of European morals, by simply observing the popular topics of conversation. They register exactly how near those people are to the "steep place."

If the men are still discussing apostasy and foreordination around the stove in the back of the grocery store you may take it for granted that there is not much enterprise in the community; and that the women and preachers are striving for foreign missions and for a deeper work of grace; and that at least once a year there is a gracious revival during which sinners repent, backsliders are reclaimed; and that many of these live consecrated lives without causing two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before.

But if the men are talking of politics and of the possibility of a new railroad to open up that section, this is a sign of the awakening of the community to certain natural advantages and of a rise in the price of real estate. The women are the posters who advertise the whole thing with their little competitions in the simpler transgressions of fashions and what may be called first steps in worldly ambitions. But they are still loyal to the church.

If, on the other hand, the men organize a club in the top room of the village hotel, where they spend a good deal of time mysteriously; if they discuss the Karl Marx theory of government, cotton futures and industrial conditions, you will find the women studying art, defending the Motif of Horror in decadent dramas, and very busy starting the Feminist Movement. This is a sign that the pastor receives a large salary, that the president of the Women's Missionary Society is an old frump who does not know how to move in social circles nor how to catch step in the annual Suffrage parade, and that the church is dead.

Berton was not so far gone as this. But the leaven was working. The City Improvement Company was organized. There was some talk of putting up a moving-picture theater. The report of an expert accountant, employed by a disgruntled element in the town council to go over the county tax books, had been suppressed. The Ladies' Art Committee planned an exhibition of original paintings in the fall. And at a meeting of the Women's Missionary Society, Charlotte Warren referred to the Acts of the Apostles as "one of the most beautiful epics to be found in all literature." But about this time some of Lily Triggs' chickens came home to roost, and the progressive spirit in social circles had a backset.

Judson Winter was a young attorney here. He was also one of Lily's musical discoveries. During the previous year he spent much of his time cultivating his voice in the evenings at Lily's house. Later, when Sam Parks resigned from the choir, Judson took his place. Then quite unexpectedly he married Dorothy Allen. Dorothy was a member of our church and chairman of the executive committee in the Suffrage League.

But when the young couple returned from their honeymoon Judson resigned from the choir, and Dorothy did not even go through the ceremony of resigning from the Suffrage League. She simply met Lily face to face one day on the street and refused to speak to her. This was all we knew, but it was enough to furnish fuel for smoldering fires.

Lily dismissed the whole situation in her characteristic manner. She said she was sorry to lose Judson. He had a splendid voice, but of course one could not expect a bridegroom to attend choir practice, and he had done quite right to resign. It was all right, for she had persuaded Brother Lipton to sing bass.

Even the bravest may be too bold. This is what I thought when I saw John Henry Lipton sitting beside Lily in the choir the next Sunday singing bass out of the same hymn book with her. For Taggy is John Henry's wife. She is one of those nervous women who keep their feelings wound up as tight as a watch spring. Her marital motto is: "I can stand just so much, and no more!" When she reaches her limit something happens. If nothing did happen Taggy would explode. She has managed John Henry for twenty years with her nervous spells.

He is a big, fine-looking man with a florid complexion and a cheerful disposition. He swaggers a little when he walks, stands up on his hind legs when he sings, and always backs the church like a good citizen instead of a sad saint. He is the best Sunday-school superintendent we ever had.

When he joined the choir and made himself so useful to Lily, helping her put on her wraps after services and bringing her a glass of water between services, and slipping notes to her during services about which hymns to sing, I said it made me nervous.

One afternoon I went to call on Sister Battle, our pastor's wife. She was a large, placid woman with a round, middle-aged figure and a middle-aged mind, with that kind of resignation one sometimes sees upon the face of a preacher's wife who knows all her tribulations by heart and fears them not at all.

"I was just wishing someone would come in," she said, shaking the cat off the cushion in the rocking chair and drawing it closer to the fire for me.

"How are you?" she asked comfortably.

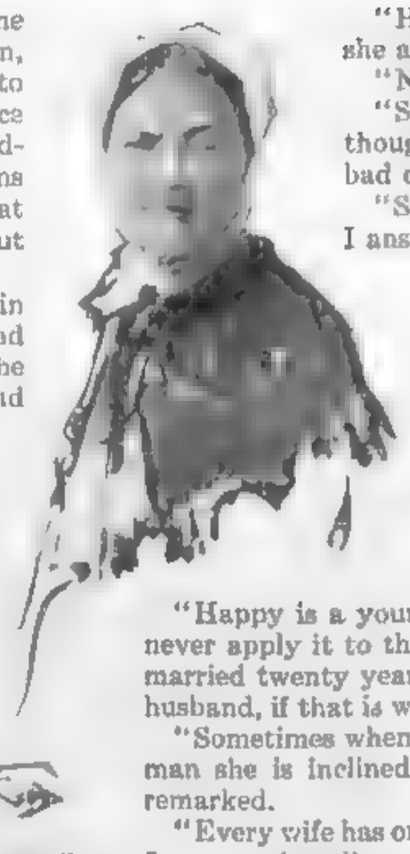
"I have a bad cold," I said, hurrying to get out my handkerchief.

"Mr. Battle has one too," she confided.

"Everybody seems to have one," I agreed.

"I can always tell when I'm taking one," she explained. "The back of my neck gets cold."

We went on for some time, telling each other about how this ailment and that affected us, the way women do sometimes, until presently we both fell silent and exchanged glances the way women do when they have been talking about one thing and thinking about another.



"Have you seen Sister Lipton lately?" she asked presently.

"No. Why?"

"She was not at church Sunday. I thought maybe she might be sick or have a bad cold."

"She hasn't been to church in a month," I answered reflectively.

"You are good friends, aren't you?" she asked, gently leading me to talk about Taggy.

"I've known her since she was a girl, and I've known John Henry since she married him. Naturally I'm fond of them both and wish them well," I answered, wondering what she had in her mind.

"They have been happy together, I suppose."

"Happy is a young adjective, Sister Battle. I should never apply it to the relation of two people who've been married twenty years. Taggy knows how to manage her husband, if that is what you mean."

"Sometimes when a woman is married to a fine-looking man she is inclined to be jealous—without cause," she remarked.

"Every wife has one cause to be jealous of her husband," I answered coolly.

"And what is that?" she asked in mild surprise.

"She is not the only woman in the world!" I laughed.

"Dear me, Sister Thompson, you surely don't think that is a just cause for jealousy!" she exclaimed.

"No, only a natural cause, which she may never consider at all. But she keeps putting it behind her like Satan so long as she lives. Now tell me about Taggy. What is the trouble?" I asked, coming straight to the point.

"Perhaps I ought not to say anything about it—such a distressing affair."

"Well, if it has anything to do with Lily Triggs and John Henry, you may as well tell what you know. The whole town is talking already."

"The truth is, Sister Lipton sent for Mr. Battle this morning. She was in a great state. Mr. Battle thinks she was hysterical," she began.

"Oh, she would be. Taggy is always hysterical," I put in.

"She said she had found a note from Mrs. Triggs in Brother Lipton's pocket ——"

"Naturally. It was about the Easter music, I'll warrant. Lily's at her worst when she writes about anthems!" I interrupted again.

"I think it was, in fact; but she told Mr. Battle that no good woman would write to a married man that way about Jerusalem the Golden. She said our choir was the sinkhole of iniquity, and that Mrs. Triggs' feet—well, I will not tell what she said about her feet. She said the note indicated that the relations between her and Brother Lipton were sentimental, to say the least of it ——"

"On Lily's part, of course," I sniffed, "but that ought not to prove John Henry guilty."

"So Mr. Battle tried to make her believe; but she was so wrought up she told him if he didn't put Mrs. Triggs out of the choir she would publish her to the world, and leave the church herself."

"Publishing Lily will do no good. Everybody knows her and nobody knows her," I commented.

"And that is not the worst of it," Sister Battle went on.

"Don't tell me she sent for Lily!" I exclaimed.

"No; but this afternoon, just before you came, Brother Lipton called. You wouldn't have known him!" she exclaimed, deeply sympathetic.

"Oh, yes, I should. They all look the same way when Lily passes them up—innocent and wilted!"

"He explained everything, said he had done nothing wrong. 'Brother Battle,' he said, 'my wife's an angel and I'm as innocent as she is. I'm as true to her as she is to me!' But he handed in his resignation as Sunday-school superintendent, and—would you believe it?—that poor man left this house with the tears streaming from his eyes. Now what are we to do?" she concluded.

"If the Lord in His wisdom saw fit to call Lily for solo service in the celestial choir, it would help this church and soothe the heart of every woman in it. But He won't," I sighed.

"Something must be done. How will the church take his resignation as Sunday-school superintendent?" she insisted.

"Oh, the church need never hear of that. Brother Battle must not accept it. Meanwhile, I'll go round and see what I can do with Taggy," I said, rising and putting on my things.

I found her lying crosswise upon the bed. The shades were down and the room was so dark I could barely see her. She had a piece of brown paper soaked in vinegar on her head, which is the remedy she uses for sick headaches. Both feet dangled over the side of the bed as if she'd lost the use of her legs. Her arms were spread wide, at right angles to her body, which made her look like an abbreviated cross in a gingham dress. I never saw anything look

so flat unless it was a dead buttercake on a cold griddle. I doubt if there is a married woman in the world who does not know that supine anguish as a familiar experience. No matter how good a man is to his wife, she will fling this kind of fit occasionally and give up her ghost. Maybe it is because he scorned a favorite dish or forgot to kiss her when he left the house. Any little thing will bring it on if she's in the fit-flinging mood. Oh, she can remember the time when he never forgot to kiss her, and when what she cooked for him "tasted like manna from heaven"!

"Sick headache, Taggy?" I asked, bending over the footboard of the bed.

She rolled her head from side to side in a feeble negative.

"Summer complaint?" I asked.

"No," she moaned.

"Then it's Lily Triggs!" I announced calmly.

Her mouth went up in the middle and down at the corners. Her face worked until it looked the little old worn-out mask of a great tragedy.

"I suppose it's all over town by this time," she whispered, rending herself with a sob.

"No, it is not, but it will be if you don't get up from here and take a hand in the game," I said coolly.

"Game!" she wailed. "I'm a good woman, Sister Thompson; I can't play such a game."

"That's what's the matter with half the good women—they leave the other kind to play it and win it!" I sniffed, feeling round in the dark for a chair to sit on.

"What can I do?" she asked.

"You can get up from here, powder your face, curl your hair, put on your best frock, and meet your poor John Henry with a smile when he comes home," I advised.

"Oh!" she moaned, as if I'd asked the dead to smile.

"You can tell him you are sorry you've made such a goose of yourself and you know he is not to blame," I said severely; and then added: "He is not to blame. You are the one at fault."

"I!" she cried, as if I had pierced her with hot irons. "What have I done but endure and endure for months in silence?"

"Yes, you are and I am—all the decent women in this town are to blame who have stood by like pale worms of the dust and allowed a pink-faced grass widow with a blond wig and divorce-court morals to run this town and even our church like a Punch-and-Judy show for her own amusement," I said.

"Haven't we tried to get rid of her?" she sobbed.

"No, you only wanted to do that. What you really did was to countenance her by joining her Suffrage League," I answered accusingly.

"But I've always been in favor of suffrage for women, Sister Thompson!"

"So have I, Taggy. But I wouldn't join the angel band if I saw the devil leading it. I should know there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. And that's what's the matter with the suffrage in this country now. Too many women flirting round in the movement who should be in institutions of correction. It gives the men a conscientious but dishonest excuse for opposing the ballot for the rest of us." I said all this speaking very fast, for my heart burned within me.

Taggy sat up and looked at me. She was a drolly pathetic figure with that brown-paper plaster still sticking to her forehead. Her eyes were red, her lids swollen with dark circles beneath, and her neck appeared woefully long, like the withered stem of a withered rose. Women do demand much of their husbands when they expect to be loved for just their virtues. Somewhere in the town at that moment, I reflected, Lily Triggs was prancing about, perfumed with that carnation talcum powder she uses, with a Madonna fichu spread like snow over her shoulders and the toes of her slim slippers peeping in and out like dusty lily petals from beneath her pretty skirts.

"What can I do, I feel so helpless?" Taggy said presently.

"Stop blaming John Henry. A woman only confesses defeat when she accuses her husband about another woman," I began, for I saw it comforted her to have me take sides with him.

"You don't know how far this thing has gone. We can never be the same to one another again. Oh!" she wailed, flinging herself back in another fit.

"Now, Taggy, you just stop that and listen to me," I chided. "You have the situation in your hands. All you have to do is to act, and act right now!"

"Well, if I can, I will," she answered, recovering herself with a kind of dying sigh.

"When she wrote that note to John Henry ——"

"What! How did you know she had written to him?" she exclaimed, horrified.

"I was sitting behind the choir during Easter services and saw her pass it to him," I explained, determined not to give the preacher and his wife away. "Now you must answer it," I began again.

"But you don't know what was in it, and I'd die before I'd show it to a living soul!" she cried.

"Oh, yes, I do. She said she hoped some day they'd be singing this beautiful anthem, Jerusalem the Golden, in Paradise, where there was nothing sordid or earthly to keep souls from sweet and perfect communion—something like that," I concluded.

"How did you know what she said to him?" Taggy gasped in amazement.

"I know Lily, my dear, and her kind. They all deal in the terms of celestial purity and innocent love when they fish for singing trout in the church choir. It's a kind of phosphorescent bait they angle with, and that is the worst they do. You never will catch one of them," I explained, and went on about the letter she should write.

"Begin it this way: '*Dearest Lily:* My husband has shown me the note you have written to him ——'"

"But he didn't," she interrupted. "If only he had! He concealed it from me. I found it tucked away in—in his watch pocket, wadded up as small as that!"

"Naturally he didn't want you to see it. A man saves his wife the offense of such things," I explained, secretly irritated at John Henry, but determined for his wife's sake to clear him of his sneaking flirtation.

"Take My Advice, Send This Note, Sit Steady in the Boat and Wait for What Happens"

However, it is very hard to inspire the right cunning in a good woman whose veracity lacks the elasticity which is necessary when you are saving your husband from a lady serpent after he has ceased to struggle. We finally composed a letter to Lily between us, I furnishing Taggy's lisping, stammering pen with the words of wisdom. It read thus:

Dearest Lily:

I appreciate the beautiful note you wrote my husband yesterday. It indicates the quality of your character and the sweet instincts you have for celestial companionship in Paradise, where we are told that there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage and where everybody is divorced.

The Suffrage League is familiar with your social and economic ideals in this present world, but few of the women have been able to understand this side of your character though we have wondered about it a great deal. So I am taking the liberty of including this letter you sent to John Henry as a part of the program for our next Thursday's meeting at Mrs. Warren's. I shall read it under the head of current events, which you know is my share of the report. Be sure and come, for we shall need you to explain one or two of the more spiritual passages.

Cordially yours, TABITHA LIPTON.

"But," cried Taggy in despair when we finished, "I can't read that scandalous note of hers to fifty women. It would ruin John Henry!"

"You had better ruin him than leave her to do it," I snapped. "But, you goose, don't you know she will never risk it? She'd stick her head in the fire first. Take my advice, send this note, sit steady in the boat and wait for what happens."

She agreed, as a relative sometimes agrees to a dangerous operation in the forlorn hope of saving a dear one's life. By way of making sure that her nerve did not fail her, I took the letter to the post office on my way home and mailed it.

Sally Parks dropped in to see me on her way home from the League Thursday.

"Have you heard the news?" she asked.

"No. Nothing bad, I hope," I answered, feeling strangely elated and guilty at the same time.

"Lily Trigga has gone to a sanitarium!"

"Health failed?" I inquired innocently.

"She's a nervous wreck!" Sally answered with a sigh. "You know how hard she works, takes no care of herself. Charlotte thinks the choir practice for that Easter anthem was the last straw."

"I expect it was," I said dryly.

"We can't carry on the work of the League without her and we must give up the art exhibit. Everybody was so distressed this afternoon when Charlotte broke the news to us," she went on.

"Then she will return?" I asked coldly.

"Oh, yes, she's just going to take a long rest. She hopes to be able to carry on the work more vigorously next winter. Meanwhile, she suggested that we drop the League altogether. She thought it would be better to do nothing than to make mistakes, as we should without her guiding hand. So we disbanded this afternoon. We only had a social meeting," she explained innocently.

"Didn't even have the current events with your tea?"

"No. Charlotte said she'd promised Lily not to move hand or foot in the work until her return. We all thought that was best."

Then she looked at me reproachfully, for I was laughing.

"I can't understand you, Mary Thompson," she cried indignantly. "You don't seem to realize what a good thing the league is, and how helpful Lily has been in so many ways. She is so capable. But you don't appreciate her!"

"Yes, I do, Sally. I recognize her gifts and I appreciate her more than you do She's just too smart for a little

(Continued on Page 66)

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One Step Farther

SINCE Mr. Taft's inauguration, seven and a half years ago, Congress has been in regular or special session most of the time, and most of its doings have been inspired, shaped and determined at the White House. Go over the list of noteworthy acts; then turn back to the newspaper files and you will find that virtually all of them were constantly under the hand of the President. In several cases they embody the will of the President overriding the will of Congress. Roughly speaking, the President determines laws and Congress enacts them. But there is one very notable exception. In one highly important field of legislation Congress still exercises a free, untrammeled and riotous will. That is the field of appropriations.

A national budget, originating with the President and for which he is frankly responsible, is a necessary step to any rational economy in the conduct of government. Apparently Mr. Hughes so understands it. We believe almost every unbiased student of the subject so understands it.

But there is opposition—masking itself behind the hoary tradition of an exact division of the powers of government into three water-tight compartments. It says an executive budget would be a disastrous encroachment of the executive power upon the legislative—as though every session of Congress did not show the executive, in effect, constantly shaping legislation.

The simple truth is that this matter of spending public money has not apparently been deemed of sufficient importance for the President to bother with it.

When Great Strikes Threaten

FOR some time before the fourth of September it seemed probable that if there were a nation-wide railroad strike there would never be a second one. The inconvenience and loss to the public would be too great.

There is no very definite right or wrong about it. In a general every-fellow-for-himself situation any set of workmen is as much entitled as any other set of men to whatever they can get. We are little impressed by the argument that any set of workmen is bound to consider the public's interest before their own individual interests, when, broadly speaking, nobody else considers the public's interests first, except when compelled to.

Probably no set of workmen will easily surrender what has been their most dependable instrument for getting what they want—the right to strike at pleasure. And if there is a right to strike, there is also a right on the part of any set of employers to demand a day in court—an impartial hearing and adjudication of the case. When parties to any controversy about money offer to submit the controversy to fair arbitration, they have done all that a good conscience requires of them. Without arbitration, railroads would be at about as great a disadvantage in bargaining about wages as wage-earners who are prevented from organizing. Most of the power would be on one side of the scales.

But probably the case will never be decided by any such balancing of right against right as this. In the face of great inconvenience and loss, the public is not apt to be much interested in exact shades of right. It is apt to demand an arrangement that will save it from a repetition of the disagreeable experience. Probably the country would not tolerate a nation-wide railroad strike.

Billions in Checks

THE great bulk of all payments in this country involve a debit on the books of a bank. Mostly they are made by means of a check, which is charged to the drawer's account. Recorded clearings of bank checks last year amounted to a hundred and eighty-odd billion dollars. But, as we mentioned a little while ago, clearings involve only those checks that are deposited in some bank other than the one upon which they are drawn, and in cities large enough to maintain clearing-house associations.

An investigation by Bradstreet's in seventeen cities indicates that total bank debits are two and a half times the amount of clearings. This would imply that payments made last year through banks in cities large enough to maintain clearing-house associations were nearly five hundred billion dollars. Add to that payments in lesser cities and towns, and you will have an approximately correct notion of the amount of money which passes from one hand to another in the course of a year—the amount that in one way or another we pay ourselves for all exchange of goods, services, and so on. It makes a prodigious pile.

What an Acre Should Yield

THE largest yield of wheat the Department of Agriculture has record of is a hundred and seventeen bushels to the acre on eighteen acres in the State of Washington. The second largest yield is a hundred and eight bushels to the acre on twelve acres in Idaho. The average yield for the country last year was seventeen bushels.

The largest yield of oats is a hundred and eighty-four bushels to the acre on eight acres in Washington; second, a hundred and sixty-six bushels on eight acres in Colorado. The average for the United States is thirty-eight bushels. The largest yield of white potatoes is seven hundred and ninety bushels from an acre in California; second is seven hundred and forty-three bushels in Washington. The average is ninety-six bushels.

Such comparisons might be extended pretty much throughout the list of agricultural staples. True, the prize yields are sometimes not commercially practicable, for they involve a quantity of care and labor that would be impossible on a large scale with anything like the present organization of agriculture. But there is a happy medium between the prize yield and the average that means no mortgage and a good bank account for the man who hits it.

Double Taxation

THE following letter comes from South Dakota: "My wife recently died here and was a citizen of this state, which claims inheritance tax on money on deposit in Detroit. Michigan also claims the tax on this money, so I have to pay a double inheritance tax on it, amounting to over five hundred dollars in each state. Is this fair? My lawyer tells me I can fight it; but my opinion is that a lawsuit would probably cost more than the tax."

Of course it is not fair and, no doubt, the lawsuit would cost more than the tax; so virtually the victim has no recourse.

Instances of double and triple taxation will multiply as each state adopts an inheritance tax without regard to conflicting claims from other states. Some of them have set up arbitrary definitions of citizenship, for the purposes of inheritance taxation, under which a man who lived part of the year in one state and part in another might be held to be a citizen of both.

No tax is ever popular; but an obviously unjust tax is so odious that many men of ordinarily good conduct will not scruple to evade it as far as they possibly can. Thus the unjust tax tends to defeat itself.

The complete remedy, we believe, is an inheritance tax levied by the Federal Government and apportioned to the states within which the tax is collected. In lieu of that, every state should make a decent effort to avoid cases of double taxation like that mentioned above.

The Business Man's Ideal

THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States concludes, after looking over the ground, that this presidential campaign will have no effect upon current business—which is another way of saying that nothing of importance to the material interests of the country is definitely involved in it.

No doubt the Republicans will tinker the tariff somewhat if they have the opportunity. But revolt against the Payne-Aldrich Act is still fresh in their memories; the present tariff is frankly protective, any Republican changes in it would probably be expressed by five per cent here and ten per cent there. Nowhere else that we know of is there any expressed difference between the two parties which definitely touches an important material interest. Tariff, internal taxation, banking, currency, regulation of railroads, "social justice" measures like the new child-labor law, conservation of national resources—on all these things there is no expressed difference that is very important. There is no expressed difference concerning continued hostility to combination in business. There might be a difference in the spirit in which these virtually common policies were applied and in the general competence of the Administration; but there is nothing very tangible about that.

Business men used to deplore disturbance of business every four years by a presidential campaign, which was traditionally a period of greater or less reaction. Apparently we have achieved the business man's ideal of two parties, which, for all that anybody can definitely foresee, will legislate so nearly alike that he can neither depress nor elate himself over the prospects of either's victory at the polls.

Are We Rich or Poor?

THE man who studies wealth in the United States from statistics only will get nowhere with the subject, because all the statistics afford only an inconclusive suggestion.

From 1890 to 1912 wealth of the country trebled, the census says; but that means nothing whatever as to the real well-being of the inhabitants of the country. If, for a rough indication of the growth in national income, you compare total product of farms and of manufactures, you find it increased more than a hundred and fifty per cent from 1890 to 1910, while population increased only forty-six per cent. That is more important; but there is almost nothing to tell how the income was distributed.

If every income-taxpayer represents a family, and there are four and a half persons to the average family, as the census gives it, then the households with an acknowledged net income of over four thousand dollars a year embrace little more than one and a half per cent of the total population; and there is certainly no extensive margin above cost of living in any income less than four thousand.

Again, such evidence as we have shows that very few men leave estates large enough to come within the most moderate inheritance taxation; and in 1914 there were seven million industrial wage-earners whose yearly earnings averaged less than fifty dollars a month.

Along one statistical line you can figure out a nation bursting with wealth; along another, a bloated plutocracy, comprising one per cent of the population, lording it over a starveling horde, with only a thin margin of merely well-to-do in between.

You get nearer to the facts by simply looking about—driving round any rural region or strolling through those interminable urban districts whose inhabitants are neither rich nor poor. Statistically that is the trouble with a very great part of the population. It does not get into the lists of income and inheritance taxpayers, on the one hand, or into the poor-supervisors' books, on the other.

Statistically speaking, this vast middle area is pretty much uncharted ground.

Which Will Crack?

ONE may wonder whether the venerable shadow who occupies the throne at Vienna ever nowadays looks back to the dawn of his reign, in 1849, when his good friend Nicholas, in conformity with the spirit of the Holy Alliance, threw a Russian Army into Hungary to crush Kossuth's victorious republic and hand back that country to the House of Hapsburg—or, a few years later, when his prime minister, turning against Russia in the Crimean War, said: "We will give an example of ingratitude that will startle Europe."

The Dual Monarchy, whose dissolution has been the subject of political prophecy for quite as long as the dismemberment of Turkey, was virtually dissolved then—until Russia, in magnanimous hatred of republicanism, intervened to re-cement it in blood.

The big strategy of the war has aimed to eliminate some one important belligerent. Germany tried to strike out, first, France, in 1914; then Russia, in 1915. Apparently the Allies are now striving to eliminate Austria-Hungary—keeping Germany very busy elsewhere and holding a part of Austria's force on the Italian front while Russia hammers at the other side. The Dual Monarchy has fifty million inhabitants, of a dozen different races, Magyar profoundly suspicious of German Austria, and Slav hating Magyar. Russia has three and a half times that population. On paper, at least, the greatest pressure is now exerted against the weakest link in the whole battle ring.

It looks as though some one link would have to crack. So long as both the outer and the inner ring hold, the deadweight push of one against the other, on the plan of the operations at Verdun and on the Somme, gains are so little in comparison with their enormous cost that ending the war that way is likely to be a dismally prolonged business.

GOING THROUGH THE BANK

By Melville Davisson Post

ONE does not always go to the bad from evil associations. Sometimes one goes to the bench.

A certain Chief Justice of England was a member of a rather wild crowd in his youth. One day in the courtroom he heard that Rufus Shore, one of his early associates, now a notorious bank robber, was in jail; and he went to see him.

"Shore," he said, "what has become of the others of the old gang?"

"Alas," replied the prisoner, "they are all hanged except myself and Your Honor!"

This instance led the Chief Justice to remark that the vocation of a bank robber was rather more perilous than that of a barrister.

Old Robert Scott, who got a million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars by cracking a bank in Massachusetts, used to say that the business was safe enough if you could do it from the inside. He had some experience. He lifted two hundred thousand dollars out of the Falls City National Bank, in Louisville. And a couple of years later he made a like haul at Quincy, Illinois. So he was competent to testify, as the lawyers say.

One hears constantly of the methods by which the man on the outside loots a bank. The details are all set out in the morning paper. But the methods used by the man on the inside are not usually given in such detail. The depositor is educated to be comfortable about his money.

On the outside the police guard the bank, and on the inside the bank examiner guards it. The policeman is vigilant and not to be outwitted; so is the bank examiner. In the public mind the bank examiner is a sort of Sherlock Holmes with an adding machine. In the language of Watson one stands aghast at his perspicacity. Nevertheless, in spite of this perspicacity, Scott knew what he talked about.

Every now and then a man on the inside cleverly outwits the Government's figure sleuth.

An enterprising bank cashier, in about the fourth largest city in America, concluded that he was not advancing toward a fortune as fast as he wished. So he worked out a plan for supplying himself with a personal fund and put it into execution at the bank's risk. Now one would say that the bank examiner should have discovered what was missing. But nothing was ever missing! When the bank examiner came round every security was in its proper place in the bank. Nor was any of the cash missing. When the Government expert sleuthed his way through this financial institution he never could find anything wrong with it. The cash was always correct, the books always balanced and the securities were in place. Nevertheless, the cashier had dropped five thousand dollars covering margins on a falling security. The thing was a nice little financial mystery, but its secret may now be revealed.

The Dummy Note

THE cashier had made out a dummy note, selected five thousand dollars of good securities, attached them to this note, and borrowed the money from a neighboring bank. When the bank examiner came to town the cashier merely wrote out a cashier's check for the five thousand dollars, took it across to the neighboring bank and got that bank to hold the check and return the securities. There was no record in his bank of the cashier's check and, as the securities went back to their proper places during the examination, the bank examiner never had the slightest suspicion of this clever ruse.

In another celebrated case two ingenious young gentlemen, officers in a great banking institution, were in charge of the reserve fund. This consisted of packages of money laid up in a vault under the banking room. These two gentlemen were trusted officials. But Fortune was looking at them with her "golden eyes under her gilded eyelids" and they thought they could trap her.

These two enterprising young gentlemen determined to plow their own field with the bank's idle horse. So they borrowed some packs of money out of the reserve and started a local broker into the Stock Exchange to show that conservative institution some examples of vivid finance.

The speculations were not successful. The dollar sent out, unlike the devil in the Scriptures, did not return bringing seven others with it. But the young persons were hopeful, determined and persistent. They continued to borrow from the fund. The thing went on until the reserve began to show low visibility. Still no one suspected. The bank examiner came, counted the reserve, certified it as all right, and went his way. Meantime the two young gentlemen, efficient, painstaking and always present at their duties, won the esteem of the president of the institution.

One afternoon, as the Yuletide period of good will approached, the admiring president called the two youths into his private office, expressed his admiration for their sterling qualities, notified them of an increase in their salaries, and extended his hand, with the congratulations of the board of directors. Whereupon, not to be outdone in generous appreciation, they led the president down into the vault, which the reserve used to inhabit, and explained how sorry they were that the bank's horse, which they had endeavored to ride, had been captured by the enemy!

How did it happen that the bank examiner certified this reserve as all right when he occasionally dropped in to see that everything was shipshape? It came about in the simplest manner. Every banking institution of any size is constantly making heavy shipments of money. These young gentlemen had taken the precaution to secure a pad of receipt forms from a neighboring express company. When the bank examiner appeared they always had ready for him a filled-out receipt of the express company showing that they had just shipped the amount which they were short to some banking institution in another part of the country.

Someone said to Old Ponsford, the English cracksman:

"But there are no cracksmen on the inside of a bank."

"Sure!" said Ponsford. "And do you know the reason?"

The interrogator replied that he did not. And Ponsford illustrated his remark by a story he had heard in an English club where his son was a butler:

An officer in India wished to swim in a neighboring river, but he was not able to do it on account of the crocodiles. He explained his wish and the difficulty to his native servant. The servant considered the matter for a good while. Finally one day he led his master to the mouth of the river where it emptied into the sea and told him he could bathe at this point without any fear of the crocodiles. The officer removed his clothes and plunged in. He enjoyed his swim and was greatly pleased when he returned to the beach.

"Now, my man," he said to the native, "why are there no crocodiles here?"

"Sahib," replied the servant, "there are no crocodiles here because they are afraid of the sharks!"

"My word!" Ponsford used to say. "What show would a little cracksman have with the big Johnnies on the inside?"

Can You Change Forty Thousand Dollars?

HE PROBABLY had the notorious forger Fauntleroy in mind, who obtained the transfer of stocks entered in the Bank of England to the amount of a million pounds.

On the morning of the eighth of May, 1901, a National Bank examiner entered a great Southern city. About two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon the paying teller of the X National Bank called in his messenger and told him to see whether he could get forty thousand dollars from the Y National Bank in currency for bills of large denomination. The Y National Bank replied that it could not meet this request. The paying teller then sent his messenger to the Z National Bank, stating that he desired to exchange a sealed package of silver certificates amounting to forty thousand dollars. The messenger saw the paying teller of the Z National Bank. He said he could make the exchange in clearing-house certificates. Upon this being reported to the paying teller, he gave the messenger a sealed package purporting to contain forty thousand dollars. It was a Government package and labeled:

"Four thousand ten-dollar bills—$40,000."

The messenger took this package to the Z National Bank and obtained for it eight clearing-house certificates in the denomination of five thousand dollars each, making a total of forty thousand dollars.

This happened between two-thirty and three o'clock P. M., before the banks closed on the eighth day of May, 1901. Twenty minutes later the bank examiner entered the X National Bank. He found the department of the paying teller in perfect order. The cash on hand corresponded with the general book of the bank. In this amount of cash on hand was included fifty-five thousand dollars of what are called clearing-house certificates, which are treated and accepted as cash. The examination was thorough and in all respects satisfactory to the examiner.

This examiner was an exact, painstaking official. He had made semiannual examinations of the X National Bank and of this paying teller's department from the time

of his appointment in 1898, having made in all five examinations prior to this one on the eighth of May, 1901. And on each occasion he had found the cash in the hands of the paying teller to correspond with the general book of the bank, and the condition of the paying teller's department to be in all respects satisfactory.

Now story-writers tell us that the essential difference between fiction and life is that fiction must adhere to probabilities!

About four o'clock in the afternoon of this eighth day of May a citizen of this city, and a large depositor in the X National Bank, received a letter from the paying teller in which he said that he had speculated with the bank's money to the extent of thirty-six thousand dollars, and requested a loan in order to make good the deficit.

The letter was written and signed by the paying teller.

It contained a casual postscript, which said that the teller had noticed the depositor in the bank that day and thought the man might be willing to help him out. The depositor did precisely what anyone else would have done: He sent the memorandum to the cashier of the X National Bank. At nine o'clock the next morning, when the president of the bank entered, the cashier showed him the memorandum he had received from the depositor the night before. After reading it the president walked round to the paying teller and told him to turn his cash over to the receiving teller and take a vacation. The president went back to his desk. A few minutes afterward the paying teller walked out of the bank.

But before this occurred, the paying teller had sent back the eight certificates to the Z National Bank in accordance with the promise he had made to it the evening before, and received, in return, the package of silver certificates. This package came into the hands of the receiving teller, whom the president had directed to take charge of the cash. He had no use for such a bundle in his cage, so he took it back to the safe and turned it over to the cashier.

To say that the president of the bank was astonished is to state the case with moderation.

The paying teller was a trusted official. He had been long in the employ of the bank. It was incredible that he could have embezzled thirty-six thousand dollars. The bank had been carefully examined right along by the Government official. There was no trace of any such loss. The president of the bank did not believe it. Things ran along until about noon. Finally he got into a car and went out to the paying teller's house. He rang the bell and went in. The paying teller himself opened the door.

"Sam," said the president, "sit down and tell me the whole truth now."

They sat down and the paying teller explained that he had taken out thirty-six thousand dollars of the bank's money from time to time. The president asked him whether he had the money. He took two dollars out of his pocket and said that was all the money he had in the world. The president asked him what he had done with it. He said he had sent it to a stockbroker in New York. And he proceeded to explain how he had gradually lost the money speculating on the Stock Exchange.

Covering the Shortage

But how did he cover the shortage from the bank examiner?

The trick was a skillful piece of criminal business. This paying teller managed to have in the bank, about the time when the bank examiner was expected to arrive, a sealed package of silver certificates to the amount of four thousand dollars in an original package as received from the United States Treasury. He would have also in his possession a label of a similar forty-thousand-dollar package, which he could always easily obtain. He had then only to remove the four-thousand-dollar label from the sealed Government package and replace it with the forty-thousand-dollar label. He would then send out the messenger to some of the other banks asking them whether they could let him have bills of a less denomination for this sealed forty-thousand-dollar package of silver certificates from the United States Treasury.

Any associate bank having small bills would readily make the exchange. The bank messenger would leave the original package and bring, in exchange, smaller bills amounting to this sum of forty thousand dollars. With this cash on hand the bank examiner would, of course, find everything all right. When the bank examiner left, the paying teller would return the cash to the bank with which the messenger had left the sealed package of silver certificates, and obtain again the original package intact.

The plan was simple and practical.

No bank would question a sealed package of United States currency delivered to it by a reputable bank; and, not requiring bills of large denomination, the package would be put into the safe for the time being. On the following day the teller of the X National Bank would be able to recover it by returning the other money. The plan worked perfectly for a long time. It might have gone on indefinitely but for the sudden, incredible note of the paying teller.

The Tale of the Private Book

Maupassant said that one's greatest peril lies in a state of the mind. The cockney crook in Stevenson's story, The Ebb Tide, thought that no soft amateur had any business setting out on a career of crime:

"It ain't safe, an' it ain't gentlemanly; an' it takes a man to do it."

It is not always the bank examiner who is outwitted. Sometimes the authority above him overrules his judgment. An expert examiner was at work one day in one of the largest institutions in this country. Vague things, of which he was able to get at only the odds and ends, convinced him that there was something radically wrong with the banking house. He was in the bank for two days, but he seemed to be working in a circle. Finally a little clerk, going out at the noon hour, whispered to him:

"Take a look at Mr. Blank's book in the little safe over yonder."

The safe was marked "Private." It was a little iron box affair, in the corner by the indicated official's desk. As it happened, the door was open. The bank examiner immediately searched the safe for the private book. Finally he found it behind some life-insurance policies and other individual papers of the bank officer's. He took the book over to a table and sat down to go through it. In it he found a record which explained all the mysterious, doubtful business that he had suspected. He was deep in the records of the book when the bank officer entered, after the lunch hour. He flew into a rage at sight of the bank examiner.

"You have no business with that book!" he cried. "It doesn't belong to the bank. It's my private record."

The bank examiner was not disturbed.

"I have got it," he said; "and when I am through with it I shall seal it for the proper authorities."

That night the bank examiner reported to his superior.

"This bank has been looted," he said. "The securities have been switched. Its assets are two million dollars under the estimate in its reports."

But the superior was not to be convinced. He said that the people in charge of the bank were the ablest financiers in the country; that the shifting of securities was merely the result of some financial adjustments, and that the bank was sound. The bank examiner insisted, but his superior was not to be moved. And, very shortly after, the bank went to pieces in a great financial crash, with its attendant roll of suicides, ruined stockholders and damaged associate institutions.

And sometimes the examiner comes a cropper in a legal ditch.

Once upon a time—not so very distant a time—some enterprising persons in a little city organized a trust company. The law required a trust company to pay in its full capital stock before it undertook to do business. Nevertheless, in spite of this requirement, the trust company opened its doors. The bank examiner went in. He called the attention of the cashier and the officials to the fact that only fifty per cent of their capital stock had been paid in, and that the remainder must be paid before the trust company could go on with its business. The cashier said that the trust company had opened its doors; that it would be a distinct damage to it to close; that if the bank authorities would permit the company to go on he would see that the capital of the bank was paid in before the end of the week. The bank examiner conferred with his superiors and they finally agreed to permit the trust company to keep open. But they warned it that the examiner would return on the following Monday morning, and if the capital stock was not paid up he would close its doors.

An hour before the trust company opened on the following Monday, the bank examiner was on hand. The records showed that the capital stock had been paid up. But the bank examiner was a thorough person and he went through the securities. Among these he found five notes of ten thousand dollars each. He took these notes in to the cashier.

"Who made these notes?" said the bank examiner.

"I made them," replied the cashier.

And then, very frankly, the cashier explained that they were all dummy notes, which he had made for the purpose of paying up the residue of the capital stock of the trust company.

"If there is anything wrong about it," he said, "I will tear them up." And he proceeded to put the suggestion into effect.

The bank examiner was amazed. He seized the torn fragments of the notes and put them into an envelope. He sealed everything in the bank, closed it, and turned the evidence over to the legal authorities.

And after that he discovered a peculiarity of the law over which he still continues to wonder.

The cashier was acquitted of the charge of forgery on the legal ground that the notes he had made did not represent anything of value; that nobody had been injured by the false making of these worthless securities!

The ingenuity of the cracksman on the outside has been usually able to meet the appliances for defense; but the man on the inside has always been able to go him one better. The old cracksman used to putty up the edges of a vault door, leave a hole at the top and bottom, put a paper funnel full of pulverized powder at the top hole, an air pump at the bottom hole, suck the powder in behind the door and blow it off. He now drills the door and uses nitroglycerin. The banks keep the vault door under a light, where it can be seen through the windows by the patrolman outside. And the cracksman paints a canvas picture of the vault door, sets it up before the light for the patrolman to see, and operates behind it.

So the cracksman fools the patrolman; and so, with an even greater ingenuity, the crook on the inside puts it over on the bank examiner.

A cashier in what is commonly known as a one-man bank—that is to say, the small-town bank where all the business is practically conducted by the cashier—worked out a very pretty system. There was oil development in the neighborhood about him. He concluded that he could make a good deal of money by buying leases, but he needed considerable capital. So he worked out his plan. The plan was successful. He very easily raised twenty thousand dollars without attracting the notice of anybody.

A Unique Case

The bank examiner never found a dollar short in his accounts or a certificate missing from his securities.

The cashier's accounts, money and securities had always been absolutely correct. He gave himself no concern about them. The examiner could come when he liked, remain as long as he pleased, and do anything he wished. He had no property to speak of, and no money. His salary was barely sufficient to support his family. He had no credit, no resources, and yet he very easily raised twenty thousand dollars.

The problem looks difficult.

But the man's plan, like all such devices, is simple enough when one finds it out. He had two books of certificates of deposit. One he kept at the bank—the regular one indicated on the bank's records—and the other he kept at home. He raised the money he needed by dummy notes secured by false certificates of deposit made out on his own bank and taken from the duplicate book.

Nevertheless, the inside business is as dangerous as the outside. A number of disappointed gentlemen in what is known as the bankers' row in a certain Federal prison will verify this statement on any day of the year.

Only one man, so far as the records seem to go, has ever been able to get away with the trick. And perhaps he was not guilty at all. Nobody is certain about it. We are certain that he could have done it, but we are not certain that he did. If he did do the thing he was the shrewdest crook that ever took a flyer in criminal devices, and he contented himself with a single job, as the cracksmen call it. This man was an officer in a bank in which there were a number of sleeping deposits—that is to say, a number of wealthy depositors who kept large sums in the bank, greatly in excess of their checking account, and whose regular habits were to balance their bank books once or twice a year.

A certain depositor of this class came into the bank and explained that there was a mistake in his account.

His book, balanced by the bank, showed that on a certain day the bank had cashed a check for twenty-five thousand dollars. He said that he had never given any such check, and that no such check was among the canceled checks delivered to him by the bank. Everybody in the bank was astonished. The officials at once took up the matter. The books of the bank showed that twenty-five thousand dollars had been paid by it in regular order and the check placed with the other canceled checks of this depositor. Every record of the bank showed the check had gone through in regular course. And every official in the bank who had anything to do with the matter swore that the check had been among the other checks. It was a large bank. The officials did not remember the individual check. But they did not undertake to remember any individual checks. They were required to be certain of only two things: that such a check had gone through the bank; and that every check shown by their records had existed and been delivered to the depositor.

The thing was a profound mystery.

The Missing Check

Nobody could solve it. One could believe what he liked, but he could prove nothing. The bank officials maintained that the depositor had mislaid the check when he was going through the package of canceled checks after he had received them from the bank. They stood by their records. The check had gone through and been delivered to the depositor.

The depositor maintained that somebody in the bank had forged a check on his account, passed it along in regular course, like any other check, and after his book was balanced, and the checks assembled for delivery, had removed the check from the package just before handing it out to him. But nobody ever knew.

It was a trick that could have been worked either way. The depositor might have mislaid the check; or some one in the bank might have forged it, as he said. If it was the work of a crook in the bank he was a crook of judgment and restraint. He took his one turn over the wall and remained content with it.

Old Scott, when he cracked the bank in Massachusetts, had to get a little inside help. The bank directors had undertaken to add an additional security to the vault devices in use at that time. They put in an inside door with a lock that could be opened only by a number of keys. These keys were distributed among the bank officers, so that nobody could get this door open unless he could first assemble all these keys. The bank robber would be compelled to round up every bank officer in the bank and get his key in the lock before the vault could be entered.

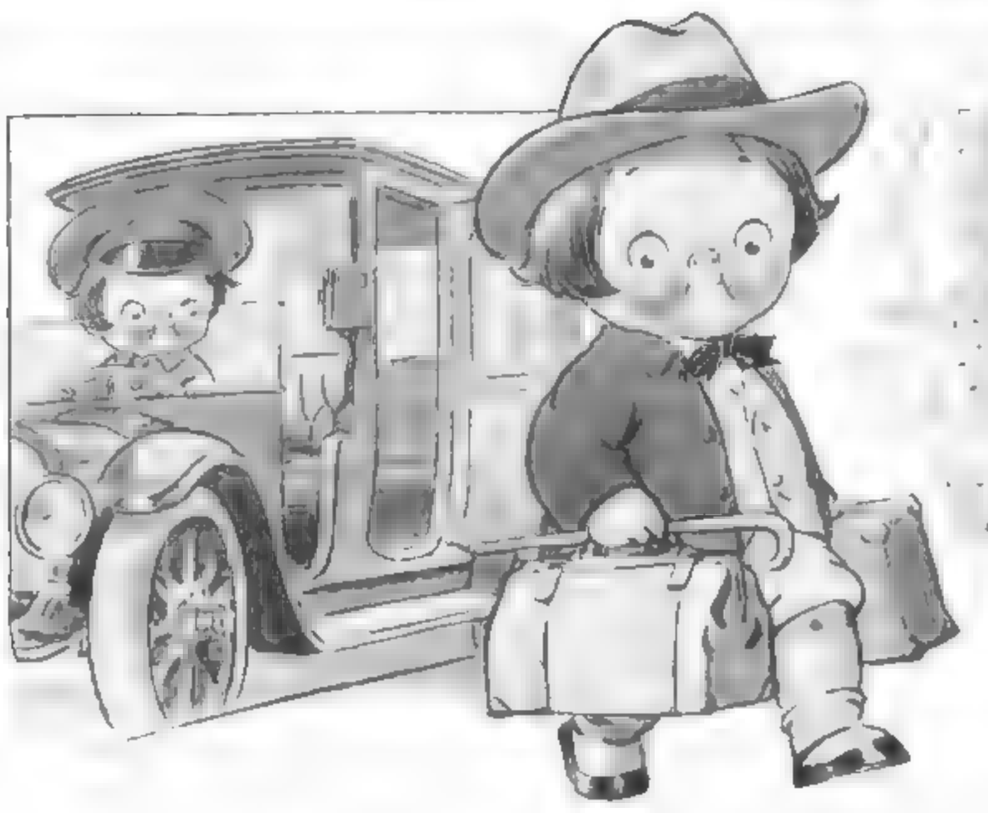
Scott kept pretty well advised about banks. This device of the Massachusetts bank gave him a good bit of trouble. Finally he went down to the plant of the company that made the bank vault and got hold of one of their employees. This employee went to the Massachusetts bank to make some pretended repairs. He asked for the keys to the extra vault door, took wax impressions of them, and made some duplicates for Scott. Later on, when Scott got ready to crack the bank, all he had to do was to take possession of the cashier's house, put everybody in it under guard, burn the cashier's feet with a hot poker until he gave the correct combinations, and go ahead with his job.

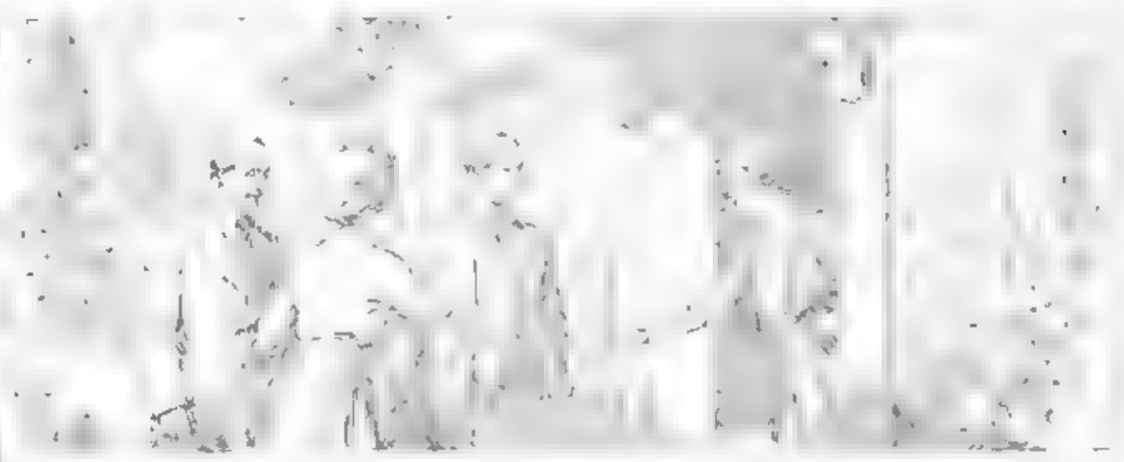
Scott finally got his reward. But he thought the peril of his career lay in the fact that the secret of his operations had to go too many ways. It took a lot of people to carry out a criminal adventure as Scott planned it. And with so many there was sure to be a leak.

The cockney, in The Ebb Tide, had the criminal career accurately sized up:

"It ain't safe!"

A conclusion in which certain venerable authorities of the Pentateuch concur.





"Mr. Unexpected"

You greet him with a smile.

You are not embarrassed. You know you are prepared.

A friend or two "drop in" casually just about the meal hour, perhaps. Or unlooked-for visitors arrive from out of town. Or it may be the butcher disappoints you at the last minute, some dish that you relied on goes wrong, or the cook gives sudden notice, or Hubby fails to give notice—bless his blundering soul! He simply brings "good old Tom" home joyfully to dinner, without a word of warning.

Theoretically, of course, this "isn't done." But he does it.

What a comfort in such a case to know that your pantry shelf holds a ready supply of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

With this ever-reliable assistance right at hand, you face all sorts of unexpected emergencies with smiling confidence.

You are sure of a delicious tempting soup to start the meal, anyway.

No question of its being just right and thoroughly acceptable. It is *always* right. And everybody likes it.

Its appetizing flavor lends added zest to the entire meal.

Its combined richness and delicacy give ample evidence of the choice materials used, the expert skill and unlimited painstaking devoted to producing it.

There is no suggestion of haste or emergency in the quality of this wholesome Campbell "kind." You could not provide a more satisfying dish if you took all day over it. Yet it requires under three minutes' time to make it ready for the table.

You can easily prepare it in any one of half-a-dozen inviting ways—light or hearty to suit the occasion.

If you have not yet put its delightful quality to the test on your own table, try it for dinner today, and you will wonder how you ever did without it.

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
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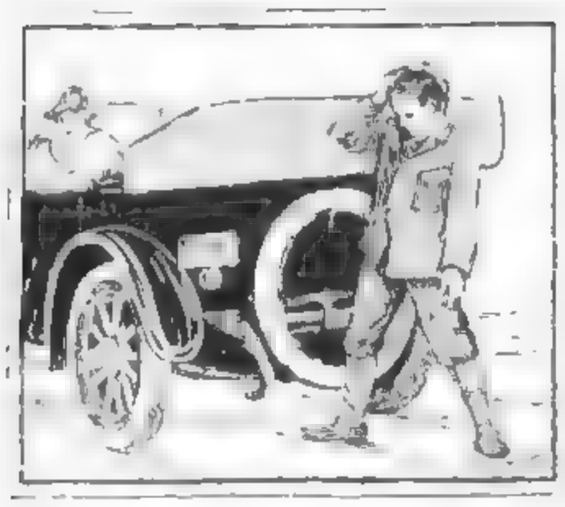
10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Squeaking Springs Foretold This Accident

Rust is the cause of 85% of broken automobile springs.

Rust makes the leaves of a spring stick together. Naturally, when bumps and jars occur, if these leaves can't "spring" they will sooner or later break.

But—

Before a spring breaks it gives ample warning.

It Squeaks

It does its best to say "I need attention." And it correctly prophesies trouble ahead. Give heed.

Forewarned is forearmed.

Stop your springs from breaking. Stop squeaks immediately they occur. Better yet, don't let squeaks occur at all.

3-in-One Stops Squeaks and Saves Springs

All you need is a Handy Oil Can full of 3-in-One Oil (25c at all stores). Squirt [illegible] of the leaves and on the ends of the springs.

It isn't necessary to jack up car. It isn't necessary to loosen clips or force the leaves apart.

The penetrating power of 3-in-One is irresistible. It works its way in between the leaves and thoroughly lubricates them. It stops the formation of rust absolutely. And it stops the squeak completely without fail.

Use 3-in-One once a week and your springs will never squeak.

Buy a Handy Oil Can today. Use 3-in-One also on the cylinders of [illegible] to make [illegible] easier. Use it for cleaning, oiling and keeping in good condition any make of magneto. Use it for polishing body of car. Use it on wind-shield to prevent moisture from collecting and obscuring vision. Get full particulars of these and many other automobile uses. Send for

Free Auto Circular

and free sample of 3-in-One. Both sent for the asking. Get them.

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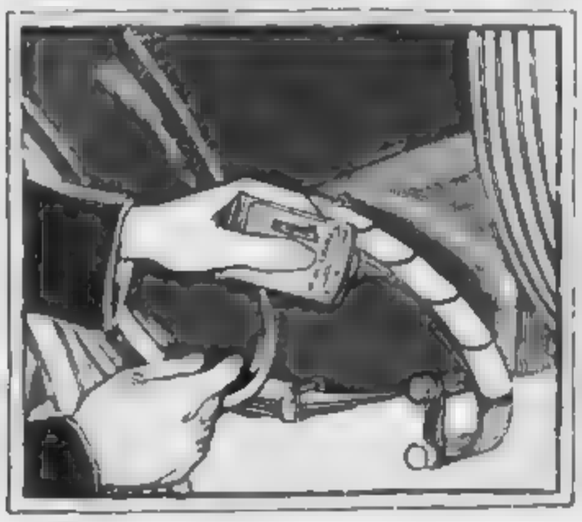

AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER

(Continued from Page 13

It is generally recognized that Germany's emptiness is as a bottomless pit, into which a very great deal might be poured without making any appreciable difference in her economic situation; but when it came to four million six hundred thousand kilos of butter in one month—May, 1916—and during the months from January to May thirty-four million five hundred thousand kilos of cheese, with beet sugar and vegetables of all kinds in like extravagant measure, it was thought that the time had come to begin to exercise a slightly more rigid control. So England proposed to divide all Holland's home products with Germany, half and half. But would England pay Germany's prices? Oh, not at all! England would pay England's prices, which were in some cases even lower than the prices set by the Dutch Government for Holland's own markets.

And what can the poor Dutch farmer or dairyman or cheese maker do? Just the grand sum of nothing. The government agents come to his garden or his dairy, or his chicken yard or his factory, and put the stamp of what is known as "government control" on such of his wares as are considered necessary for home markets; he is given a printed list of prices fixed by the government in the interest of the Dutch populace, so that no Dutch speculator can do any cornering at the expense of the people; and these prices he cannot raise by so much as a penny. If he accepts a higher bid from a wholesale dealer, as has not infrequently occurred, his entire stock is liable to confiscation.

The remainder of his produce is divided in two parts and a record made of it; he is all tied up in the red tape of slips, tags, tabulations, and what not, so that about the only thing he has left to do when the German buyer turns up with his pockets full of money is to weep on his neck. This description applies to producers and wholesale dealers, big and little. The German agent can get just his half. The other half belongs to England, and for about half of what Germany pays.

England has no urgent need for the foodstuffs, however; so she magnanimously consents to let them be sold to the Commission for Relief in Belgium and shipped over the Belgian border to the hard-up six millions. This created a funny situation. Germany would not believe that the half of Holland's produce turned over to the commission was England's half. The Germans were sure that there was a trick in the deal somewhere through which they would be robbed of their rights, and they demanded some assurance more satisfactory than mere word of mouth. There was a considerable undiplomatic exchange about it, made diplomatic, however, through the medium of American neutrality, in the person, as usual, of Mr. Herbert Hoover, Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. He secured and solemnly carried down to Brussels a formal and official declaration that England had waived all claim to Dutch produce in favor of the commission. So that was fixed.

Dutch Meat for Germany

Holland really knows no peace. As soon as one problem is disposed of another rises to take its place; or there are half a dozen of them at once, occupying strained attention and fostering bitterness. There are any number just now, but it would take a volume properly to detail them.

A rather fierce controversy is raging at the moment of writing over the question of the export of meats and the import of feed for hogs and cattle. Holland produces practically nothing in the way of grain, and now England has arbitrarily put rigid restrictions on its importation on the theory that the animals fatten on the feed and are then sold to Germany. This, they say, is equivalent to exporting goods brought in under N. O. T. regulations and constitutes a breach of honorable contract.

There may be some foundation for the contention, but for the little meat Holland has to sell, Germany pays such fabulous prices that one's sympathies are inclined to be with the Dutchmen. The latest figures for their 1916 sales are: 97,000 kilos of beef; 6000 kilos of mutton; 2,994,000 kilos of fresh pork; 2,020,000 kilos of salted pork; seven head of beef cattle; 17,108 cows; 450 bulls; 377 head of young breeding cattle; and ninety-three sheep. About the time the ninety-third sheep jumped over the German boundary line the ships carrying cattle feed to Holland began to unload in England and to come empty into the harbor of Rotterdam.

Holland sent another representative to England, and this time no less a person than one of the responsible heads of the Netherlands Oversea Trust, the integrity of which was being called into such far-fetched and complicated question. This gentleman spent fruitless days with the British Powers That Be, arguing the question from every possible neutral and unneutral standpoint. He was perfectly willing to undertake to sell to England half of all the meat export of Holland, but for his already sorely tried farmers and packers he wanted the same price that Germany was willing to pay. This was two florins a kilo—about forty cents a pound—for fresh pork, and equally satisfactory prices for all other kinds of meats. The English would not listen to this, but eventually they agreed to pay one florin and a half a kilo for fresh pork and at the same rate of difference for all other meats—that is, twenty-five per cent less than the German prices.

Margarine in Disguise

This was the best the Dutch representative could do; so he returned to Holland prepared to impose this further little sacrifice upon his people. But he found, when the arrangement was about to be formally consummated, that England expected Holland to find the ships, assume all risks and delivery charges, and lay the meat down on British docks at that price. It just could not be done at any profit worth considering; so that little misunderstanding is yet to be settled, while presumably Holland's stock of cattle feed rapidly diminishes.

Under any and all of which circumstances smuggling could hardly be called a crime, could it? Though, of course, it must be dealt with as such. In any case I am sure few Dutchmen can suppress a chuckle of satisfaction when the story of a successful coup comes out. But there are many more stories of unsuccessful attempts. Though Germany does not overlook many things in Holland, this is a situation wherein England's eye is just as keen and as manifold as hers; and hardly a day passes that somebody is not "spotted" and dragged up for trying to get away with something. There is one case of a bribed customs official just beginning to serve a two-years' sentence in prison for trying to pass three hundred and seventy-five barrels of linseed oil across to Antwerp. Then, only last week, there was a whole wagonload of government eggs, duly stamped with the stamp of government control, trying to get across the eastern border with a forged ticket of official consent.

A still more serious offense was an attempt to smuggle into Germany one hundred and sixty barrels of margarine. It was registered as butter released for export to Germany, but on examination proved to be all margarine except a thin layer of butter at each end of each barrel. Margarine cannot be exported to Germany at all, because most of the materials from which it is made are imported under Oversea Trust contract.

It is a fact, however, that between January and May of this year one million two hundred thousand kilos went across; but I do not know under what conditions or circumstances. Nobody seems willing to tell me; which is nothing unusual. Getting anybody anywhere to talk about anything is a practical impossibility. The spy mania has done its deadly work in the human make-up and fear dwelleth in the place whence confidence hath fled.

Everything but the time of day and the state of the weather comes under the head of "dangerous information."

There is another story I rather wonder about. How and when did they do it? It was on a German steamer that plies between Rotterdam and Dusseldorf. The Dutch customs official noticed something unfamiliar about the woodwork in all the cabins and corridors, as though it had been recently renewed. That was queer. He went up and tapped on a cabin wall—I believe bulkhead is the word, but wall will do; then he sleuthed round and tapped a few more spots. When he got his workmen in to investigate he found the whole ship was

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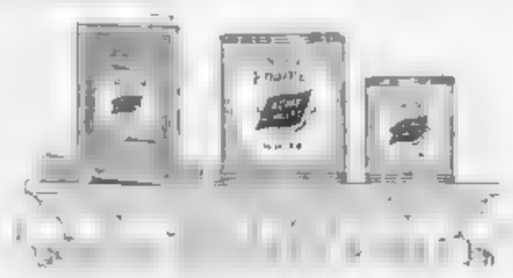
Keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnolin, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; Acme Quality Black Iron Enamel for ranges, stove pipes, and other metal or wood surfaces. These will cover many of the "touching up" jobs.



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GIVE them room—spread out your toes. How? By getting rid of those narrow, pointed shoes that bend the bones, causing corns, bunions, flat-foot, ingrowing nails, etc.

Put your feet into roomy, wear-resisting Educators and give each toe its *rightful space*—for then Nature will overcome your foot ills.

Keep your children in Educators and they'll never know foot trouble.

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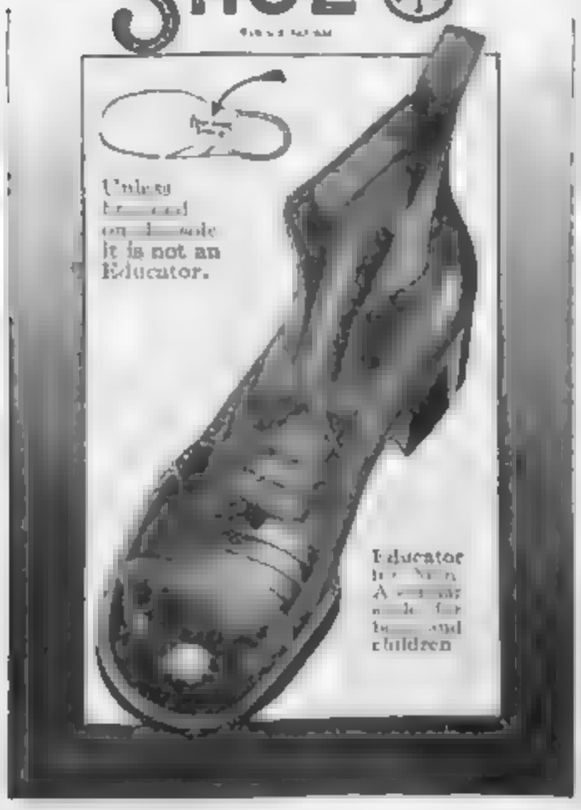

lined with unconditional contraband—rubber, metals, and fats of various sorts. It is a true-enough story; but how those Germans got the goods delivered in the crowded and carefully watched harbor of Rotterdam, and packed away behind the solid woodwork of their ship, is something for a sleuthier mind than mine to figure out. The dark question as to how and from whom they purchased the goods is still more difficult.

The first thing I did when I arrived in Rotterdam was to go on a friend's motor launch for a trip round the harbor. To me it was a pleasing and instructive little expedition, but my Dutchman was altogether disconsolate. There were too few ships under steam and in motion. He pointed out the fifty-odd big and little German vessels lying in the slips and bemoaned the fact that two years ago they were all helping to swell the volume of Holland's trade. The port of Rotterdam alone lost in shipping at the beginning of the war 3,995,774 tons, net. And there lay the Rotterdam, the largest vessel under the Dutch flag, with just a thin line of smoke issuing from her funnels—"to keep the engines warm." She is laid up for safekeeping because all the shipyards of the world are overcrowded with orders, and it would actually take ten years to replace her if she was lost.

"But," I protested, "at the prevailing freight rates she would almost pay for herself with every trip to New York and back. Isn't it worth the risk?"

"No; we must look to the future," he replied, and added disgustedly: "Besides, we probably have all the tonnage we really need for the amount of business England now permits us to do."

The bulk of the shipping in Rotterdam belongs to the Commission for Relief in Belgium; but that great American institution is very careful to save Holland from the humiliation of reaping any profits from her participation in such a purely humanitarian enterprise. If the Hollander's heartstrings were not so tangled up with his pursestrings this would not be so sadly funny.

American Goods in Rotterdam

I have spoken of the Netherlands Overseas Trust's having undergone considerable modification since its inception. The ships sailing under its license were, from the beginning, subject to exactly the same suspicion and vigilance as they would have been if sailing under no license at all; and ships from the United States especially suffered greatly from the inconvenience, expense and delay incident to long detention and search in British waters.

The situation became difficult for both England and Holland—to say nothing of the foreign shippers and owners of cargo; so it was agreed in July, 1915, that all vessels under N. O. T. license should be permitted to pass through the Channel and discharge their cargoes in Dutch ports without previous examination, on the understanding that Holland would send to the British Prize Court any contraband articles and withhold from delivery in Holland articles of all kinds "where information is in possession of His Majesty's Government" indicating, however remotely, that the goods in question were or might be intended for transference to an enemy of England. In other words, to relieve congestion in her own ports and facilitate the handling of cargoes, England practically assumed full control of Dutch ports; and the Dutch accepted the arrangement because of an expectation that it would serve to expedite their legitimate commercial transactions.

It operated without serious difficulty for a short time and promised to be an excellent solution of many of the blockade problems; but England, keeping tab on every bale, barrel and bundle, of course, began after a while to order various consignments to the Prize Court without taking the diplomatic pains to specify to Holland her reasons for so doing. This has been most annoying. Moreover, the articles withheld under England's order from delivery in Holland have accumulated until some of the warehouses of the Dutch shipping companies are crowded with them. In certain warehouses in Rotterdam there are lying to-day American exports to the value of approximately four million dollars, withheld from delivery to something like five hundred individual outraged Dutchmen because England has not yet found time to take action with regard to them. Some of them have been tied up without adjudication since September, 1915.

(Concluded on Page 31)

PARIS
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No metal can touch you

The name **PARIS** is imprinted on the back of the shield of every genuine

PARIS GARTER

There will be no confusion, no possibility of any error when you find it there. That's why most men, when they buy these excellent garters, look for the name on the back of the shield.

It is also well to ask for them distinctly by name. Such precautions insure complete satisfaction for the 25 or 50 cents that you spend.

The name **PARIS** on the back of the shield is small in size but big in importance.

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Makers
Children's Hickory Garters
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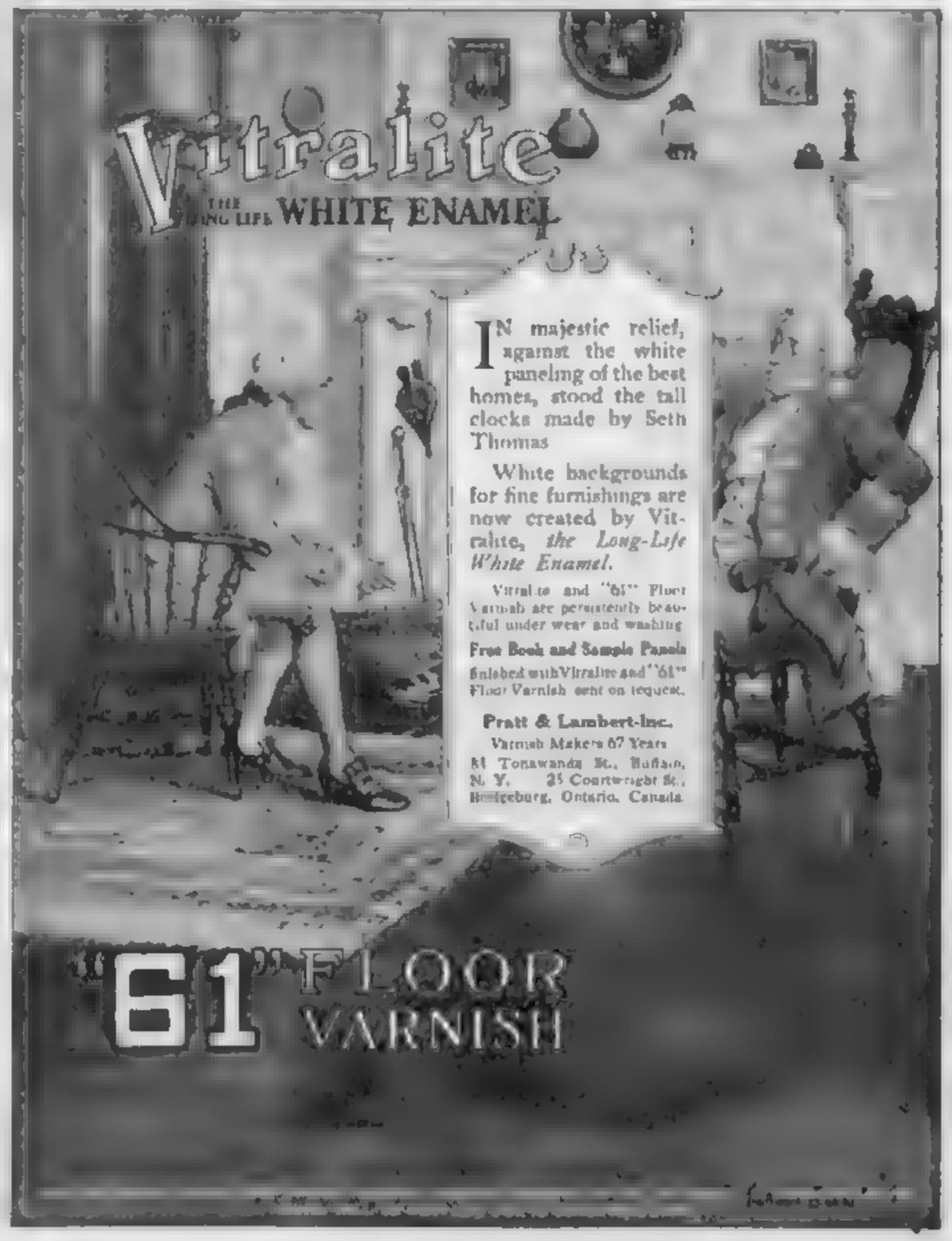
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QUALITY QUALITY QUALITY

When you buy, buy Quality. That is our advice.

There are nine cars on the market that we class as Quality cars. Buy one of them. They are all good.

But if you want to pay the least possible money you can pay for strictly a Quality car, buy Chalmers.

For the price of the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers, $1090 Detroit, $1475 Walkerville, Ontario, is at least $300 less than any other of these nine Quality cars you can buy.

The reason is this:—40,000 a year production with the "Quality First" idea always before us.

If you buy your first car on price you will buy your second car on Quality.

Our advice is—buy Quality.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit. Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ontario

(Concluded from Page 29)

Among other things there are thirty little iron-bound kegs full of "American gold dollars"—so listed. That means our five, ten and twenty dollar gold pieces—eagle, E Pluribus Unum, In God We Trust, and all! One million five hundred thousand dollars in regular American money, consigned to Dutch bankers, and held up, one shipment since November and another since December, 1915! It has been peremptorily and arbitrarily ordered to the British Prize Court; but this is an order that Holland has so far refused to obey.

On an average it has been taking about four months to get action with regard to any and every kind of article; and the "tightening of the British blockade" means to Dutch traders that, regardless of their already restricted privileges, practically every item now coming from overseas into Holland is either called at once into the Prize Court or indefinitely detained. This is clogging the wheels of commerce to a point where a good many of the Dutch wheels, at least, are in danger of going permanently smash.

And if that were all—but it is not. The machine has long arms, which reach out into every country in the world and get the individual. It is a thing that is familiarly known as the Black List. The English call it the Statutory List—whatever that may mean. It is published from time to time in the London Gazette, and names go on it by proclamation of an Order in Council, which decrees that "all persons in the United Kingdom are hereby prohibited from trading with any of the persons or bodies of persons mentioned in this list." And the names are not the names of merchants and traders only. There are producers, bankers, middlemen of all degrees of importance, shippers, land-transportation companies, lighterage concerns, and what not. And, once a man's name goes on the list, it behooves all other men, of whatever nationality, to avoid all business association with him if they happen to be engaged in any kind of enterprise likely to bring them within the toils of the British blockade.

I have read, with considerable interest, that an American note has been sent to England protesting against the names of Americans being placed on this list, and characterizing such action as "an attack on the rights of neutrals." It might be well to go a step farther and protest against the existence in any form of what is known as the White List. This makes discrimination unlimitedly discriminating by naming the men and firms that shall, instead of shall not, be dealt with. It constitutes an unpublished extension of the Black List which covers all but the favored few.

The English Blockade

Your opinion of the British blockade, which in effect has the commerce of the whole world at its command, will depend entirely on the trend of your sympathies. If you are British, or your decent soul rages sincerely against the fate of the little and the already war-broken peoples, then to you it will be magnificent—high-handed you will readily and proudly concede, but splendid in its proof of what you will consider righteous power, and inspiring limitless faith in a future wherein the might of right alone shall prevail in the world.

To a German guarding his tongue and not forgetting his lines it is England's "so-called" blockade, unacknowledged or held in supreme contempt. But to a German forgetting this pose and overwrought by abominable realities, or to anyone who has a wish that German arms alone should be permitted to demonstrate the extent of German strength, it will naturally be an outrageous performance, to be combated in every way and by every means within human or German conception.

These two German attitudes I have heard rather strikingly illustrated. An American in Holland was talking with a German the other day, and the talk, as talk has a way of doing over here, turned on the effects of the blockade. The German stoutly maintained that it could accomplish little or nothing; that his country throughout was amply provided with all the necessities of life and war; and that all rumors and reports to the contrary were nothing but "British lies." He went so far as to itemize his account, going through a long list of products, many of which have always been on Germany's list of imports, declaring that they were all abundantly provided, and quoting what he was pleased to call facts and figures in support of his statements. They came to rubber. How about rubber?

"Rubber!" he exclaimed. "Why, it is perfectly absurd to talk about a shortage of rubber in Germany! We may not have a mountain of it, but we have quite enough to meet all requirements—and with a good wide margin too."

Not ten minutes later, when the discussion had progressed to a consideration of British methods and spirit, the German completely lost his self-control, began to heave with rage, and to hurl at the name of England the hot shafts of a terrible hate.

"They are human swine!" he finally shouted—"hypocritical swine! They call us barbarians and Huns, and sniffle about the sufferings of women and children! But what do they care about anything or anybody but themselves? They can't stand up and fight us man to man; so they starve our women and children, and then celebrate it as a great victory! Why, they won't even let us have rubber enough to make nipples for our babies' bottles!"

No; rubber is absolute contraband. In Holland every smallest bit of it is listed and accounted for. Automobiles come in without tires, and the purchase of tires is a separate and quite distinct transaction. American rubber interests buy rubber from England, but are under contract to sell the finished product back to England; so that not even American tires can get into Holland except through the British middleman. Nobody is allowed more than five tires at a time, and when a new tire is needed an old one must be turned in in its place. Altogether, life for the Dutch automobile owner is anything but satisfactory.

On a War Footing

In 1913 Holland imported 441,291 tons of petroleum. In 1915 this was cut down to 165,248 tons, and in 1916 it has dropped almost to the vanishing point. Gasoline is forty-four cents a gallon, wholesale—that is, in American money. In Dutch money it is just two and forty-five one-hundredths times forty-four cents; and a Dutchman's cent means as much to him as our cent means to us. It retails at anywhere from fifty-five to sixty cents a gallon, and when you are a Dutchman nothing more is needed to take the joy out of a joy ride.

I wanted to go from The Hague to Rotterdam by automobile, stopping en route at Delft, a matter of about seventeen miles; but I found it would cost me nearly twenty dollars. I compromised on a second-class street car for the equivalent of twenty-five cents. I might have treated myself to a first-class car if there had been any; but they have stopped running them. "Only fools and Americans" ever take them in any case.

I am the only American visitor I know of in Holland, and the fools are having wisdom thrust upon them. The hotels, I might add—especially those at Scheveningen, the great Dutch seaside resort—are all crowded, mostly with Germans running away from starvation, and Belgians running away from Germans. The social atmosphere, in consequence, lies heavy upon them.

As I have written the last page or so, a mile-long section of Holland's army, four abreast, and in Holland's greenish gray, has been marching past, followed by its field guns, drawn by dogs, its ammunition wagons, its field kitchens and cooks, its hospital corps, with stretchers and ambulances, and all its other paraphernalia of preparedness. They are a fine, upstanding body of men, these Dutchmen, and one feels a sort of wonder as well as a deep sense of gladness that they have not yet been called to the shambles.

It is not for mere picturesqueness of national detail that power is vested in the Dutch sovereign to proclaim a state of war only when what is known in the Dutch law as "the fear of war" exists. When Belgium received her not-to-be-misunderstood "warning" from Germany, the fear of war reached in Holland that stage where the exercise of this right by the Queen became necessary to the preservation of order and some degree of confidence; and, after Austria-Hungary and Serbia, Holland was the first of all the countries to decide on mobilization. By the time Germany got into action she was not only fully mobilized, but had her house in good Dutch order in all respects.

For two years that order has been maintained, and not the least of Holland's complaints is that she must bear the inconvenience and expense of keeping her people and her army on a war footing.

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For the tailor that means fabric of all-wool—flexible, plastic and responsive to the touch of his needle, where a cotton-mixed fabric is indifferent, rebellious, harsh.

How utterly futile then to talk of "style" while ignoring this fundamental issue of all-wool upon which the shapeliness, the fit, the whole success of the garment hinges?

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The rigid acid test maintains a tireless sentry-watch to see that no cotton-tainted fabric gets through the lines to the Kirschbaum cutting tables.

Honor such fabrics with Kirschbaum workmanship and you have in the finished garment a harmony of style, shapeliness and tailoring, fittingly and durably wrought in all-wool.

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$15, $20, $25 and up to $40

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AND THERE WAS LIGHT

(Continued from Page 11)

come to us, I knew that to him the bread was ambrosia and the water was nectar.

"He didn't wolf the food down as I had rather expected he might. He ate it slowly, extracting the flavor from every crumb of it. And the water he took in sips, allowing it to trickle down his throat, drop by drop almost. And then he spoke to us, touching the bread and the potato and the water glass. Mind you, I am reproducing the sense of what he said rather than his exact words. He said:

"'What is this and this and this? What are these delicious things you have given me to eat? And what is this exquisite drink I have swallowed?'

"We told him and he seemed not to believe it at first. He said:

"'Why, I have handled such things as these often. I have taken them up in my hands a thousand times and I have swallowed them. I should have known what they were by the touch of my fingers—but the taste of them deceived me. Can it be possible that these things are common things—that even poor people can feast upon such meals as this which I am eating? Can it even be possible that there is food within the reach of ordinary mortals which has a finer zest than this?'

"And when his friend, the surgeon, told him 'Yes'—told him 'Yes' many times and in many ways—still he seemed loath to believe it. When he had finished, to the last scrap of the potato skin and the last morsel of the bread crust and the last drop in the glass, he bowed his head and outspread his hands before him as though returning thanks for a glorious benefaction.

"Perhaps I should have told you that this took place late in the afternoon. We waited a little while after that, and then just before sunset we took him outdoors into a little shabby garden on the asylum grounds; and we freed his eyes and we unmuffled his ears. And then we drew back from him a little and watched him to see what he would do.

"For a little while he did nothing except stand in his tracks, transfixed and transfigured. He saw the sky and the sunlight and the earth and the grass and the shadows upon the earth and the trees and the flowers that were about him—saw them literally in a celestial vision; and he smelled the good wholesome smells of the earth, and the scents of the struggling, straggling flowers in the ill-kept flower beds, and the scents of the green things growing there too.

"And just then, as though it had known and had been inspired to choose this instant for bringing to him yet another sensation, a thrush—a common brown thrush—began singing in an elm tree almost directly above him. Of course it was merely a coincidence that a thrush should begin singing then and there. Thrushes are plentiful enough over the country in this climate at this season of the year. Central Park is full of them, sometimes. Most of us scarcely notice them, or their singing either. But, you see, with this man it was different. He literally was undergoing re-creation, re-incarnation, resurrection. Call it what you please. It was one of those three things. In a way of speaking it was all three of them.

"At the first note of music from the bird he gave a quick start, and then he threw back his head and uplifted his face; and quite near at hand he saw the little rusty-colored chap, singing away there, with its speckled throat feathers rising and falling, and he heard the sounds that poured from the thrush's open beak. And as he looked and listened he put his hands to his breast as though something were hurting him there. He didn't move until the bird had fluttered away. Nor did we move either.

"Then he turned and came stumbling and reeling toward us, literally drunk with joy. His intoxication of ecstasy thickened his tongue and choked him until he, at first, could not speak to us. After a bit, though, the words came outpouring from his lips.

"'Did you hear the bird?' he cried out. 'Did you hear it? Do you smell the earth and the flowers? And the sky—I have seen it! I can see it now. Oh, hasn't God been good to us to give us all this? Oh, hasn't He been good to me?'

"In an outburst of gratitude he seized the hand of my friend and kissed it again and again. I had meant to take notes of his behavior as we went along, but I took none. I knew that afterward I could reproduce from memory all that transpired.

"Presently he was calmer, and the surgeon said to him:

"'My son, there is something yet to be seen—something that you, having so many other things to see, have overlooked. Look yonder!' And he pointed to the west, where the sun was just going down.

"And, at that, the other man faced about and looked full into his first sunset. Instantly his whole mood changed. It became rapt, reverential—you might say worshipful. His lips moved, but no words came from them at first, and he made as though to shut out the sight with his hands, as though the beauty of the vision was too great for him to endure. I went to him and put my hand on his shoulder. He was quivering from head to foot in an ague of sheer happiness. He seemed hardly to know I was there. He did not look toward me. He kept his eyes fixed upon the west as if he were greedy to miss nothing of the spectacle.

"Until now the sunset had seemed to me less beautiful by far than many another summer sunset I had seen, for the sky was rather overcast and the colors not particularly vivid; but, standing there beside him, in physical contact with him, I caught from him something of what he felt, and I saw that glow in the west as something of indescribable grandeur and unutterable splendor, a thing too glorious for words to describe or painters to reproduce upon squares of canvas.

"Presently he spoke to me, still without turning his head in my direction.

"'How often does this—this—come to pass?' he asked, panting the words out.

"'Many times a year,' I told him. 'At this season nearly every evening.'

"'And is it ever so beautiful as this?' he said.

"'Often more beautiful,' I said. 'Often the colors are richer and deeper.'

"'Why are there not more of us here to look upon it?' he asked. 'Surely at this hour all mankind must cease from its tasks—from whatever it is doing—to see this miracle—this free gift of the Creator!'

"I tried to tell him that mankind had grown accustomed to the daily repetition of the sunset, but he seemed unable to comprehend. As the last flattened ray of sunshine faded upon the grass, and the afterglow began to spread across the heavens, I thought he was about to faint; and I put both my arms round him to steady him. But he did not faint, though he trembled all over and took his breath into his lungs in great sobbing gulps. I showed him the evening star where it shone in the sky, and he watched it brighten, saying nothing at all.

"Suddenly he turned to me and said:

"'At last I have lived, and I have found that life is sweet. Life is sweeter than I ever dared to hope it might be.'

"Then he said:

"'I have a home. Will you show me where it is? While I was blind I could feel my way to it; but, now that I can see, I feel lost—all things are so changed to me. Please lead me there—I want to see with my own eyes what a home is like.'

"So I took his hand in mine and we went toward it, and the three others who were there followed after us

"Madam, his home—the only home he had, for, so far as we knew, he had no living kinspeople—was a room in that big barn of an asylum. I led him to the door of it. It was a barren enough room—you know how these institutions are apt to be furnished, and this room was no exception to the rule. Bare walls, a bare floor, bare uncurtained windows, a bed, a chair or two, a bare table—a sort of hygienic and sanitary brutality governed all its appointments.

"I imagine the lowest servant in your employ has a more attractively furnished room than this was. Now, though, it was flooded with the afterglow, which poured in at the windows; that soft light alone redeemed its hideousness of outline and its poverty of furnishings.

"He halted at the threshold. We know what home means to most of us. How much must it have meant, then, to him! He could see the walls closing round to encompass him in their friendly companionship; he could see the roof coming down to protect him.

"'Home!' he said to himself in a half whisper, under his breath. 'What a beautiful

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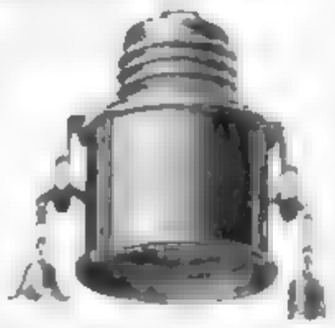

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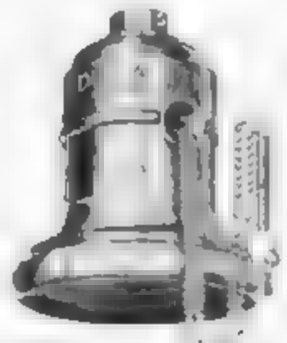

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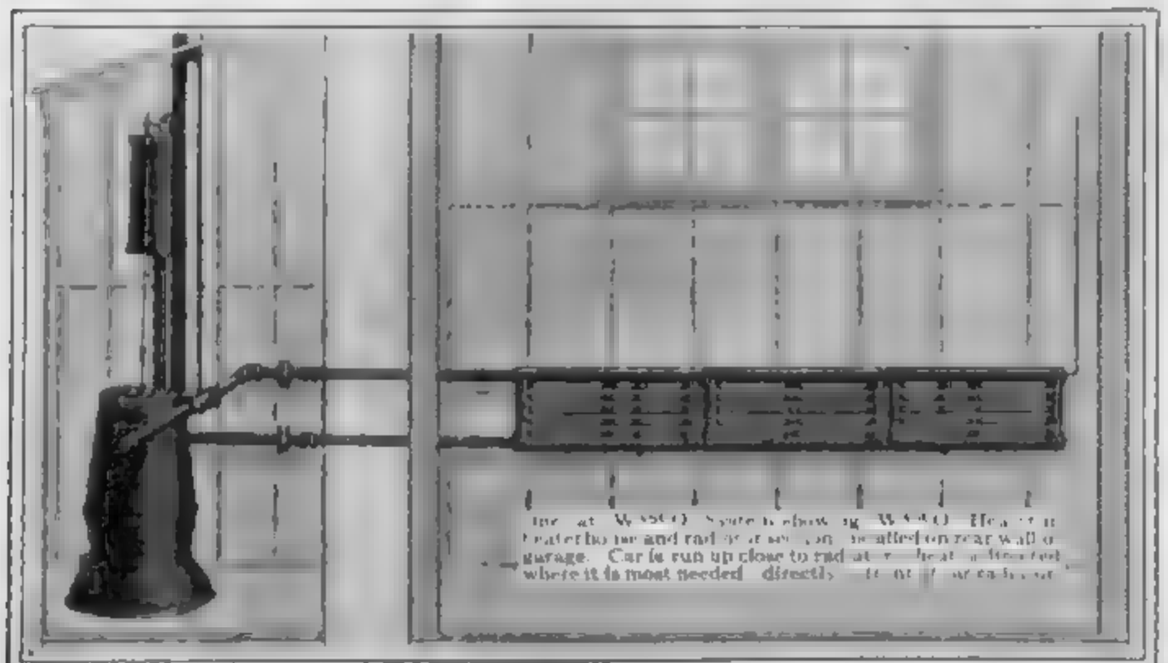

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word home is! And what a beautiful place my home is!"

"Nobody gave the signal, none of us made the suggestion by word or gesture; but with one accord we four, governed by the same impulse, left him and went away. We felt in an inarticulate way that he was entitled to be alone; that no curious eye had any right to study his emotions in this supreme moment.

"In an hour we went back. He was lying where he had fallen—across the threshold of his room. On his face was a beatific peace, a content unutterable—and he was dead. That bit of plaster you hold in your hand is his death mask."

The doctor finished his tale. He bent forward in his chair to see the look upon his caller's face. She stood up; and she was a creature transformed and radiant!

"Doctor," she said—and even her voice was altered—"I am going home—home to my husband and my children and my friends. I believe I have found a cure for my—my trouble. Rather, you have found it for me here to-day. You have taught me a lesson. You have made me see things I could not see before—hear things I could not hear before. For I have been blind and deaf, as blind and as deaf as this man was—yes, blinder than he ever was. But now"—she cried out the words in a burst of revelation—"but now—why, doctor, I have everything to live for—haven't I?"

"Yes, madam," he said gravely; "you have everything to live for. If only we knew it, if only we could realize it, all of us in this world have everything to live for."

She nodded, smiling across the table at him.

"Doctor," she said, "I do not believe I shall ever come back here to see you—as a patient of yours."

"No," he affirmed; "I do not believe you will ever come back—as a patient of mine."

"But, if I may, I should like to come sometimes, just to look at that face—that dead face with its living message for me."

"Madam," he told her, "you may have it on two conditions—namely, that you keep it in your own room, and that you do not tell its story—the story I have just told you—to any other person. I have reasons of my own for making those conditions."

"In my own room is exactly where I would keep it," she said. "I promise to do as you ask. I shall never part with it. But how can you part with it?"

"Oh, I think I know where I can get another copy," he said. "The original mold has not been destroyed. I am sure my—my friend—has it. This one will be delivered at your home before night. My servant shall take it to you."

"No," she said. "If you do not mind, I shall take it with me now—in my own hands."

She clasped the gift to her breast, holding it there as though it were a priceless thing—too priceless to be intrusted to the keeping of any other than its possessor.

For perhaps five minutes after the departure of his recent patient the great specialist sat at his desk smiling gently to himself. Then he touched with his forefinger a button under the desk. His manservant entered.

"You have heard of troubles being started by a lie, haven't you?" asked the doctor abruptly.

"Yes, sir—I think so, sir."

The man was not an Englishman, but he had been trained in the school of English servants. His voice betrayed no surprise.

"Well, did you ever hear of troubles being ended by a lie?"

"Really, sir, I can't say, sir—offhand."

"Well, it can be done," said the doctor; "in fact, it has been done."

The man stood a moment.

"Was that all, sir?"

"No; not quite," said the master. "Do you remember an Italian peddler who was here the other day?"

"An Italian peddler, sir?"

"Yes; don't you remember? A street vender who passed the door. I called him in and bought a plaster cast from him—for seventy-five cents, as I recall."

"Oh, yes, sir; I do remember now."

The man's eyes flitted to an empty space on the wall molding above the bookcase behind his employer's chair, and back again to his employer's face.

"Well," said the doctor, "you keep a lookout for him, in case he passes again. I want to buy another of those casts from him. I think it may be worth the money—the last one was, anyhow."

"My old friend!"

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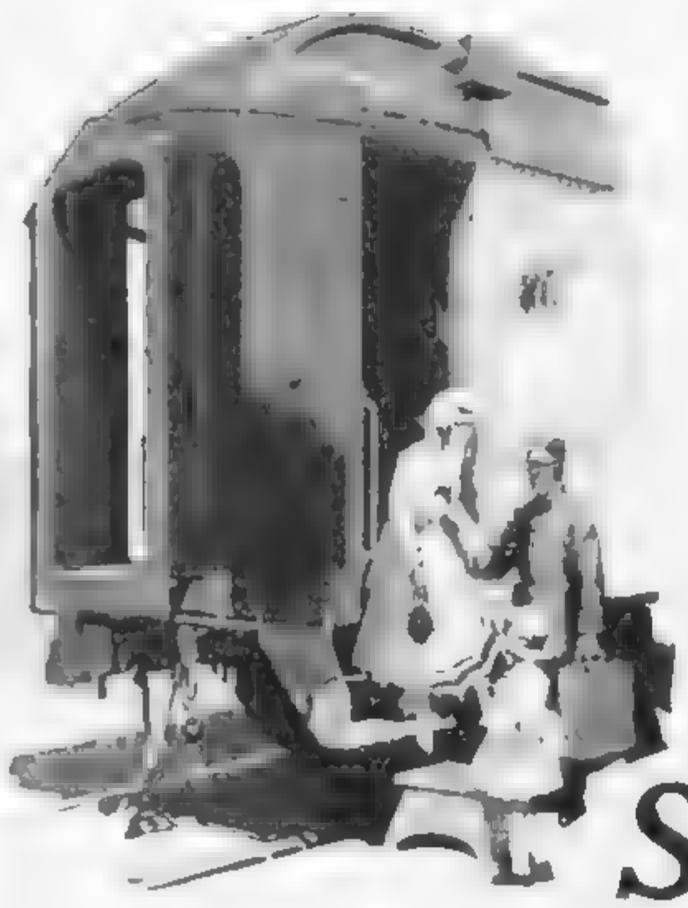

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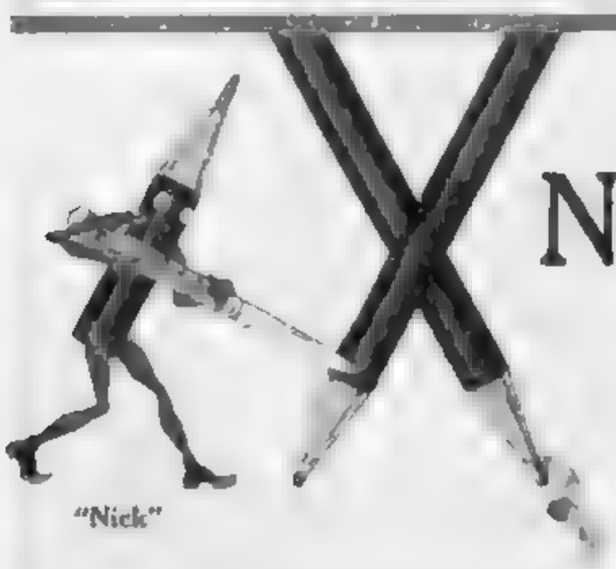
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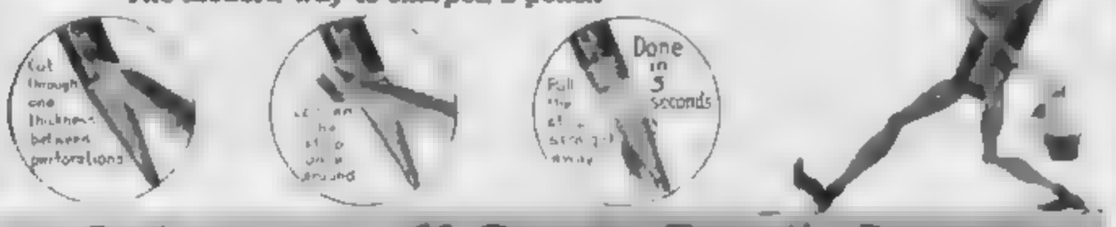

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WRATH

(Continued from Page 16)

"'He sneers at every ideal and endeavor that is for the higher good of humanity,' says she; 'and, with his resources, he might do so much to help.'

"'His sneerin' cannot do much harm to humanity,' I answered; 'only to himself. And the breakin' of his neck could not do much to help.'

"'It might, though,' says she; and then she changes the conversation to a more important theme—the moral sense of the lower animals, which have never enjoyed pollution from domestic association with Man."

Here let us interrupt the testimony of Mr. Cadrigan by a few original observations.

It seems incredible to assume that Caroline, convinced at the eleventh hour that she was sure of losing her wager with Hounsley, should have desired to send him to his death rather than pay her shot. The most violent and passionate hatred could not possibly carry a good girl like Caroline, and one so hot-blooded, to such a cold-blooded extreme. She could never dare him to climb a cliff where she felt that he was sure to break his neck and then sit quietly through an interval of two days while he was making his plans to do so.

It is equally impossible to assume that Hounsley should have sickened of the whole game and decided to make a spectacular finish, which Caroline must be compelled to witness through his having coerced her assistance by making her the executrix of some millions with which to endow Hospices for Hobos and Cinches for Suckers.

No. The truth of the matter is, I think, that Hounsley was very far from being the wreck some of us fancied him. Undoubtedly he drank a great deal too much alcohol, but he was still young, a natural athlete, and his powers of elimination were as yet unimpaired. He had been drinking hard because he had been bored; but his hygiene in other respects could not have been better—with splendid air, the best of food, plenty of sleep, and his fights with Caroline to occupy his mind.

Caroline finally digging him out of his lethargy enough to stop his drinking for a few days, he may have found himself feeling suddenly very fit; so fit, in fact, that the desire for demonstrating this fitness became quite irresistible. Perhaps he wanted to show her that she was even more of a fool than he had claimed in her estimate of people and things. It may have occurred to him that a practical demonstration of this would be to scale Sachem's Leap. Possibly while lounging about he had thought of trying it some day when nobody was looking. He had done some good climbing, mostly rock climbing, in Cornwall and the Italian Alps, and being as strong and wiry as a mouflon, and with no more sense of vertigo, he had decided to make the attempt.

Something of this sort may have started it. Quite probably he told Caroline what he intended to do, and she may have thought that he was bluffing, or—it is impossible to say just what her reasons were for letting him make the mad attempt and going with him across the lake in a canoe to watch his failure.

To return to Cadrigan:

"Would you think that anything but a lizard could manage it, doctor?"

We were standing on a rocky knoll some distance from the foot of the sheer cliff, which was broken only by almost imperceptible seams and fissures that looked like scratches.

Also, it seemed little less than vertical in our sense, the angle less than that of ninety degrees and with an overhanging brow.

"It makes my stomach go in to think of it!" continued Cadrigan.

He showed me where Hounsley had started up. Cadrigan, on learning that he and Caroline had been last seen heading straight across the lake in one of the motor skiffs, had jumped into the launch and gone in pursuit. On his arrival at the foot of the precipice he had found Caroline, very sick, leaning against the trunk of a pine watching Hounsley clawing his way along the face of the rock a hundred-and-odd feet above her head.

For the first fifty feet of the ascent one was able to follow its possibility. After that, all practical hand and foot holds appeared to fade away, and it made my diaphragm unsteady merely to imagine myself up there. Of course to a trained mountaineer the proposition would have looked much less appalling.

"The worst of it was," said Cadrigan, "there was nothin' for us to do but to watch. And the little chips of stone came rollin' down. He was scufflin' along by means of his hobnailed toe tips and finger ends, and teeth, perhaps, or maybe just his lips suckin'-like to keep balanced. He had not but a score of feet to reach a ledge where a rock rabbit might have felt quite safe, but the question was: Could he reach it? Or would we be luggin' his remains to the launch?

"We did not speak at all, but stood there watchin' him gain his inches and listenin' to the grate of his hobnails, as he tried their grip, and the little stones slitherin' down into the ferns. Worst of all were his pauses, when we could hear him breathin' deep through his nose—or maybe 'twas myself. Had he been a thousand feet above our heads 'twould not have been so bad. The trouble was his nearness to us and death at the same time. When his fingers gripped hard, so did ours—mine into the bark of the pine and the young lady's into my arm. I was wishin' that he would miss his hold and come down and have it over with.

"But he clawed along, comin' presently to the ledge, and so gave us the breath of which we were in sore need. Once I had got mine, I called to him:

"'Stay where you are while I go feteh a rope'

"He looked down under his right arm, which was raised, his hand hooked over a spike of the rock. Would you believe it, doctor, he had a grin on his white face!

"'All right, Cadrigan,' says he. 'Push it up from beneath.'

"And off he starts again, workin' toward a sort of vertical fissure which I remembered this other climbin' fool to have spoken of. A 'chimney' he called it, and said that, once to that, the rest of the ascent would present no great difficulty to a man who knew his work.

"'Now what is all this?' I asked of Miss Penfold, who had loosed her hold of my arm.

"'We made a bet,' says she, and leaned back against the pine.

"'Oh, a bet, was it!' I answered. 'I beg your pardon. Then you have still a chance of collectin' from the executors of his estate. I thought maybe 'twas just a plain murder. And you askin' me if the rock could be scaled! And he a drinkin' man! You should be ashamed!'

"'I am,' says she.

"'Well, then, you need not be,' I answered, very angry.

"Perhaps I was hasty."

Hounsley gained the summit without much more difficulty, and, once they saw him safely up, Caroline asked Mr. Cadrigan to take her back in the launch. So Cadrigan ferried her back in silence, trying to study out the affair and wondering whether Caroline might not be a potential murderess.

Coming to the decision that, according to the Laws of Falling Bodies and the behavior of Internal Combustion Engines in their relation to the habits of the trout, it must be so, he became more cheerful as they reached the landing, and told her confidentially that, with all his faults, Hounsley was still pretty much of a climber. Caroline agreed with him and asked him to say nothing about the business until she had gone to visit her aunt in Nahant.

Thanking Mr. Cadrigan for his lucid testimony, let us now consider briefly that of one Mrs. Haight, Spinster—in the matter of yarns.

"When I saw dear Caroline starting off in the canoe with Hounsley it was all I could do to keep from rushing down." The following periods of hiatus are to save us all time. "Such a splendid girl . . . so noble in her high endeavor . . . the way Hounsley drank . . . stopping that way, doctor, was a sure sign that . . . though, of course, we all felt terribly sorry for Hounsley . . . seemed my duty to keep my eye on them as best I could . . . no, doctor; I never understood those binocular things . . . just the plain old-fashioned field glass that . . . yes, though my vision is very clear. But when I saw Mr. Cadrigan get into his launch and start across the

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lake . . . something in the wind . . . and brought her back with him. Caroline . . . well, doctor, Caroline looked to me as though she had undergone some frightful emotion . . . said to myself that I would be failing in my duty to her poor dear father . . . no harm to . . . after all, in spite of her college . . . determined that I was under a strong moral obligation to keep my——"

Now let us rush in where angels fear to tread.

Hounsley was in his usual dark lair—a corner of the veranda—when he saw a woman's figure cross the moonlit space, disappear for an instant, then come round the gravel path and up the steps. Some of the youngsters were dancing in the big hall and the music and laughter reached him faintly.

"Here I am," said Caroline. "You have won the bet."

She stood there looking at him, her arms hanging passively. Hounsley did not rise. He leaned forward and held the face of his watch to the moon.

"You have still a few minutes' leeway," said he, and leaned back again.

Caroline stepped forward into the shadow.

"What is that on the table?" she asked.

"Whisky," Hounsley answered. "Rather feel the need of a slap after my climb. However, the time is not yet up."

Caroline stared down at him for an instant, without answering. Then, slowly:

"So the Bible is right about the dog and "

"And the cat came back," hummed Hounsley.

Caroline stooped forward, trying to see his face.

"You are going to start drinking again?" she asked.

"I can hardly wait." He stooped to examine his watch. "Five minutes more."

He reached for the bottle, poured the glass full to the brim, and examined the empty bottle before setting it down. Caroline watched him, white, rigid, motionless.

"What's the use of waiting?" said she. "I—I can't stand it."

"All I can do, myself," said Hounsley.

"Then collect your bet. You've won!"

She raised her hand to her throat; then, as Hounsley got up, she let it fall again and lifted her face to his, eyes closed, breath strangled. Hounsley leaned toward her, but she did not flinch.

He stood for a moment looking at her. The moonlight lay on her face and revealed in it a sweet, strong purity less noticeable in the vital day. Her eyes were almost closed, the long, curved lashes masking their gaze. Then, as Hounsley did not move, she murmured:

"Don't you think you've humiliated me almost enough?"

"Too much," said Hounsley. "To tell the truth, I am not conscious of any desire to humiliate you at all. My effort in that direction appears to be balked of its reward. All I want now is the kiss, for its own sake. That was not quite in the wager, was it?"

A ripple ran through Caroline.

"What difference does it make?" she asked. "Have it over with! A bet is a bet and you have won yours."

She moved imperceptibly closer.

"No," said Hounsley slowly; "I'm actually afraid I am going to lose." He glanced at his watch. "There are still two minutes . . . and I don't believe I have the force of will to wait those two minutes for my drink . . . even if it costs me ten thousand dollars which I don't need, and a kiss which I feel the need of more than I am ever apt to feel the need of anything in all my life—the next drink included. But this one I must have—this drink, I mean—and now!"

He turned suddenly and snatched up the glass.

"Here's to your health and future happiness, my dear—your life's happiness—with a better, stronger man than I!"

He raised the glass to his lips; but before it could touch them Caroline's arm flashed out and the glass was sent spinning into the shrubbery.

"Don't!" she cried. "Ah, don't, Hounsley! You've won! You know you've won! You've shown that you had strength and will and the force of desire, and now you are chivalrous and don't wish to humiliate me."

"I never did wish to humiliate you," Hounsley answered. He was standing very

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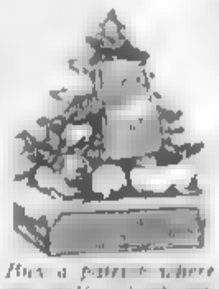

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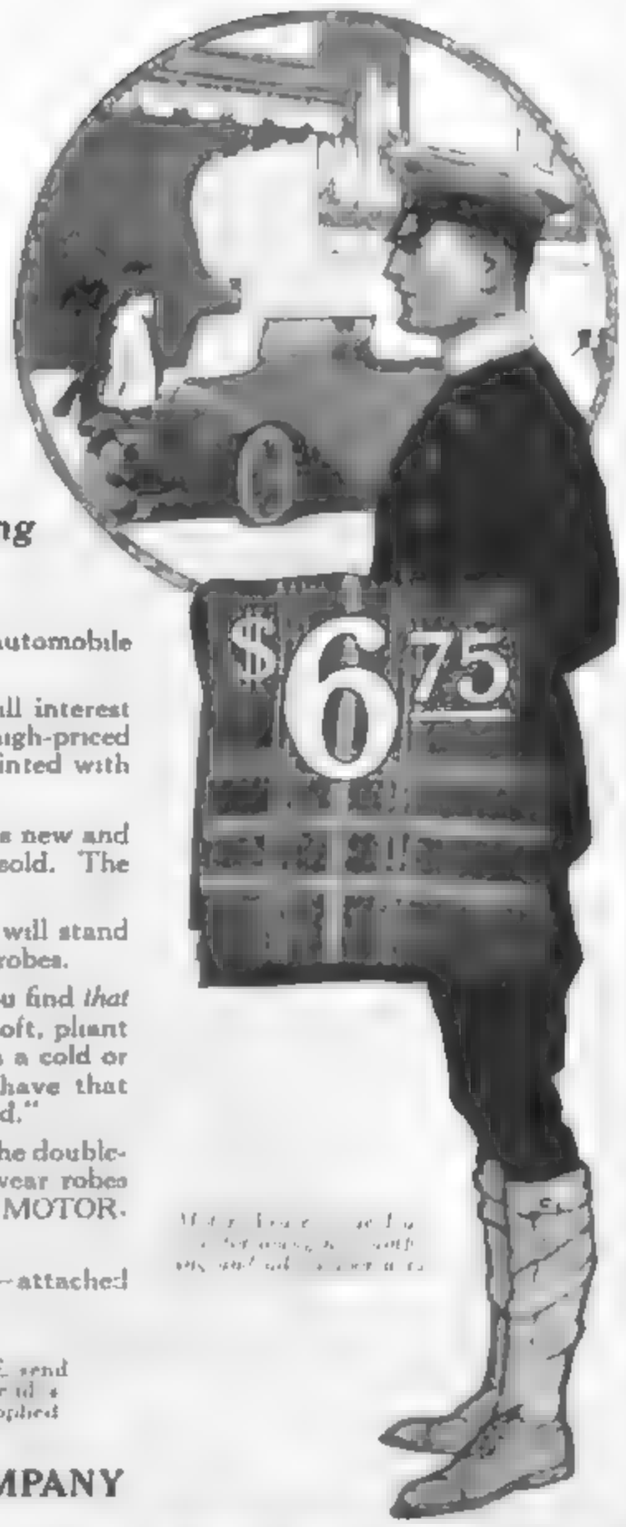

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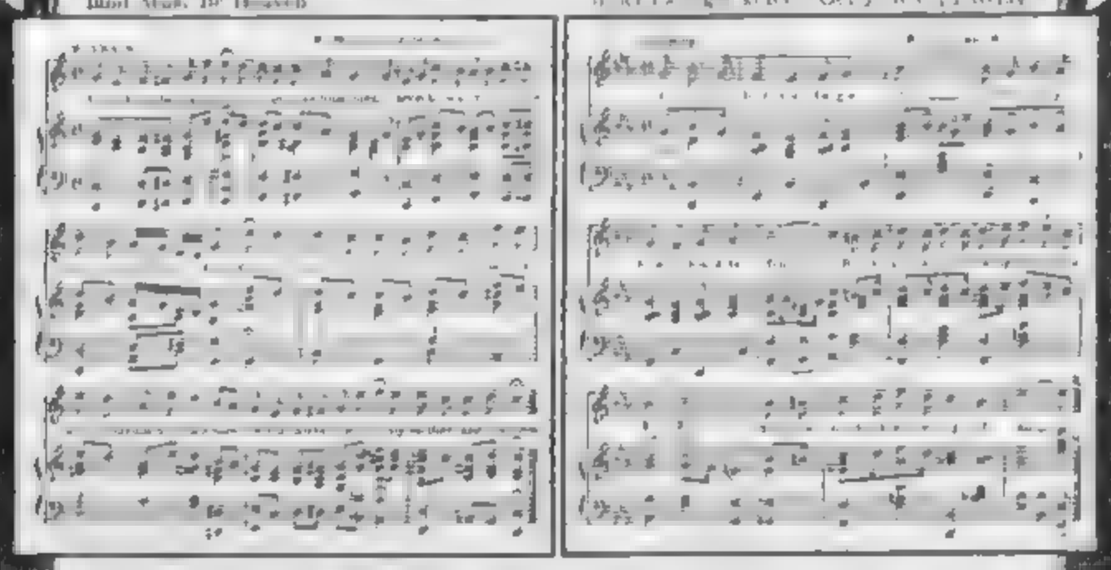
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close to her and Caroline was swaying unsteadily, but he did not offer to touch her. "What I said about wishing to humiliate you was not true. I wanted to kiss you once before stepping out of your life forever. It is perfectly true that I used to get into smoldering rages at times, but my unrighteous wrath was not directed against you—only against the conviction that you were not for me; that I could never have you if I were to live—if we were both to live a thousand years in the same garden. At times I used to feel like killing you."

"Yes, yes!" breathed Caroline, leaning closer. "That was what I felt—only my rage was because you were so maddeningly blind—so wasteful of the—the ——"

"The what? The what?"

"Listen!" Caroline lifted her hand. She raised her face to the moon, and now it glowed in the silvered light instead of shining with corpselike pallor. "Listen!"

From the big cathedral clock in the main hall came the first notes of the Westminster chimes: *Tong*—tong—tong—*tong* ——

"Eleven o'clock, Hounsley!" Caroline's voice was a rapturous murmur; then it fell to a deeper, passionate cadence as she added: "You've won! And, oh, my darling, I am so glad—so glad!"

Her bare white arms flashed up and round his neck.

The good lady who supplied me with the few interesting details from which I have reconstructed this final scene of the drama seemed rather awed at this point of her narration.

It appears that their standing embrace was of such duration that she was beginning to fear they had died in their tracks of sheer rapture and were merely balanced there.

The final, imperative demand of their systems for air enough to oxygenate their blood compelling a change of position reassured her that life was not totally extinct, and she left the window of the darkened reading room with a sense of having spied upon a sacred ritual of the high gods.

THE VICISSITUDES OF VICTOR, OR SHOOT THE PIECE

Continued from Page 9

We had been making a pursuit picture, following a train. I had the camera, without the tripod, in my lap, and was filming a very thrilling picture of the hero sliding down a rope and dropping to the top of the fast-moving cars. There is a tremendous suction in the wake of an express train and the pilot had a fierce time holding his course in the swirling atmosphere. When the idiot who was doubling with the lead for fifty dollars a doub—dropped off the end of the rope, the lessened weight threw the nose of our aëroplane straight up. Something snapped, the pilot lost all control, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were off on the wing and somersaulting toward terra cotta! That's no joke, for we landed in a brickyard. The reason we were not killed was because we were both fairly well upholstered by Nature; but, as it was, the pilot had a broken leg and I was superficially slashed up.

This episode called forth another promise to Mrs. Goodhue from me. I was to leave the company and seek quieter work in a concern that made straight drama; but alackaday! There is no such thing as rest for the wicked camera man.

My first experience with the new company was mild enough; I was sent to San Pedro to do water stuff. The first day for eight long hours I stood in freezing water up to my chin trying to get a bunch of porpoises as they went by. I am not a good seaman, and before I finished that story I had cranked many a foot while I was so seasick I could hardly hold my pins.

It is curious how we learn a sort of subconscious rhythm. Mrs. Goodhue insists that once, in a mild nightmare, I woke her because I was cranking away on my pyjama strings. She watched me for some time and said I was doing a perfect sixteen. Finally she called "Cut!" And I stopped and rolled over. If the tale is true—and I very much doubt it—it shows how the rhythm of the camera gets into our very souls.

The Hair-Pants Story

The picture that pretty nearly pulled my cork was made on this San Pedro trip. I had to go aloft about forty feet, where a sailor lashed me and the camera securely to the mast, and then had to shoot down on the deck while the darned old boat rolled over and back until I thought it would capsize. It was well the action was not immediately below me, for I expressed my physical distress in that direction.

No; I don't care for the sea stuff—the land is more restful. Restful did I say? My next experience was making a Western picture. The hair-pants story is usually very easy, except for the doubles; but, even at that, I had a few adventures that ruffed me up considerably. Once I was making a foreground picture of a plunging horse and rider; and as I had my eye glued close to the focusing hole, trying to get the figures into my field of vision, I suddenly saw, looming up on the ground glass, the belly of a horse, when—crash!—he came down on top of me and the camera. The repairs on the camera cost two hundred dollars. All I got was a broken rib.

While sticking round during the few days my rib was mending I became acquainted with Hank Grant, an ex-cowboy who is now working the camera. The circumstance that changed his vocation was quite as accidental and absurd as mine. Hank hasn't a very lofty opinion of the moving-picture business and he expresses his contempt in the most magnificent language. It is too bad I cannot quote him exactly, but I regret to say that he is most profane—I might even say blasphemous; for he invokes his scorn upon the deities of both places. Here is his story—minus the chili sauce—as he told it to me the day we met:

The Charge of the Light Brigade

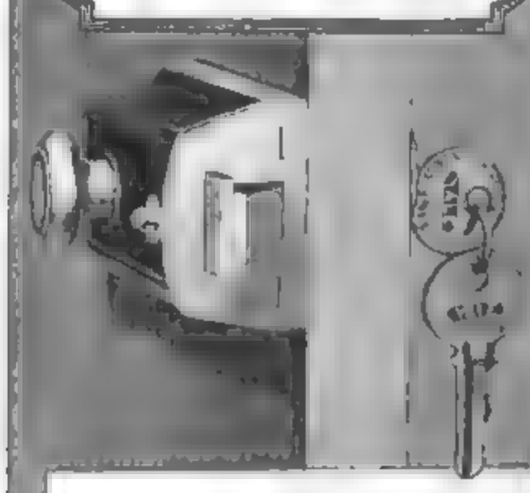
"I was foreman of a ranch in Arizona a few years ago when a movie outfit arrived to make some battle pictures. I furnished them with about four hundred head of horses and riders, and they employed me to do the close-up rough stuff. I trained a few good foreground horses and we made quite a lot of bang-up pictures. Then they decided to do the charge of the Light Brigade. I was cast for Lord Cardigan; so I sends to the library at Phoenix for a book and reads all about it, and I discovered that I was to be the hero of the piece. I thought it darned queer that I never got within thirty feet of the camera. And do you know that when the picture was squirted in Phoenix, and I took a bunch of the boys over to see it, I found that I had been doubling for a Clarence boy from New York, who couldn't have fallen off a hobbyhorse without doughin' up his putty face! The boys sure had the laugh on me. Then I learned that he drew a great big salary while I took all the risks.

"Well, on top o' that, darned if they didn't bribe me to throw up my foreman's job and go with the outfit to Colorado Springs, where, for fifteen dollars a fall, I doubled to save the worthless necks of pie-faced actors in sport shirts and wrist watches! Of course I was making money, else I shouldn't have been so self-sacrificing. But, as more 'n' more of the boys were lured off into the movies, the price of falls went down, until now you can find hundreds of the poor devils who will risk their fool necks for three dollars a day. I saw it comin' and decided to break away from the disgraceful game of imitatin' imitation actors in imitation scenes, and get a man's job.

"First, I aspired to the job of property man; but I soon saw that a cow-waddie didn't have the qualifications to get away with it. In this job a man must be a geologist, botanist, biologist, taxidermist, gunsmith, gasfitter, chemist, office boy, errand boy, and caddie to the director. He must also possess second-sight, have acute hunches, and know the use of the divining rod in order to locate props.

"Imagine asking anybody but a clairvoyant to fill an order like this, and have it on the west stage at nine A. M. to-morrow: A polar bear, four humming birds in cages, a Gothic window, a set of blue-and-yellow peasant porch furniture, the flag of the Swiss Navy, an automobile of 1890, a

YALE



Yale Cylinder Night Latch

Nothing else discourages a burglar so quickly

You won't have to pin faith on any doubtful door lock when you reinforce it with a Yale Night Latch. Millions are giving daily proof of the security and protection they will bring *you*. But you must see the name Yale on the night latch or you won't get the security.

Yale Padlock

A watchman that never sleeps

You won't need a time clock to make certain it is on the job. Faithful and tenacious, it secures and protects everything behind it. Whenever there is use for a padlock there is need of a Yale padlock. And it will have the name Yale on it if it is Yale.

For Sale by Hardware Dealers

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
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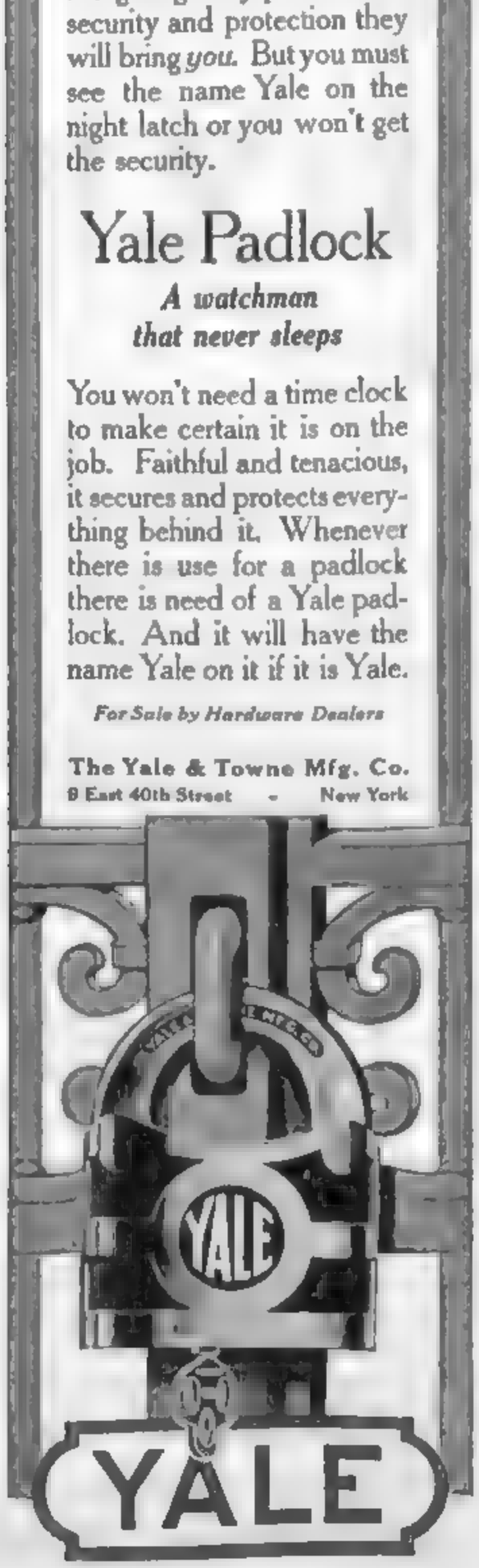

couple of dwarfed Japanese oaks, a bedroom set of Louis XIV, a stuffed alligator, a battered milk can, and a steel engraving of The Crossing Policeman!

"No, I'm no superman; so, with all my might and main I tackled the camera, and we were friends from the start. When I began to crank the picture box my self-respect gradually came back. I simply couldn't act in these here 'Western' pictures, directed by dudes and acted by perfumed Percys. I don't want to look like no Sistine Madonna, and I'm a son of a gun if I'll ever again double with one who does, just to let him be a hero. After taking a few hard bumps on both ends of my axis, it used to get my hump to see how scissors, subtitles and cinematographers had all conspired to force my heroism on the powdered automaton with the grease-paint dimples in his chin.

"Whenever I am filming a Western story and see one of these cow-eyed sissy boys swagger into the picture in a Los Angeles cow outfit, my only regret is that I'm not crankin' a machine gun. Art itself demands a massacre of these innocents. The Eastern cowboys should be made to stick to their lavender teas and cut out our stuff; they are lots more becoming in white panties, hoot-owl glasses and pussycat hats."

Most of the splendor of Hank's contempt for actors came from his constant identification with "Western" pictures. Those red-blooded tales of the plains are a great passion with actors and directors who, as Hank says, "have rain water running through their very coarse veins." But it must be admitted that the cowboys and Indians employed to furnish the rough atmosphere see the joke and begin to laugh as soon as the camera cuts. It is curious that the actors and directors don't ask these rough fellows what they are laughing at; but perhaps they know—and don't care.

Making Actors Polite

The man behind the camera is in a sort of detached point of observation on the whole show, and the antics of the directors and performers are his constant cross or entertainment. The actors furnish most of the fun, and the directors the trouble. It is from the vantage point of the camera that one can observe human vanities in all their wondrous variations; and again, mates, I regret to say the male is "more vainer" than the female. Usually the vanity is in inverse proportion to the actor's importance; or, it may be, the leads only appear more modest because they know they will be full up in the picture. We have very unlovely names for these people. They are known as camera hogs and—dare I say it in a nice paper?—lens lice! But how some of those poor simps love it when they are ordered into a close-up! In their enthusiasm they show horror, fear, pity and love with such unctuous exaggeration that it becomes comic. We call these facial acrobatics "mugging."

Camera men, as a class, are not perfectly mad over actors, as you may have gleaned; but perhaps we are unfair, for they certainly are good to us. Even the director is not subject to more pretty attentions than we camera men who take the pictures. The reason is quaint—you know the camera man can be quite snippy to any actor who gets cheesty beyond an actor's limit; and that's a large latitude. There are so many dear little ways to get even. For instance, we can throw an offender slightly out of focus, or "ring" him, which means keep him out of the center of the picture. We can put him in the shadows or on the edge. Knowing all this, he is a foolish actor who will quarrel with a camera man, for I regret to say we are shamefully human. Another little cross that we pass to him to make his life quite irksome is in giving his make-up thumbs down. The camera man has absolutely final say on the quality of all make-up. If he wishes to be especially disagreeable he can keep the poor actor humping to the make-up room all morning to rectify his tint to conform to the changing light.

I won't say much about directors, for theirs is a job for which I have aspirations. But this I will say—there is one point of serious conflict between the director and the camera man that has a great bearing on the quality of the picture. The camera man, being entirely responsible for the photography, will often hesitate and even refuse to shoot when the light has grown bad;

(Concluded on Page 42)

He Reigns

Over Millions of Tables, Almost from Pole to Pole

This Quaker figure denotes a rare grade of oat-food, which dominates all the world over.

Even in the home of Scotch oats.

In some distant places this brand is expensive. Other oat foods may cost half. But if connoisseurs live there they send here to get it.

With true oat lovers, nothing can take its place.

Your nearest store has these same luscious oat flakes. You have only to ask to get them. And they cost you no extra price.

Are you serving an oat food less fragrant and flavory—a far less inviting dish?

If so, don't you think you should change?

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The Luxury Vim-Flakes

The extra quality of Quaker Oats is due to the following fact:

This brand is flaked from queen oats only—just the big, plump grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. No puny, starved oats, insipid in flavor, ever go into Quaker.

So that wonderful flavor which Nature gives oats is here in supreme degree. And this well-loved vim-food—the world's premier breakfast—is found at its best in this dish.

Serve it tomorrow morning.

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A $2.50 Aluminum Cooker

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send $1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to United States and Canada. We supply only one cooker to a family.

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with added attractions

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

New Body, roomier; wider doors; softer and deeper cushions; body lines after latest mode; new and beautiful finish of lasting lustre.

12" Brakes.

41½" Full cantilever type rear spring.

2" crank shaft and other detailed improvements in motor, insuring an even greater smoothness and flexibility than heretofore. Only motors in highest-priced cars can be compared with Saxon motor in all-around efficiency.

Tilted Windshield which eliminates all glare.

New style top with Grecian rear bow.

New style fender.

Instruments mounted in a plate on cowl dash.

Chrome vanadium valve springs.

New design of carburetor which gives greater efficiency and easier starting.

NEARLY everybody now knows the tremendous success Saxon "Six" has won.

Nearly everybody knows that Saxon "Six" is the finest car for less than $1,000.

Owners, of course, were first to find out this superiority. But it did not long remain merely a matter of owner knowledge.

For from them, thousands of them all over this country, came reports of its speed, its smoothness, its power, its acceleration.

They spoke frequently of its extraordinary gasoline economy, its unusual freedom from need of repair service, its superlative strength and stability.

And these reports coming day after day, growing constantly, have gradually molded and welded these individual beliefs into a common public belief that Saxon "Six" is the best car in its class.

Then as if to substantiate and confirm the superiority shown in private use, Saxon "Six" began to show its superiority in public competition.

It won a noted hill climb in the East against many higher priced cars.

It defeated by fifteen minutes over a 500-mile course a train which is the pride of the West.

It thrice vanquished costlier rivals in speed, acceleration, and in hill climbing at the San Diego Exposition.

It exhibited acceleration from standing start to 45 miles per hour in 23.6 seconds.

206 stock model Saxon "Sixes" traveled 61,800 miles and averaged 23.5 miles per gallon of gasoline. Each car ran 300 miles without stopping the motor.

38 stock model Saxon "Sixes" raced in relays from coast to coast in 6 days, 18 hours and 10 minutes. This is the record automobile time between New York and San Francisco.

So when you come to seek the reason for the overwhelming success of Saxon "Six" you will find it, most likely, in this matchless ability to perform.

If you should search still further you will find a two-fold answer.

First, that Saxon "Six" at the outset was built right, that the principles of its construction were correctly evolved and accurately carried to completion.

Second, that Saxon "Six" since the outset has been passing through a continuous condition of development and refinement.

So at this time, beyond those features you know, you will find many added attractions.

For instance, the new body is roomier; more comfortable; and has wider doors, making entrance and exit easy and convenient; softer and deeper cushions; and its lines are after the latest mode.

Real hair of expensive quality is used in the upholstery. The color scheme is new—the entire car is now finished in the same color.

There are 12" brakes. These make for greater strength and added safety. They give a further margin of protection in event of emergency.

Then the rear spring has been made 41½" long, full cantilever type. That is far longer than most rear springs in cars of like price.

And every added inch means just so much more riding smoothness—just so much more discomfort taken from rough roads—just so much more luxury added to good roads.

The crankshaft is now a full 2", and this has materially increased the smoothness and quietness of the power-flow. Other detailed improvements in the motor have brought Saxon "Six" motor to a point where it fairly rivals in efficiency the motors in the highest priced cars.

The windshield is of the new-day tilted type which eliminates all glare.

The top is of a new style with Grecian rear bow. The fenders, too, are of the new design.

Note that now the instruments are mounted on a plate on the cowl dash.

Observe the valve springs, they are now made of finest chrome vanadium steel. And finally, the carburetor is of a new design that gives greater efficiency and easier starting.

Over 2,000 dealers now have this wonderful car for delivery. The list of those who will want this car immediately, who will be satisfied with no other, is long.

Those who order first will receive preference in delivery. So we urge you to see this car at your nearest dealer's at once.

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with many new features

NEW FEATURES

New style body; bigger, roomier and more completely comfortable.

Electric starter and lighting—two unit system by Wagner. There's none better to be had.

Demountable rims with 30"x3" Goodyear tires.

New style top with Grecian rear bow.

Electric Horn.

Tire Carrier.

Speedometer, standard equipment.

New design of carburetor which gives greater efficiency and easier starting.

PRICE, $495, F. O. B. DETROIT.

ORPORATION, DETROIT

SAXON Roadster is now a complete and finished automobile to the very last detail. No car at any price carries more conveniences.

It has now one of the finest and most efficient two-unit starting and lighting systems that can be purchased. No other car at any price has a better starting and lighting system.

Think what this means in time and trouble saved when you want to start.

Who wants to waste time and risk an arm cranking an automobile motor? An automobile without a starting and lighting system is now as out-of-date as ox carts were before motor cars were invented.

In the Saxon you simply press a button with your foot and your motor goes humming away.

Saxon Roadster has now demountable rims with 30" x 3" tires. Here again is the Saxon Roadster owner saved time and trouble. For in case of accident to the tires the demountable rims make tire changing an easy and speedy operation.

These larger tires mean also a higher-standing car, more road clearance, much greater riding comfort and longer tire life. Tire troubles will be nil to Saxon owners, for this car, we believe, has a higher proportion of tire surface to car weight than any other car on the market.

It has a new style body of greater beauty and added grace. And a new style top with Grecian rear bow.

It has an electric horn. It has a tire carrier at the rear. And as a part of regular equipment it has a speedometer.

The carburetor is of a new and unusually efficient design. This makes for more nearly perfect performance and easier starting.

It is the only roadster at like price which has a three-speed transmission.

It also has Timken axles. No better can be bought. It has Hyatt quiet bearings throughout the chassis.

Then there's the Saxon high-speed motor of remarkable power, speed, smoothness, flexibility and ability to cool under all conditions.

And there's the ventilating windshield, the long vanadium steel cantilever springs, adjustable pedals, and 15 other refinements.

In every particular of maintenance Saxon Roadster is unusually economical.

Under average conditions it gets 30 miles of easy going from each gallon of gasoline.

A single pint of oil will last for 125 miles.

And a trifling sum covers the cost of repairs over quite a long period.

From the standpoint of performance, of operative economy, or of feature attractions, Saxon Roadster can fairly be called the greatest automobile value in the world.

Cast your mind's eye back nearly three years. Recall the situation among two-passenger cars. There were none, remember, of really fine quality save those of high price.

Then came Saxon Roadster, designed to be good, to give the longest life, the greatest number of miles of satisfactory service at the lowest cost.

Furthermore, and this is noteworthy, it was built to be beautiful in body lines so that it might rank even in this point with its costlier competitors.

Saxon Roadster was built because of a need for a real automobile, carrying two passengers, that would cost little to buy and little to maintain.

It met that need and satisfied it so successfully that it became a car of national prominence within the week of its birth.

Despite the lowness of the price, fine materials were used in its construction. The best engineering ability devised each new development it adopted.

Pursuant to the policy decided at the start, to keep constantly improving and refining Saxon Roadster, this car has gone through phase after phase of gradual improvement, passing from one to the other without a break in production.

Each added refinement has served to increase the already wide margin of value by which Saxon Roadster leads its class.

Since the first Saxon Roadster went into road service the demand has been increasing rapidly.

There are many thousands of people who know the greater value of Saxon Roadster and will not be content with less. These have waited eagerly for this announcement.

Remember this: No car in the world, at so low a price, will give you all the features you find in Saxon Roadster—the only absolutely complete automobile ever sold at less than $500. (511)

The BATTERY Does the Pulling

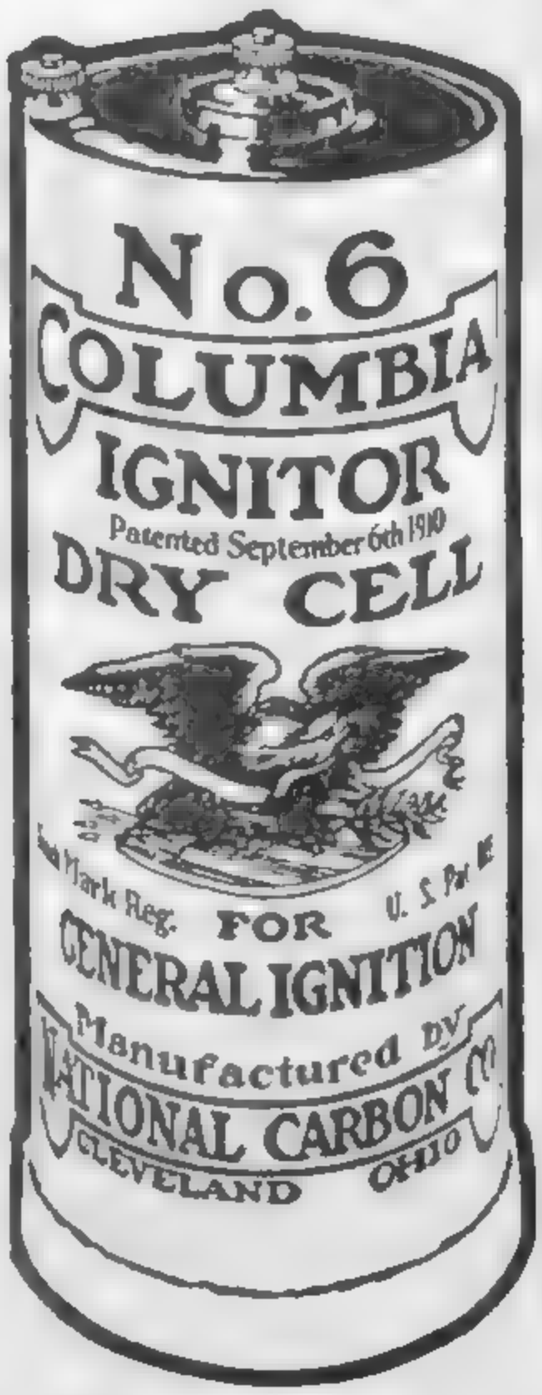
The tractor pulls the load; but the battery pulls the tractor! For silent, steady strength in every service — choose COLUMBIA Batteries, *and accept no other.* They're full of sizzling energy. Their power is poured hot into the engine. They're the faithful, ready *servants* of auto, motorboat, telephone; of buzzers, bells and signals. *Wherever* a battery's wanted—insist on COLUMBIAS. We've spent 27 years in learning to make them what they are.

Patented Fahnestock Spring-Clip Binding Posts when desired. Same price as old-style binding posts.

This signature on every Columbia:

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, 265 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ont



Columbia Batteries

(Concluded from Page 39)

whereas the director, wishing to get all the footage possible, will often order a picture made when the camera man knows that the result will not be good. This is especially true at those studios that have installed the bonus system. At these places so-called efficiency departments are in vogue, and they figure down to a cent what a picture ought to cost.

Let us say that twenty thousand dollars is the figure allowed, and that for all saved on this price the director is given a certain bonus. It thus becomes financially advantageous for the director to get footage at all costs, and he orders the camera to shoot in almost any light. The scheme may save on the cost of production, but it is the death of art, and few camera men like to work under these conditions; in fact, so interested are camera men in a good picture that it becomes their only consideration. Not a few of the girl leads owe their success to the men at the crank; for if they have good photographic faces we instinctively give them as much prominence as possible.

It is queer there are not more women directors, for they beat the men in many ways, especially in plays of quiet and subtle action. In the violent stuff they often become rattled. I was filming a Western scene for a woman director once when a bad accident occurred right out in front of us. A horse plunged, fell, and rolled onto the rider and was crushing him painfully. The idea which possessed the feminine mind of the director at that moment was not to stop the horse, but the camera. She thought by doing so she was ending the action! So she turned to me and cried hysterically: "Cut, Fred! Cut! Can't you see he is being hurt?"

It is the function of the camera man to keep cranking a scene until ordered to stop, and sometimes not then if in his judgment he is going to miss something. In a Western story, where the lead suffered an accident that put him in the hospital for a month, the director ordered the camera to cut, but the operator thought he'd take a few feet of the accident just on a chance. When the actor was struck by the plunging horse his head was badly cut, and he fell forward on his face, as though dead. All rushed to pick him up and he was carried away in an unconscious condition. When it was found that he would recover the director decided to change the story in order to use the wonderful realism of the accident the camera man had secured; so, in the story, the hero was killed.

Quick Wit Makes Great Pictures

Another incident that showed the quick wit of three men and made a wonderful scene happened up in the San Marcos Pass only a month ago. A man in a light buggy was pursued by a sheriff on horseback. Coming at full speed straight down the mountain road toward the camera, the man in the buggy was to be shot and fall out upon the road close in the foreground, while the team dashed on. Curiously enough, when about twenty-five feet away, the buggy struck a rock and threw the driver out upon his head. Projected on the screen, it would look as if he had been killed by accident rather than by gunshot, which was not the point of the story. The director, thinking the scene was spoiled, and fearing that the driver might have been hurt, started to run to his assistance, when the camera man, thinking more quickly, bawled him out so scandalously that, almost out of sheer fright, he ducked behind a rock.

The sheriff also had his wits, for he knew that this man must be shot and not accidentally killed. So, when he saw his victim rising on his knees after his fall, he ignored entirely the unforeseen action that had taken place, took aim and fired. The injured driver had thought, of course, the scene was killed; but, hearing the shot, his wits told him it was his cue, and he plunged forward again as though in death. The camera man, in turn, when he had filmed the accident, pammed—the outrageous word "pam" means panorama—immediately to the sheriff in the hope that he would shoot. He did, and this made it necessary to "pam" quickly back to get the driver's fall. The driver, watching out of the corner of his eye, gave the camera man time to "pam" before plunging down. Needless to say, it was one of the best and most convincing pictures ever made; but it would have been lost had any of the three men been less alert.

Another incident of this kind shows the triumph of a man's art over his sense of chivalry, and it cost him a great sentimental loss. This camera man was in love with the girl who played second lead in the company and everybody on the lot considered them engaged. One day they were doing a bridge picture, and the girl, in heavy riding clothes, slipped and fell into the river. What's more, she went straight under. Two of the fellows dived in and succeeded in bringing her to the surface. The poor, frightened camera fellow was so placed that he couldn't possibly have reached her; but when he saw that they were bringing her up he began to crank the camera, for he thought she would be pleased to have a picture of herself rescued from actual drowning—which shows that he was a poor guesser. The girl was furious at his heartlessness and hasn't spoken to him since. The thoughtless suitor is now the most sullen grouch on the lot.

The Lion Made Him Nervous

It used to be that the wild-animal stuff had much excitement for the camera man, but that was before we were the fellows in the cage while the jungle denizens took to the stage. I know one chap, however, who holds the most violent opinions regarding animal pictures, as he made one on account of which he has not yet regained his nerve. It was in the early days when working with the "cats" was new, and this is the story as he told it at the Static Club:

"I was a bit nervous to start with, for I have never had any use for the cats, but success meant a lot for the studio; so, when I was told to crank, no matter what happened, I decided to keep a-goin' if the darned lion ate up the whole cast. There was a couple of bum actors I'd 'a' liked to 'a' seen disappearin' headforemost into the brisket of the king of beasts; but—well! Who do you suppose the son of a gun picked out for lunch? Me—gol ding it! Me! He even passed up chickens, both kinds, for me! I s'pose he didn't like my looks or the sound of the camera; but, in any event, when the scene started he perked up his ears and lowered his head, and though I was quite a way off I seemed to be the only thing in the scenery that interested him.

"First, he just squatted down on his haunches and stared at me. I began to get a little white behind the gills, but I kept my nerve. Then, rising slowly and snoopily, with his head almost on the ground, that beast let out a howl which sent my blood just thirty-two below in one second. Then he started for me in great bounds. Everybody, especially the women, screamed like they was being et alive; and the director, about ten feet behind me, was bellowing through two megaphones: 'Stick to it, Bill! Don't quit for anything! We'll get him! We'll get him!' I knew, of course, that they had a couple of sharpshooters stationed behind me; but, to tell the truth, I didn't have much confidence in their ability to hit a running target, and I figured, if they didn't fire pretty darned quick, it would be squash, blub-blub for your little Willie.

"That last ten feet I cranked while I was sound asleep, I guess. I was sayin' a prayer to every turn of the handle and just looking straight ahead into a sort of growing haze. The director, being a good sport, wanted to get the lion as close up as possible before ordering the boys to shoot. It's easy to be a good sport with another fellow's shape. Well, all I remember is the two shots, and then a lot of people trying to untangle a dead lion, a camera and a jackass. When it was all over they began to make a hero of me; but I ended that bunk right quick by telling them that the reason I didn't move was because I couldn't, and that God must have been cranking the camera.

"Never again! I'll go up or down on anything, and take any human chance; but if I have to turn a handle while a hippopotamus starts to eat my foot off, the public will have to go without the picture."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles about the camera man and his work.

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Full back, large sleeves with roomy armholes. Highland Heather fabric; rain-proof

If you want an overcoat with smart dash of up-to-the-minute style, buy the Rosenwald & Weil "Highland Heather."

The unique rainproof weave of the fabric is a big point in its favor.

Makers of good overcoats, raincoats, trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel.

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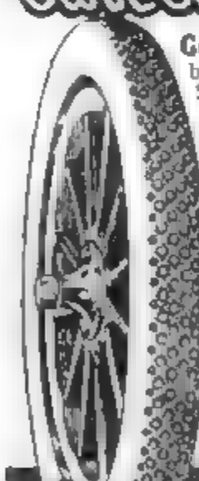

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Indian Arrowheads

Quite a Lot About Them

PROBABLY almost every American boy and not a few American men at one time or another will have picked up an Indian arrowhead and preserved it as a bit of treasure-trove of more or less interest and curiosity. Perhaps this interest would be greater if men and boys knew where to learn more about these discards of an earlier day. As a matter of fact, many interesting books have been written about Indian arrowheads. The Government of the United States has spent many thousands of dollars in studying them.

To be exact, there are—or were before the publication of this article—fifty-four hundred and fifty persons in the United States who take a definite and specialized interest in Indian arrowheads. Of these nearly five hundred are skilled collectors or scientists. There are something like five thousand amateurs who study the matter more or less. There are forty-five hundred collections of Indian arrowheads in our country, each running from fifty to twenty-five thousand in the number of its specimens. There are more than four hundred museum collections, numbering over four thousand specimens each. In private collections there are more than two million arrowheads and other articles manufactured in the Stone Age.

Wherefore it may be seen that there is a sort of human interest about these odds and ends of forgotten days; and, as we may count nothing human alien to ourselves, we may perhaps find pleasure in going into the history of the Indian arrowhead somewhat definitely and extensively. As a large part of one's scientific information on this topic must be gained from the printed page, it is proper to acknowledge the writer's debt to Mr. Warren K. Moorehead, the author of two books, one entitled The Stone Age and the other Prehistoric Implements. To more than one man these pages will be as interesting as those of any fiction.

Finding Arrowheads

I learned of these books, and learned a great deal about arrowheads as well, through a chance meeting in a fishing-tackle store with a man who is a practical shark on the whole subject—Mr. C. B. Willey, of Chicago. One thing leading to another, I visited Mr. Willey's house and found that he had more arrowheads than I thought existed in all the world, and more beautiful than I thought any product of the Stone Age could possibly be—so large and beautiful a collection that the insurance carried on it is something over three thousand dollars. And yet this is only one of very many amateur collections in all parts of the country. More than one private collection is worth over fifty thousand dollars.

The flint arrowhead of the aboriginal red man of this continent had the quality of being practically indestructible. The clothing, the leatherwork and the woodwork of the ancient tribes perished utterly, but their work in stone has remained. Perhaps you have found a specimen or so in grandpa's woodlot in your own time. Perhaps you know some country store that has a windowful of arrowheads. Perhaps you know some boy who has a store-box full of them. Perhaps you may have learned that they are, in a way, an object of modern commerce, the rough value to the farmer boy who picks up one of them being about twenty-five cents, though many of them are worth far more than that.

Some men are natural collectors of arrowheads at first hand. There is a curious difference in what may be called the circumstantial observation of different individuals. Some persons never find a four-leaved clover. I know a lady who can pick them almost at will from any clover field. In the same way some men never see an arrowhead. My Chicago friend tells me that he now sees them almost wherever he goes. His own favorite hunting ground is in Lake County, Illinois; and almost every spring, when the farmers begin to plow in that part of the world, he may be seen following the plow, along with the blackbirds. The latter hunt for worms, but he hunts for arrowheads. Sometimes he sees one with jus. a

(Continued on Page 46)

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Look Like New At 14,000 Miles

We have used Goodyear Cord Tires on our 8-cylinder demonstrator for the past year and I have been keeping track of mileage for the past 12,000 miles. The original tires are still on and look good for at least four to six thousand miles more.

We have a customer who has run his Goodyear Cords 14,000 miles, and they look like new.

APPERSON MOTOR CAR CO.,
Los Angeles.

15,000 Miles and Still Good

We have driven one of our demonstrating cars 15,000 miles on the four original Goodyear Cord Tires. These tires all look as though they were good for at least 5,000 more miles. Our owners are reporting almost unbelievable mileage on Goodyear Cords

A. G. PERRETT,
Sales Manager, Gilbert B. Perkins,
Brooklyn, New York.

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A Season With No Tire Changes

The Goodyear Cord Tire is standard equipment on Packard Twin Six cars, and the record made this season is little short of marvelous. We do not know of a tire that has had to be changed all season. Our demonstrator has run over 6,000 miles; we haven't made a tire change yet, and the tires look good for many miles more.

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19,000 Miles Without a Puncture

We feel perfectly safe in guaranteeing, on our own account, to any of our Franklin purchasers, not less than 7,500 miles service, because we have had it proven to us time and time again, that Goodyear Cord Tires can do from nine to fifteen thousand miles, under almost any condition.

We have a car now, that has the original tires on the front wheels, and they have never been taken off even for a puncture—in 19,000 miles.

A. W. CHILD, S. C. Lowe Supply Co.,
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Easy Riding

Added Life Makes a Different Car

I purchased a set of six Goodyear Cord Tires May 1, 1915. These tires have been in continuous use and show about 15,000 miles

During this entire time I have not been delayed on the road more than two or three times on account of punctures, and have practically forgotten that I have tires on the car. The added life makes almost a different car out of it. From the appearance of these tires, I feel that I will get five or six thousand additional miles out of them.

THOS. J. HAY, Chicago, Ill.

Easy Riding; Less Gasoline

A set of Goodyear Cord Tires now has gone almost 11,000 miles and looks to be good for at least 2,000 more miles. Only one tire has been off the rim, that for a puncture.

The car rides much easier and its gasoline consumption is lower.

V. A. CHARLES, Charles Motor Co.,
Boston, U. S. A.

Enthusiastic Over Easier Riding

We equipped one of our Lexington Thoroughbred Sixes with Goodyear Cord Tires August 1, 1915. We have just received a letter from the owner, stating that he has made a trip from Western Kansas to California and return; also to Texas and return, and still has the original air that he had when he left Kansas City. The mileage totals 12,000 and some odd miles. We think this is wonderful considering the weight of our car

Our customer is very enthusiastic over this tire equipment on account of the increased riding luxury.

J. DEWEY, President,
The Lexington-Kansas City Co.,
Kansas City, Mo.

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Most Serviceable Tire Found in Nine Years

We have a set of Goodyear Cord Tires on one of our individual cars here, that up to the present time has run 13,779 miles. In our nine years of tire experience, we find that the Goodyear Cord is the most serviceable tire we have ever had.

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Goodyear Cords Help Sell the Car

Goodyear Cord Tires were used on a seven-passenger National car which weighed 4,080 pounds, demonstrating over all kinds of roads, for 7,820 miles. At that point, we sold this car. The tires were in such good condition as to help us to get a very good price for the car.

A. T. HART, A. T. Hart Company,
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THE *strength, safety* and *sturdy service* of Goodyear No-Hook Cord Tires are made possible by these unique advantages:

Blow-outs from stone bruises are combated by the great strength and the flexibility of Goodyear Cord construction.

Loose Treads are diminished by our On-Air Cure.

Rim Cutting is ended and sidewall breaks are lessened by our No-Rim-Cut feature.

Punctures and skidding are reduced by our Double-Thick All-Weather and Ribbed Treads. Blowing off the rim is prevented by our Braided Piano Wire Base.

They are easy to put on and take off because they do not rust fast to the rim.

Goodyear Cord Tires are standard equipment on the Franklin, the Packard Twin Six, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, the Haynes Twelve, the Stutz and the McFarlan. Also the Milburn Electric, the Detroit Electric and the Baker R & L Cars.

Made in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, with the famous Goodyear All Weather and Ribbed Treads; for gasoline and electric cars.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and Tire Saver Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES

SINCE we started to cook Spaghetti in the Heinz kitchens four years ago the demand for Heinz Spaghetti has increased with such rapidity that it has become a great national dish.

Every family that once tries it will surely make it a regular dish. Ready-cooked, with the delicious Heinz tomato sauce and cheese, it makes an appeal to everyone's appetite. Wholesome, nutritious.

It is to be found in every grocery store.

HEINZ Spaghetti

comes to you ready-cooked with Tomato Sauce and Cheese

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

(Continued from Page 43

portion of the edge exposed and pounces upon it with the certainty of success. He says he has seen them in the field when he was leaning over the fence and looking carelessly at the ground. It is a habit that, without doubt, can be cultivated.

In the earlier times of the settlement of America these works of the past were found in greater numbers. Sometimes a farmer would find quite a lot in one place, and then he would say that there must have been an Indian battleground there. It was perhaps more likely that there had been an Indian factory there, or at least an Indian encampment. Some say that, either through superstition or laziness, the Indian never followed an arrow that had missed its mark. Of course he might lose certain other arrows, or arrowheads, in the usual course of domestic life or in travel. Thus these little objects became scattered over an immense extent of country—indeed, in every state and territory of the Union. But when they were found in extremely large numbers the chances are that it was in the neighborhood of some place where they were made or handled in extremely large numbers. It was rare that in tribal battles large bodies of warriors ever met.

In a general way we may have supposed that all the Indian had to do to make an arrowhead was to pick up a piece of rock and knock it into shape by means of another rock. This was not always the case. To be sure, sometimes he found his material in flint nodules, or in the detritus at the foot of some large hillslope—flint, chert, chalcedony, jasper, quartz, argillite, and so on, being found widely scattered, and sometimes in small amounts. None the less, there were certain points where these and other materials were found in great abundance; and these well-determined localities may be called the sites of the aboriginal munition factories.

Indian Munition Factories

Some of the most important of these were: Flint Ridge, Licking County, Ohio; the jasper quarries of the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers; and the flint quarries of Indiana, Iowa, Missouri and Illinois. Union County, Illinois, once furnished large amounts of raw material to the Indian workers. Near Coshocton, Ohio, there was an abundance; also near Allentown, Pennsylvania. The obsidian cliffs of Yellowstone Park furnished, in the opinion of some scientists, a considerable amount of arrowhead material. The author above referred to speaks of having found arrowheads in Ohio, twenty-five hundred miles east of Yellowstone Park, which undoubtedly were made of material found in that part of the Rocky Mountains thousands of years ago. To my own mind this seems somewhat doubtful. I question whether the Ohio Indians traded as far West as the Rockies, though a friend tells me of an obsidian head found near Momence, Illinois.

Certainly there were large workings in southwestern New Mexico. Distinct quarries existed at Piney Branch, District of Columbia, and at Little River, Tennessee. In Wyoming and California there were points of supply, and the Willamette Valley, of Oregon, has been one of the richest fields known to the collector. The arrowheads from this last mentioned part of the country are very beautiful, often made of carnelian or other agates, and of beautiful colors—amber, red, and so on, as well as pure white and pure black.

The glassy obsidian was a favorite material of the savages. Of course you have read of the obsidian sacrificial knife used by the Aztec priests in opening the bodies of their victims. Do you know of any such knife? Well, one was recently given to the Chicago collection above mentioned. A friend paid all of fifteen cents for it, getting it from a laborer engaged on some of the old temple excavations near Mexico City. A treasure indeed!

Of course these more important centers are only those that have been most widely observed and commented upon by scientific observers. No doubt there were many other supply points where large numbers of arrowheads were made, and where extensive workings of old flint beds existed. Yet it was by no means always the case that a large supply of arrowheads could be traced to a source of material close at hand; sometimes they came from great distances. Unquestionably the old factories were rather few in number, and their product was to a certain extent a matter of commerce and trade, just as was the red pipestone material of the single quarry out in Minnesota a product known from one end of this continent almost to the other; for the Rio Grande Comanches certainly traded for red pipestone with the Plains tribes living farther north.

It was not always—but sometimes—the case that the finished product was traded in or transported over great distances. I recall once having seen in the Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago, several boxes full of dark, roughly-shaped flint flakes almost as large as my hand. I did not at the time know that these are what is called turtlebacks, or roughly-shaped pieces of flint as they came from the mine before final manufacture. Later I learned that this very collection I had seen was one of the most famous of the country. It came from Mound Number Twenty-two of the Hopewell Group, of Ohio, and from this mound there were taken seventy-five hundred and thirty-two flint disks about six inches in diameter and half an inch thick. Previous to this, in 1845, six hundred other disks had been taken out; so that the grand total of this one mound is figured at about eighty-five hundred. This was simply a storage of raw material. Where did it come from?

How to Make an Arrowhead

Curiously enough, Mr. Moorehead is of the belief that the quarry from which these disks originally came was located on Little River, Tennessee. Hence, all these disks must have been taken in canoes down Little River to the Cumberland, down the Cumberland to the Ohio, up the Ohio to the Scioto, and thence to the north fork of Paint Creek—a distance by water of seven or eight hundred miles. If they were not carried in this way the entire eighty-five hundred disks must have been carried overland on the backs of Indians from northwest Tennessee to central Ohio. From this it may be observed that arrowheads and the material of which they were made were objects of a very considerable commerce in the early days. In the same way we may regard the central depots of manufacture as a sort of government institution.

In each of these greater factories there was a division of labor. Some makers of arrowheads were more skillful than others. Other men supplied the cruder forms of labor. There had to be not only a factory but a mine for the procuring of the material. In short, the making of arrowheads was an industry in its time far surpassing in proportionate extent of output all the munition factories of this day! Their work was more important, too, than that of the greatest arms company of to-day. We make ammunition now to destroy human life. The Indian factories made it to preserve human life—without his flint arrowhead the Indian could not have lived—and all his development of this implement, and the manufacture of it, was based upon the one great law of necessity.

It is more or less customary to describe the process of making an arrowhead as one of the lost arts. Not all of us can take a piece of flint and make an arrowhead of it. The trick is easy, however, when you know how. I recall that some time ago a considerable reputation was achieved by a man who lived out among the Pueblo Indians and who announced, with an extensive flourish, that he had discovered the lost art of making Indian arrowheads. There are many men to-day who can make Indian arrowheads—perhaps not quite so well as the old-time manufacturers, but, nevertheless, after a fashion. One man is Mr. H. W. Fay, of De Kalb, Illinois, and what he says about the matter is very interesting:

"I am very glad to tell what I know about arrow making. I have made a study of it for thirty years and have become so expert that I can make a very creditable head from glass or obsidian. The same principle applies to flint, agate, chalcedony, or any of the other stones that break with conchoidal fracture, but they are tougher and it requires more fracture to work that material.

"A study of the subject will require a knowledge of the different materials, as flakes and chips. The flake is the raw material. The artists of the Stone Age learned that a conchoidal fracture was governed by two well-defined principles. If the surface was flat the fractures would be of the same general shape, but would be larger if the fracture was made deeper at the top. This is

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seen along the crack of a plate-glass window which is so situated that the wind will cause it to vibrate. Along both edges of the break across the window will be little fractures, varying in size from that of a pinhead to the size of your little-finger nail. The nearer the center of the glass the tops of the fractures are, the larger will be the chip; and the shallower the start, the scanter the chip. All will be practically of the same shape.

"The arrow makers soon learned another principle of the business; and that is, if you make a fracture from the corner, as of a brick, you are liable to get a flake much longer than it is wide. Consequently if you see a flake that is longer than it is wide you may be sure there is a ridge on one side.

"Contrary to the general belief, the flakes are usually broken from a very large stone. A large flake must come from a large stone. There are quarries in various parts of the country where the flakes have been made by the million. There were probably expert flake breakers who made a practice of working at the quarries and sometimes sending these flakes a long distance. There are chert quarries in Union County, Illinois, where there are carloads of broken discards. It seems probable that the flakes were brought to northern Illinois and made into arrows at the various camps. I can find chips by the million in Dekalb County, but no quarries. Occasionally I have found a point made from native stone.

"In making an arrow from flake the same laws are always observed and followed. The flaking or chipping of this raw material is done by pressure. I made the ones I showed you by pressing with an ordinary wire nail. The heating and dropping of water is a part of Indian fables or stories."

A Tip From Captain John Smith

As made by the savage workman, the flint-headed arrow was something of a projectile. A buffalo skull has been found with the frontal bone pierced entirely by a stone-headed arrow. More than one human skull has been found showing a flint arrowhead driven entirely through the wall of the skull. Countless bones of human beings and of large animals are shown with the stone points embedded in them. Of course, when the Indian was able to make his arrowheads of iron his weapons became still more deadly.

I used to talk with old Hugh Monroe, a Piegan half-breed, of Montana, and he declared that he once killed a grizzly bear with his bow and arrow while he himself, on horseback, was pursued by the bear. That I should call something of a sporting feat! The old-time Indian left the grizzly bear alone, no doubt; but it is equally true that with his flint-headed arrows he killed almost all other species of the great game of this continent. It stood to reason, therefore, that he must have had a certain definite skill in making these weapons, so useful and so needful in making his living. How, then, did he make an arrowhead?

No less a person than Captain John Smith, of Virginia, gives us a tip in regard to this. He mentioned an Indian who carried with him "a pouch filled with flakes of precious stones and, within his mantle, in a pocket made for the purpose, a simple instrument made of bone or horn, which he valued above all price and would not part with, and with which he deftly shaped arrowheads or spearheads from or out of the stone flakes."

That ancient story of the unknown implement of bone is the whole story of the making of an arrowhead. My friend in Chicago showed me a piece of deerhorn, roughly shaped so that it fitted into the palm of the hand, the entire tool being only a few inches in length, and the point not much larger than the diameter of a lead pencil.

"This is all there is about it," said he. "The flakes were simply pressed off from the disk. I have made several arrowheads myself with this tool, which I got from California. It is more valuable for its purpose than the hardest steel would be; more valuable than any tool tipped with diamonds. The horn or bone was buried in ashes or clay to take the grease out of it. The point does not slip on the rock, but holds and clings; and a sharp pressure does the rest."

It is easily seen that we know far more about making Indian arrowheads to-day than our fathers or grandfathers did, or theirs before them, even back to Captain John Smith, of Virginia. A classic source

(Concluded on Page 50)

are *all* simply fine, whether it's Takhoma Biscuit (the Sunshine Soda) or Hydrox or Clover Leaves—exquisite dessert confections with fillings of delightfully flavored cream.

Try Clover Leaves with desserts of all kinds always appropriate, always enjoyed. At your dealer's you'll find the Sunshine Biscuits in a wide variety of delicious flavors.

Send 10 cents (coin or stamps) and your dealer's name for the Sunshine Revelation Box—a tempting assortment of 14 Sunshine dainties

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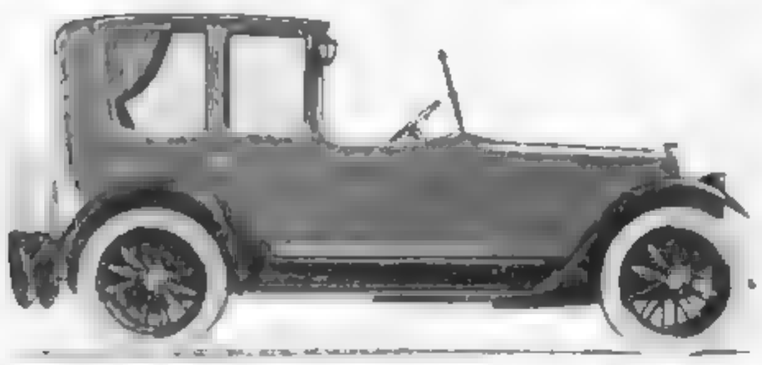

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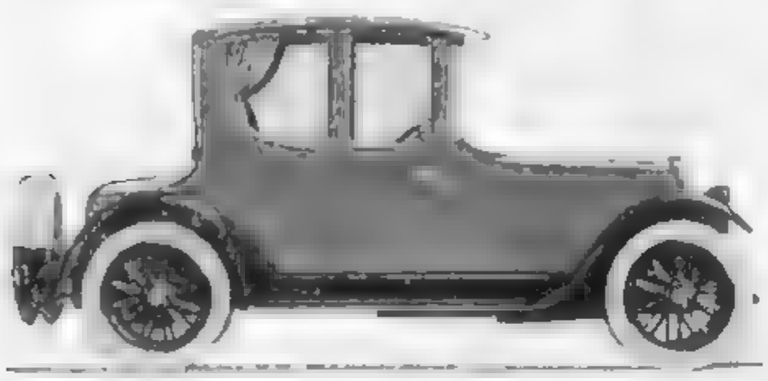

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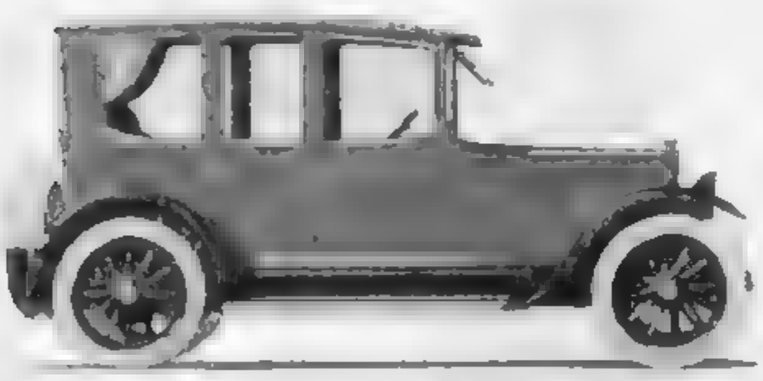

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This big idea brought comfortable motoring in all seasons and weather with *one car* while preserving the utility, style and completeness of *two cars*.

Here is an equal appeal to the requirements of the business man with an eye to utmost value and service and to mothers and the girls whose tastes demand beauty and refinement.

See these three new smart and aristocratic models of the ALL-YEAR CAR that cannot be matched elsewhere, nor seen to better advantage than during ALL-YEAR Car Show Week at your nearest KISSELKAR dealer.

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The car of a Hundred Quality Features that created a new standard of automobile value. ALL-YEAR Touring-Sedan, Roadster-Coupé and Victoria-Town Car are mounted on the famous Hundred Point Six. Prices $1520 to $1850. Open touring and roadster bodies without the ALL-YEAR feature—$1095.

Send for ALL-YEAR Car booklet just issued.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.

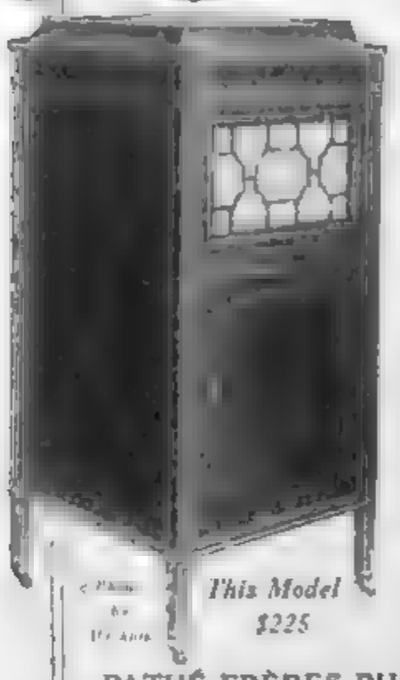
In all principal cities and towns in the United States, the Kissel Motor Car Company's able representatives have prepared to give you a special welcome during ALL-YEAR Car Show Week.

Week

Sept. 23 to Oct. 1

The entire top—roof and all—is removable, insuring the obvious advantage of a wide open roofless car in summer. The top *fits in*—not on. No crude overlap at the joining point—no projecting fastenings inside or out to mar its appearance.

Pathé



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HEAR the golden voiced singers of two continents from these remarkable discs! The great *Muratore*. The marvelous lyric tenor, *Giorgini*. The beautiful young American coloratura soprano, *Grace Hoffman*.

Bassi	*Cavalieri*	*Merentie*	*Slezak*
Burrian	*Denera*	*Pini-Corsi*	*Titta Ruffo*
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These are just a few of the veritable host of world famous stars heard at their best from Pathé Discs.

The Pathé method will prove a revelation to the critical lover of good music. Pathé records have extra long sound waves and are played with a pointed Sapphire Ball. As this ball-shaped jewel cannot cut into the record, it minimizes wear. Records may be played a thousand times without affecting the music. The jewel does not have to be changed.

Greater volume and truer music result from the Pathé combination of extra long sound waves, played with the Pathé Sapphire Ball

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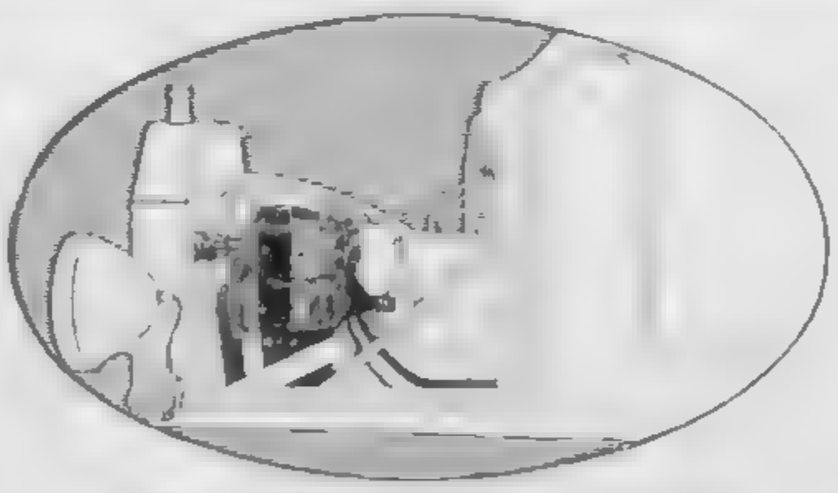


THE NEW DOUBLE UNIT

GRAY & DAVIS

STARTER FOR YOUR FORD

SURE, quick starting and unfailing, steady light combined with simplicity.

One unit—dynamo—charges battery, the other unit—starting motor—cranks engine.

The automatic starting gear is one of its big features. Even in cold weather, motor cranks engine readily.

With Gray & Davis system there's no need of fast driving to charge the battery, nor danger of overcharging at high speed. The dynamo delivers uniform current. Running or standing, you get a steady light.

It has the excellent qualities found in Gray & Davis units on the high priced makes of cars.

Neat appearance and simple design appeal to the owner who takes pride in his car and equipment.

COMPLETE **$75.** F. O. B. BOSTON

Send for catalog and list of our distributors.

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc.
BOSTON . . MASS.

(Concluded from Page 47)

of Indian lore always has been the works of George Catlin, the famous painter of Indian life. Of course you know about Catlin—if you have one of his paintings you can sell it whenever you like. Yet Catlin in his earlier days was an unfortunate, and indeed a very bad portrait painter, of Philadelphia, who could not give his pictures away. It was largely by chance that he went into the Mandan country and so became famous as well as very useful to those who have followed him. He himself originally was a worker in wood and ivory; hence he may be rated as a close observer of the artisanship of the Indians.

Catlin at one time talked to Mr. George E. Sellars, of Illinois, and told him how the Indians did their flintwork. He described it as being done by "impulsive pressure"—or, more accurately speaking, sudden pressure under weight. The flaking tool that Catlin saw was a large piece of wood, three or four feet in length and perhaps two or three inches in diameter, with a tip of bone or horn, and a crotch for the shoulder.

When working with it the Indian put the disk or flake between his feet on the ground or rested it on a root or stone. He applied the tip to the little hollow from which he wished his next chip to come, and threw his weight down on the flaking tool with a sudden thrust. Usually the chip would fall off as he desired. If it did not, another Indian would take a rock and strike the flaking tool on a shoulder farther down, which had been left on it for that purpose. The pressure and the blow together would always start the flake. This, in brief, was the principal implement of Captain John Smith's Indian and of all the Indians since then, as well as of all our white manufacturers, Mr. Willey and Mr. Fay, and, no doubt, others who have done the same trick in the same way. The success rested upon the nature of the stone.

Just how the Indian found out which flakes or pebbles would crack off in these conchoidal fractures is something that not even the scientists can tell us. Neither can we tell who first discovered the great flint workings—which we might call the government arrow factories of the past. We can, perhaps, get the best idea of the aboriginal arrow works through examination of the great quarries of Flint Ridge, between Zanesville and Newark, in Ohio, not far from the old National Road.

Here there is a ridge nearly eight miles in length by three miles in width, and it is covered with enormous workings, which go back beyond remotest history. Undoubtedly, in the belief of scientists who have studied this deposit, the workings cover a period of many centuries. The manufactured flint from this source has been found throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and even west of the Mississippi.

Working the Flint Quarry

Here, then, was one of the mines of savage man—a mine more incalculably valuable to him, containing immeasurably more wealth, than any mine known to the white man of to-day. The quarry at Flint Ridge produced in its time more value than a Rand of Africa in all its days; more than the mines of King Solomon, or the full product of Ophir or of Ind. This is older than any of the oldest of our Spanish mines; and when you come to examine it, it is perhaps as interesting as any mine located on the North American continent to-day.

At some time in the past, perhaps six, eight, ten, fifteen thousand years ago—no one can tell how long—some aboriginal prospector stumbled across the outcrop of flint in those low rolling hills. He must have moistened his dry lips with his tongue as he looked at what he had found, and exclaimed "Struck it at last, by gum!" And no doubt the next thing he did was to start off to enlist the aid of Eastern capital.

One thing may be held assured—the prospector could not have worked this mine alone. It must be remembered that he and his mining engineers of that day had no tools; perhaps only the shoulder blade of an animal, or a large shell lashed to a stick, or a pointed horn, or a pointed stick—they had no more. And with these they cut down a few feet into the earth overlaying the flint deposit. Thirty feet meant more to them than three thousand to the organized mining methods of to-day. But when the eager tribesmen had, with great labor, dug off the covering of earth at this or that point of the old Flint Ridge they came upon a solid bed of hard, glassy flint, which they could not break practicably with any tools they had. They could not dent it; they could not get at it. What did they do?

Some mining engineer of that day—some genius, no doubt, long remembered in the lore of the tribesmen—suggested the use of fire. So the red men brought brush and logs and built fire after fire on top of the exposed flint bed. When the stone was hot they threw water on it and splintered it. They dug out the splinters laboriously and built more fires. At length they were entirely through the three or four feet of the flint deposit. Then they found limestone, which they could get at more easily. They burned out the limestone underneath the flint layer. Meantime, in order to protect the exposed surface of their flint against the fire, they covered it with deep layers of clay.

Though it is not universally true that the greater portion of the material for the best arrowheads was not found on the surface, but was quarried or mined, this at least was the rule even though subject to various exceptions. The aboriginal prospector knew very well the value of his discovery—the flint he picked up after long exposure on the surface of the earth might not cleave exactly, but might shatter under the tool; whereas that dug out from under the earth was always far more prized by the workmen, since it would cleave true to form.

The Artists of Flint Ridge

Having at length taken off the overlay and having crosscut their flint vein, the aboriginal workmen took heavy mauls, stoneheads lashed to stout shafts, and beat off the exposed ends and edges of the flint stratum. You can see where this was done. The larger pieces they took off to a preliminary working ground, where they were roughly shaped. Perhaps these rough flakes were made articles of commerce, just as were the disks from the Little River quarries of Tennessee, which were carried, like coals to Newcastle, into prolific Ohio. In any case, the final work was done at another point, where the chips were small and where the finished product sometimes was found by the investigators.

Though it is known that some white men can make some arrowheads, and though squaws have been known to make arrowheads in one fashion or another at different times, and though perhaps almost any Indian could make a shift at such work, it was, without doubt or question, true that some men possessed the requisite skill in a greater degree than others. To these men was unquestionably intrusted the last work in the development of the finished product. There was some old Flint Ridge workman, or some family of workmen, who made such evenly beautiful examples of arrowheads that they can be recognized wherever they are found, in every direction from Flint Ridge—sometimes hundreds of miles away.

So here you have a picture of a mine and of a factory, of crude labor and of skilled labor, of artistic product and of transportation and commerce.

Certainly for hundreds and hundreds of years this old factory at Flint Ridge existed. It must have been a country fought over fiercely and much prized. The tribesmen who held it and who worked there certainly built extensive fortifications to protect it. Here they lived and labored, fought and died; and what they produced has lived long after they have gone.

Certainly there was a highly developed and highly differentiated skill in the making of these weapons and implements out of flint and other stones, which must have seemed precious to the red man. We may believe that the skillful workmen did not make many failures. And yet which of us has not found what he took to be an unfinished or imperfect arrowhead, one which did not have any shoulder for the fitting of the shafthead? As a matter of fact, those "arrowheads" that you perhaps thought unfinished were not arrowheads at all, but knives—and very practical knives at that.

The hunter, the fisherman, the naturalist, the farmer, the city man—and he who is just plain boy—keep on finding them even yet, treasure-trove from out a buried past. When next you cut across grandpa's woodlot in the spring, after the frost has turned up the rocks, and when you find a white or pink or gray or blue or red or striated bit of stone, worked into its definite shape by some unknown and forgotten hand, take it up and cherish it. It has history and industry and life and love connected with it, and it is worth your while.

A Good Decision

BASING its decision on performance and proven superiority, that great umpire, the American Public, has declared for Firestone Tires.

The figures of Firestone Sales indicate the preference of a great majority of seasoned motorists. And this decision was fairly won on all the essentials of tire service: safe, easy riding and the economy of Most Miles per Dollar.

It is to your interest to follow the "motoring fans" and order Firestones.

Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Firestone Tires

Pineapple Ice Cream

is a delicious, refreshing and wholesome dessert and is very easy to make with Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Canned Pineapple. You can buy the crushed or grated in cans at your grocer's just as you have always bought sliced Hawaiian Canned Pineapple. All the unequalled flavor of the fully ripened fruit is retained.

Hawaiian Canned Pineapple

Crushed or Grated

may also be used for ices, sherbets, sundaes, shortcake, pies, salads and in dozens of other attractive ways. ***Try these recipes:***

Pineapple Ice Cream

Heat one quart of cream in a double boiler until scalding hot, melt in one scant cup of sugar and when cold add a teaspoon of vanilla; turn into an ice cream freezer and when partly frozen add one cup of Grated or Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple which has been flavored with a tablespoon of lemon juice and 2 tablespoons of orange juice and sweetened to taste.

Pineapple Shortcake

Make a rich biscuit slightly sweetened and bake in two parts or a round cake fully an inch thick. If the latter, split while hot and butter. For the filling use Crushed Hawaiian Canned Pineapple. Before filling, drain off the surplus juice and use it with whipped cream as a sauce.

Pineapple Salad

Drain off the juice of a can of Hawaiian Crushed Pineapple, heat to boiling and add two tablespoons lemon juice and half the contents of a box of gelatine soaked in cold water; then strain and when nearly cold, stir in the Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and turn into individual molds. Serve on lettuce leaves garnished with mayonnaise and cherries or strawberries.

YOUR GROCER Sells Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Canned Pineapple in Several Sizes

Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Packers, Garland Building, Chicago

SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT

(Continued from Page 7)

Honey threw her head back and looked resolutely into Skinner's eyes.

"Cost or no cost, you must have one! I have figured it all out."

"You have, you fraud?" said Skinner.

Honey pouted reproachfully and he hastened to add:

"I, too, have figured it all out."

"You fraud!"

Honey came over and put her head on Skinner's shoulder.

Next day Skinner bought a new business suit, and accordingly jotted down:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
Extension dress-suit plant: One business suit $50.00	

III

THE first morning Skinner wore his new suit to business, as he entered the office of McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. he was conscious of his clothes and suffered somewhat from stage fright. He sensed something in the air of the great room that was devoted to the fluttering femininity of the concern—something humorous; but, as he was a man of authority there, there was no outward manifestation.

"Say, Mac," said Perkins at luncheon, "did you notice Skinner's brand-new attire?"

"Yes, Perk," said the senior partner; "and I'm mighty glad of it. I was always ashamed of him—the way he dressed."

A new and unforeseen but manifestly logical development from the purchase of the new business suit awaited Skinner a few days later. It came about in this way: He was making his customary heel-and-toe sprint for the depot when Stephen Colby came bowling along in his 60 H. P. That gentleman nodded to Skinner, pulled up and took him in.

"You're late," he said genially.

"I am. Thank you for the lift," said Skinner.

"I've been wanting to tell you a story," said Colby. "I had it on my list the other night, but somehow I didn't get to it."

It was one of the millionaire's particular pleasures to regale his friends with anecdotal matter from his own experience; but before he had finished this particular story they had reached the depot. The train had already pulled in and Colby, still talking, led the way into the Pullman. Skinner hesitated on the threshold of that unaccustomed domain, but he felt that the magnate expected him to go in with him, and he followed.

In Skinner, Colby had caught an entirely fresh audience. All the way into town he talked about his past efforts, from the time he slept under the grocery-store counter to the presidency of the steel company; and Skinner, fascinated and sympathetic, listened his way into that gentleman's regard.

Quite a number of the other goldbugs—as Skinner had dubbed them—whom he had met at the Crawford affair were in the Pullman. They nodded to Skinner, which soon put him at his ease; and he began to feel as much at home in the Pullman as he had in the smoker.

A few days later Skinner said to Honey as he stretched his long legs under the table:

"Well, I've joined the Pullman Club for keeps. It costs only a dollar and a half a week."

"It's well worth the money," she replied.

Skinner regarded his beautiful little wife through half-closed eyes. He was puzzled. What curious change had been wrought in this exponent of thrift, that she should not only seem indifferent to but actually encourage him in the pursuit of the ruinous course into which he'd been thrust by the dress suit? He said nothing, but jotted down in his little book:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
To operating expenses—$1.50 a week.	

The trip to town in the Pullman each day was a social event with Skinner. He looked forward to it, and what he learned was each night a subject of gossip at the dinner table.

"It's a regular joy ride and I'm getting all kinds of good out of it," said he enthusiastically one evening. "By Jove, clothes are a good commercial proposition!"

Thus Skinner's education progressed. He took as enthusiastic a delight in studying his goldbugs as a naturalist would in some very ancient but recently discovered insect.

As a result of these observations in the Pullman, Skinner jotted down in his little book:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
	Interesting discovery of generally unsuspected facts in the habits of goldbugs.

Though Skinner was sailing over a fair sea, untroubled by anything but the growing fear that some day Honey might find out about the raise, storm clouds were gathering in a wholly unsuspected quarter.

"I saw our Skinner getting out of the Pullman this morning," said Perkins to the senior partner.

"What of it?" said McLaughlin.

"I see him getting out of it every morning."

"Still what of it?" persisted McLaughlin. "The Pullman habit isn't expensive—only a quarter from Meadeville."

"Oh, nothing," observed Perkins. "Nothing in itself, but new clothes and traveling in a Pullman don't square with the fact that Skinner didn't get his raise."

McLaughlin swung round in his chair.

"Come, Perk, out with it! Just what do you mean?"

"It's only a suggestion, Mac; not even a hint—but Pullman cars are great hotbeds for hatching all kinds of financial schemes That's where you get your Wall Street tips that's where they grow."

McLaughlin looked serious. He drummed on his desk with the paper cutter and waited.

"Tips are very good when they go right," Perkins went on; "but when they go wrong ——" He hesitated.

"Well?" McLaughlin observed, and waited.

"It's a part of wisdom to be cautious. An ounce of prevention you know. Besides, it's our money he's handling."

"You may be right," said McLaughlin, rising. "But go slow—wait a little. I'll keep my eye on the Meadeville end of it for a while."

Skinner not only listened himself into the affections of Stephen Colby but into the affections of the other members of the goldbug set as well.

He'd only been a member of the Pullman contingent a fortnight when he and Mrs. Skinner were invited to dine with the Howard Hemingways. There they met all the vicarious members of the Pullman Club—the wives.

So popular did the Skinners become in time that they seldom dined at home. Skinner, methodical man that he was, put down in his little book, to the credit of the Dress-Suit Account, not the value of the dinner but what they'd actually saved on each occasion. And he began to feel that the dress suit was earning good interest in cash on the investment.

"Well, Perk," said McLaughlin one morning, "I've got an interesting bit for you. The Skinners are doing the society stunt, bridge and that sort of thing."

"That's not enough to convict."

"They're splurging. They're buying rugs and pictures!"

As a matter of fact, Honey had bought one modest rug and one modest picture, to fill up certain bare spaces over against the meeting of the Bridge Club at her house. But the Skinners' ice man, in detailing the thing to the McLaughlins' maid, had assiduously applied the multiplication table.

"What are you going to do about it, Mac?"

"Did you notice him this morning? He looks mighty worried." McLaughlin drummed on his desk with the paper cutter as he always did when perplexed. "Perk, we've got to do something—and we've got to do it sudden."

Skinner did look worried; but what ailed him was very foreign to the cause that McLaughlin and Perkins suspected. He was worrying about his diminishing bank account. But it wasn't the actual diminution of funds that worried him so much—he was afraid Honey would find him out.

For a long time this fear had haunted him. Like a wasp it had buzzed constantly about his ears, threatening to sting him at any moment. It had become a veritable obsession; a mean, haunting, appetite-destroying, sleep-banishing obsession.

(Continued on Page 54)

The "Victorian" Howard

THIS is the new "Victorian" Howard — 12-size Extra-Thin, in gold-filled case—the first new *gold-filled* Howard model brought out in nearly two years. Produced in either 17, 19 or 23 jewels—selling at $40, $60 and $90 respectively.

Designed in the style of the latter Nineteenth Century — this new Howard is justly named for that brilliant Victorian school of craftsmen, William Morris, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and their contemporaries, who restored the art of England and America from imported prettiness to its native common sense and simplicity.

The dial is characteristic — most legible in any light, with its clean-cut numerals and bold hands relieved from heaviness by piercing. The dial kept wide and free with narrow bezel. The bow and pendant suggested by a watch designed for the London International Exposition at Hyde Park in 1851.

With its eminent fitness for both everyday use and formal wear—with the exceptional time-keeping quality which it owns in common with all Howard Watches—the "Victorian" Howard seems certain of pronounced favor with discriminating watch purchasers everywhere.

All three grades of movement have the celebrated Howard *hard-tempered* balance wheel, which cannot knock out of true with the jolt and vibration of the busy man's day.

As with every Howard, the "Victorian" has the *permanent constructive adjustment* invented by Edward Howard, to temperature, isochronism and position — the 17-jewel to three positions; the 19- and 23-jewel to *five positions.*

Each watch cased at the Howard factory — timed and adjusted in its own case—and sold only *complete.*

Owing to the near approach of the Christmas season, the initial supply of this new model is likely to be absorbed even faster than usual.

If you want a "Victorian" any time soon, or for Holiday gift-purposes, we advise that you make reservation with your Howard jeweler at once.

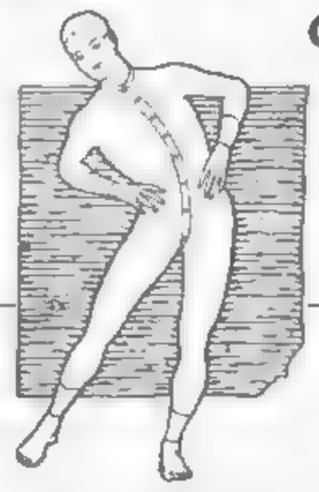
A Howard Watch is always worth what you pay for it—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40; to the 23-jewel in 18 K Gold at $170—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard Watch.
The jeweler who can is a good man to know.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

The New 50¢ Underwear for Men and Boys

10-rib Superiority



Four Proofs for Sight and Touch

You might take *our* enthusiasm with a grain of salt, but you can't very well refuse to believe what your own eyes and hands tell you.

Make these four tests:

Put a ruler up against Mayo Underwear. Count the ribs. You'll find *10* to every inch.

Then count the ribs per inch in any *other* 50c Underwear. The most you'll find are 8. All right. You've seen with your own eyes that Mayo has 10 ribs per inch—is in fact "the 50c underwear that's knit in the dollar way."

Now take hold of a Mayo garment. Stretch it. Out goes the fabric to 2½ times normal size. In again to original size. That's why Mayo fits so snugly with never a trace of bagginess or harsh "boardy" feel.

Next, feel that snugly-fleeced inner surface. That's what *turns men's winters into June.*

Now look at the *shaped arms and legs.* They're hand-tailored to true arm and leg shape. No more straight-up-and-down discomfort.

Those, then, are four proofs of Mayo superiority.

We advise you to *set* Mayo 10-rib Underwear *immediately.* The point is this: The first cold snap comes when you least expect it. You ought to have Mayo Underwear to put on the *first thing* on the *first cold morning.*

THE MAYO MILLS
MAYODAN, N. C.

More Elasticity
More Warmth

12 Superiorities 12

1. Mayo 10-rib fabric
2. Mayo mule-spun yarn
3. Mayo rip-proof seams
4. Sleeves and legs shaped to fit
5. Full-size arm-holes
6. No binding at elbows
7. All edges laundry-proofed
8. Snug-fitting collar and shoulders
9. Snug-fitting cuffs and ankles
10. Mayo reinforced crotch
11. Full-size seat
12. Big, strong pearl buttons

Men's Single Garments
50c
Men's Union Suits
$1.00
Boys' Union Suits
50c

Those who prefer the old-style 8-rib garments will find Mayo 8-rib Underwear an excellent value.

All dealers have Mayo Underwear or can very quickly get it for you.

Mayo
Made from Mayo Yarn

Underwear for Men and Boys

The 50¢ Underwear
that's knit in
the Dollar Way

(Continued from Page 52)

The more he schemed to keep his wife from finding out the deception he'd practiced on her, the more possibilities of exposure developed and the more apprehensive he became.

There was Mrs. McLaughlin, for instance. Honey might again mention to her something about his raise; reiterate what she had hinted at on the night of the First Presbyterian reception. No doubt, if she did, Mrs. McLaughlin would quiz her this time, find out what she was driving at, report it to McLaughlin, and make him—Skinner—a laughingstock in the eyes of the boss. Then, by a series of recoils, McLaughlin would deny it to his wife, Mrs. McLaughlin would deny it to Mrs. Skinner, and there'd be the devil to pay! Instigated by this fear ever since the night of the First Presbyterian affair, Skinner had schemed to keep Mrs. McLaughlin and his wife apart. It was easy enough at first, when they were only invited to a few affairs; but with the enlargement of their social horizon the danger loomed bigger. Skinner pictured the effect of exposure in all sorts of dramatic ways; but not once did he see himself suffering—only Honey. That's what worried him.

When Skinner reached home one evening Honey drew him gently into the dining room and pointed to the table. She began:

"Look, dearie! Oysters and, later, beefsteak! Think of it—beefsteak!"

The formula seemed someway to portend some new extravagance. Honey leaned her elbows on the table, rested her chin in the little basket formed by her interlacing fingers, and looked at him in a way that she knew to be particularly engaging and effective.

"I had a letter from mother today."

"Indeed?" There was a little warmth in Skinner's tone.

"The interest on her mortgage has come due and she can't pay it. She only got a thousand dollars on her little house. At five per cent that's fifty dollars a year."

Skinner swallowed hard to keep down the savage impulse that threatened to manifest itself in profanity whenever he thought of Honey's mother and his weakling brother-in-law.

"You know I've always wanted to do something for her; and I've never been able to. I'm ashamed to neglect her now, when we're living so well and dressing so well—and you have your raise. It's only a dollar a week."

Honey had married him against her mother's advice and had stood by him like a brick; and he'd do anything for her.

"All right," he agreed cheerfully. "Send her a dollar a week!"

But this was the climax, he thought; the *ne plus ultra* of it all. He was to contribute a dollar a week to his mother-in-law to make up a loss caused by the advice of a detested silly-ass brother-in-law, who had always hated him—Skinner. Surely the Dress-Suit Account had reached the debt limit! He took out his little book and jotted down:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
	One important lesson: Never take the first false step. It's apt to lead one knows not whither.

"You don't know how happy you've made me!" said Honey. "But, of course, I wouldn't have mentioned it if you hadn't got your raise. You know that!"

His raise! Skinner thought much about his raise as he lay in bed that night. Had he gone too far to back out? he wondered. By Jove! If he didn't back out his fast-diminishing bank account would back him out! The thing would work automatically. Probably in his whole life he had never suffered so much disgust. Think of it! He must go on paying mother-in-law a dollar a week forever and ever, amen!

Meantime things were doing in the private office of McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc.

"I've thought it over this far, Perk," said McLaughlin. "We've got to do something. We can't wait till summer, when he goes on his vacation. All kinds of things might happen before then. Time and Wall Street don't wait for anybody—except magnates."

"You mean to have an expert accountant go over his books?" queried Perkins.

"Certainly; that's what I mean—that's what you mean; that's what's been in both our minds from the time he began to travel with that Pullman crowd."

"It ought to be done at once," said Perkins. "I'm puzzled how to get rid of him while we're doing it, though. It's a delicate business."

"I've got that all figured out, Perk." McLaughlin paused to register the comedy line that was to follow. "I'm going to send him to St. Paul—after Willard Jackson!"

The partners were silent a few moments; then Perkins said:

"You can't do that, Mac."

"Why not?"

"It's a joke!"

"Of course it's a joke; but it's a harmless joke. Skinner won't suspect. We'll put it up to him in dead earnest." He paused. "We'll get Skinner out of his cage for a while. It'll cost us so much money—but we'll add that on to the expert accountant's bill. Can you think of a better way, Perk?"

"Mac, you're a genius!"

McLaughlin pressed the button marked "Cashier," and, when that gentleman promptly responded, greeted him cordially.

"Hello, Skinner! Sit down." He paused a moment to register his next words. "Skinner, Mr. Perkins and I want you to do something for us."

"Yes," said Skinner quietly.

"Two years ago we lost the biggest customer we ever had," McLaughlin proceeded.

"I know. Willard Jackson—St. Paul."

"Lost him through the stupidity of Briggs," snapped McLaughlin.

Skinner nodded.

"We've been trying to get him back ever since, as you know. We sent our silver-tongued Browning out there. No good! Then Mr. Perkins went out. Then I went out." McLaughlin paused. "Skinner, we want you to go out to St. Paul and get him back."

Skinner looked curiously from one partner to another; but both seemed to be dead serious.

"But, I'm—I'm not a salesman," he stammered.

"That's just it!" said McLaughlin earnestly. "There must be something wrong with the policy or the method or the manners of our salesmen. Mr. Perkins and I have thought about it till we're stale. We want to put a fresh mind on the job."

"Jackson's gone over to the Starr-Bacon folks. They do well by him. How am I going to pry him loose?" said Skinner.

"You know this business as well as I do," said McLaughlin. "I'm darned if I don't think you know it better. You know how closely we can shave figures with our competitors—I don't care who they are. I'm going to make you our minister plenipotentiary. Do as you please—only get Jackson."

Skinner pondered a moment.

"Really, Mr. McLaughlin, I don't know what to say. I'm very grateful to you for such confidence. I'll do my best, sir."

"It'll take rare diplomacy—rare diplomacy, Skinner," McLaughlin warned.

"What kind of a man is Mr. Jackson?" Skinner asked presently. "I know his letters; but what kind of a man is he to meet?"

"The worst curmudgeon west of Pittsburgh," said McLaughlin. "He'll insult you; he'll abuse you; he might even threaten to assault you—like he did me. But he's got a bank roll as big as Vesuvius—and you know what his business means to us."

"Have you any suggestions?" said Skinner.

"Not one—and if I had I wouldn't offer it. I want you to use your wits in your own way, unhampered, unencumbered. It's up to you."

"When do you want me to go?"

"Business is business; the sooner, the quicker."

Skinner thought a moment.

"Let's see—to-morrow's Sunday. I'll start Monday morning—if that is satisfactory."

"Fine!" said McLaughlin, rising and shaking hands with his cashier.

Skinner walked to the door, paused, then came halfway back.

"What kind of a woman is Mrs. Jackson?" said he.

"Well," said McLaughlin, rather staggered by the question, "she don't handsome much and she ain't so very young, if that's what you mean."

Skinner blushed.

"I didn't mean it that way."

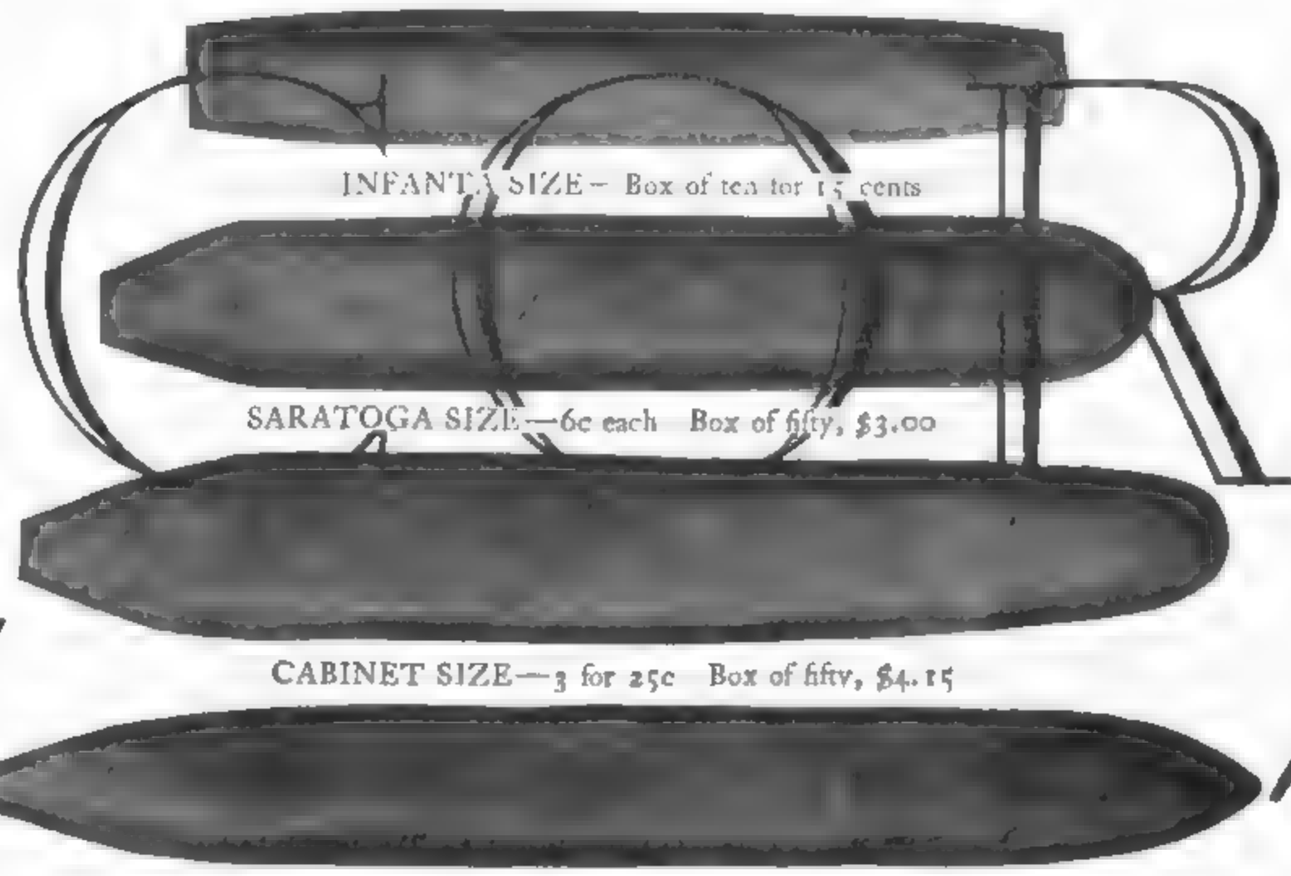
"The only thing I know against Mrs. Jackson is that she's a social climber," said Perkins.

"But she don't climb," McLaughlin broke in.

For the rest of the day, as Skinner sat in his cage, two things kept running through his head: He's a curmudgeon; she's a

(Continued on Page 57)

RICORO


INFANTA SIZE—Box of ten for 15 cents
SARATOGA SIZE—6c each Box of fifty, $3.00
CABINET SIZE—3 for 25c Box of fifty, $4.15
INVINCIBLE SIZE—7c each Box of fifty, $3.50

Imported Cigars *from Porto Rico*

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN UNITED CIGAR STORES

Porto Rico produces the finest *mild* cigars in the world. Porto Rican cigars also are imported free of duty. Customs duties do not make cigars any *better*. They only make them *higher priced*.

RICORO, "the self-made cigar"—is the leader of all Porto Rican brands, in popularity and sales. It is a strictly "Spanish hand-made" cigar—and experienced smokers know what that means in smoking quality.

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Smokers bought 52,000,000 RICOROS last year—a million a week—without any inducement except the quality of the cigar. This is how RICORO earned the title of "the self-made cigar"—it made its own way in the world, on merit alone.

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The next time you see a UNITED CIGAR STORE, remember what we have said and risk six, seven or ten cents on one RICORO and see what you get. There are a dozen sizes and shapes, priced all the way from six cents each to two for a quarter. If you want a "little cigar" try RICORO INFANTAS at fifteen cents for a box of ten. Four popular sizes are shown on this page.

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RICORO sets an entirely new standard of cigar value. We have put into it every resource at our command—and this means the greatest resources in the cigar industry.

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THANK YOU.

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TO CIGAR DEALERS: Owing to the great demand for UNITED CIGAR STORE Service in towns and cities where we have no stores, we have perfected an AGENCY PLAN, whereby one reliable retail dealer in any town or city where we are not represented may handle our cigars. Such dealers are invited to apply for Agencies, stating amount of business they do, references, etc. *United methods will teach you how to increase your business and your profits by serving the public better.* Ask for booklet telling you in their own letters what this Plan has done for our Agents. Address:

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UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, at nearest city named below:

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Our First Aid Book Will Tell You

We publish a First Aid Book—128 pages—written by a famous surgeon, now a Major in charge of U. S. Army Field Hospital. It is not issued for profit. It is part of our effort to save mistakes, before the doctor comes.

It tells just what to do in any form of accident—in cuts, burns, fractures, in fainting or hemorrhage—in poisoning, in drowning or electric shock. This book should be in every home and always carried when traveling. Any day may bring need for it. And sometime it may save a life. Send us 10 cents—only part of the cost—as evidence of serious intent and we will mail the book to you. Send now before you forget it.

Address First Aid Department 47, Bauer & Black, Chicago.

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Use B&B Dressings

These things must be kept on hand, if you hope to cope with an emergency. The smallest wounds require them.

B&B Adhesive Plaster
B&B Bandages and Gauze
B&B Absorbent Cotton

Don't take any kind that's offered. Get the B&B. Dressings are dangerous if not utterly sterile.

B&B dressings are twice sterilized, once after being sealed. That to be double-sure. Then they are protected.

B&B Cotton and Gauze are put up in germ-proof envelopes, enough for one use in each. B&B Cotton is also put up in a Handy Package. You cut off what is needed, leaving the roll untouched.

Both are put up under hospital conditions. The air in the room is filtered. The workers are in uniform.

Do your part in this protection by getting the B&B brand.

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid.

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings

B&B Absorbent Cotton
Kept Clean by a Patent Package

Put up in a handy package—as shown—so part may be used without touching the balance. The roll is never removed from the package. Absorbent Cotton, as B&B make it, passes through 22 processes

B&B Gauze—also Cotton
Sealed in Parchmine Envelopes

B&B Handy Fold Gauze—cut to handy lengths—comes sealed in germ-proof parchmine envelopes, re-sterilized after sealing. B&B Absorbent Cotton—under our Arro brand—comes also in these envelopes. Just enough for one use in each. Thus you open only what you use, leaving the rest unopened.

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A rubber-coated Zinc Oxide plaster which doesn't irritate. Made especially for surgical uses. But it sticks to anything dry and stays stuck. You can use it for any sort of repair, on wood or metal, glass or rubber, china, paper or cloth. A perfect repair for lawn hose

Sold in many widths and lengths, 10 cents up

B&B Double-Sure Products

Absorbent Cotton
Bandages and Gauze

Sold by All Druggists

Adhesive Plaster
Fumigators, Etc.

(Continued from Page 54)

climber—but she don't climb. From these two things the Cage Man almost subconsciously evolved a proposition.

IV

THE first step in the scheme Skinner had evolved for the reclamation of Willard Jackson, of St. Paul, was taken on Sunday morning, after services at the First Presbyterian Church of Meadeville, New Jersey.

Though he paid respectful attention to the sermon Skinner's thoughts were at work on something not religious, and he was relieved when the doxology was finished and the blessing asked. Unlike most of the others present, he was in no hurry to leave. Instead, he loitered in the aisle until Mrs. Stephen Colby overtook him on her way down from one of the front pews.

"Why, Mr. Skinner!" exclaimed the social arbiter; then slyly: "There's some hope for you yet."

"I thought I'd come in and make my peace before embarking on a railroad journey," Skinner observed.

"Going away? Not for long, I hope."

"St. Paul. I'm not carrying a message from the Ephesians—just a business trip. What bothers me is, I'm afraid Mrs. Skinner'll find it dull. I'm taking her along. You see, I'll have lots to do; but she doesn't know anybody out there."

The social arbiter pondered a moment.

"But she should know somebody. Would you mind if I gave her a letter to Mrs. J. Matthews Wilkinson? Very old friend of mine and very dear. You'll find her charming. Something of a bore on family. Generations back they settled out that way. Her grandfather was a kind of land baron. . . . Yes; I'm coming!" She waved her hand to Stephen Colby. "When do you go, Mr. Skinner?"

"To-morrow morning."

"I'll send the letter over this afternoon—and if you don't mind I'll write the Wilkinsons that you're coming."

When the letter arrived at the Skinners' house that afternoon Honey knitted her brows.

"I don't understand it."

"You ought to. It's for you."

"You mean to say that I'm going to St. Paul with you?"

"Don't have to say it. Isn't that letter enough?"

And as he put Mrs. Colby's letter in his inside pocket Skinner muttered to himself:

"A climber, but doesn't climb. She'll climb for this all right!"

The Skinners reached St. Paul Tuesday night and registered at The Hotel. When he had deposited his wife in the suite that had been reserved for them Skinner proceeded to execute the next step in his scheme for the reclamation of Willard Jackson. He returned to the desk.

"I wish," he said to the chief clerk, "you'd see that a paragraph regarding my arrival is put in the morning papers—just a little more than mere mention among hotel arrivals"—he took pen and paper and wrote—"something like this: 'William Manning Skinner, of McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. of New York, reached town last evening and is stopping at The Hotel.'" Then he said as he handed the slip to the clerk: "There're lots of people here I want to see, but I might overlook 'em in the rush of business. If they know I'm here they'll come to see me."

"Very good, Mr. Skinner," said the clerk. "I'll see to it."

Skinner paused a moment.

"By Jove! I'd almost forgotten the principal thing." He added a few words to the copy. "Put that in, too, please. Can you read it? See: 'Mrs. Skinner, daughter of the late Archibald Rutherford, of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, accompanies her husband.' That's just to please her."

After breakfast next morning the Skinners remained in their rooms, waiting for the message that was to come from the Wilkinsons; for Skinner had reckoned that any friend of the Colbys would receive prompt attention.

"She'll call up and ask us to dine to-night. There, there! Don't ask any questions. I've figured it all out. But we're engaged until Saturday."

"Engaged every night? Why, dearie, this is only Wednesday. You haven't told me anything about it."

"Quite right," said Skinner; "I have not."

On reading the morning paper Mrs. J. Matthews Wilkinson said to her husband:

"They're here—the Skinners—Jennie Colby's friends, you know. We must have them to dinner."

"When?" said Wilkinson, looking up from his paper.

"I dare say they'll be here but a short time. Better make it to-night."

"You're the doctor," said Wilkinson, resuming his paper.

Honey answered the phone. Of course they'd be delighted to dine at the Wilkinsons', but every night was filled—up to Saturday. . . . A pause. . . . Hold Saturday for them? She should say they would. . . . Then there was another pause at the other end. . . . Then Honey clapped her hand over the receiver and turned to Skinner.

"Can we take a spin with them this afternoon, dearie?"

"You bet! We've nothing else to do."

"You fraud!" said Honey, hanging up the receiver. "You said you had engagements."

"I tried to convey to you," said Skinner somewhat loftily, "that we couldn't dine at the Wilkinsons' before Saturday. That covers it, I think."

According to Skinner's plans the dinner at the Wilkinsons' was to be the big, climacteric drive at the fortress of Willard Jackson's stubbornness.

Even as Skinner had hoped, Mrs. Curmudgeon W. Jackson nosed out the paragraph in the morning paper. It was the most important news she read.

"Who is this Mr. Skinner, Willard? Do you know him?"

"What Skinner?"

"William Manning Skinner."

"Never heard of him."

"He's of McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. your old friends."

Jackson pricked up his ears.

"What is he doing here? Does it say?"

"No."

"I know," said Jackson shrewdly. "He's out here after me." He chuckled. "They've been sending emissaries to get me back ever since I quit 'em. Even the partners came out, one at a time. That shows what they think of my trade."

"Skinner's got his wife with him."

"I don't blame him. It's a devilish mean business going on the road without someone to look after you." Jackson paused. "But he can't disguise his fine Italian hand that way. I know those fellows!"

"She must be a good deal of a swell," said Mrs. Jackson. "'Daughter of the late Archibald Rutherford, of Hastings-on-the-Hudson.'"

"That doesn't mean anything. The way they write it makes it look aristocratic. Rutherford—he might have been a butcher! And Hastings-on-the-Hudson! Well, they have butchers there as well as Astors!"

"Mebbe you're right."

"I'll bet you a new dress Skinner'll be after me to-day," said Jackson, folding his newspaper and preparing to leave for his office. "Trust your Uncle Dudley here—I know!"

The very first words that greeted Jackson that night when he reached home were:

"I get the dress, don't I?"

"How do you know?"

"Skinner didn't get after you to-day. Look!"

Mrs. Jackson held up the evening paper and read aloud:

"'A belated honeymoon—that's what we're here for more than anything else,' said Mr. William Manning Skinner, of McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. of New York, to a reporter this afternoon. The Skinners had just returned from a spin over beyond Minneapolis with the J. Matthews Wilkinsons ——"

"The devil you say!" said Jackson, reaching over and taking the paper. "Aw!" He chucked the paper aside. "That doesn't establish their social status any more than living in Hastings-on-the-Hudson or being a Rutherford. It doesn't amount to anything. It's just business. Fellows like Wilkinson, when some outsider isn't quite right socially and they want to swell his head without committing themselves, take him out in their car or to the club."

"It doesn't look as if he'd have much time for you, though, Willard."

"He ain't through yet," said Jackson, lighting a stogy. "I'll bet you another dress that to-morrow ——"

Skinner read the evening paper with great satisfaction. The inky seed disseminated through the press was, he felt, sure to take strong root in the fertile consciousness of Mrs. Curmudgeon W. Jackson, and from said consciousness react effectively on the decidedly active consciousness of Jackson himself.

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays

"The Play's The Thing"

1600 Broadway, New York City

The artist allowed her to see only the partly finished picture. She was the model, and she thought he was painting a picture of innocence and purity. What he *did* paint almost lost her the love of her sweetheart, damaged her good name and destroyed two lives, yet the artist was entirely unconscious of any wrongdoing.

Thus in "THE GIRL OF LOST LAKE", one of the recent BLUEBIRD Photo-Plays, we have a powerful plot, great dramatic and emotional action and an entertainment that will please, as it is properly and appropriately cast. It is definite proof of the soundness of the BLUEBIRD policy that "The Play's The Thing", and much greater than any individual.

A Scene from the BLUEBIRD Photo-Play — "The Girl of Lost Lake"

And this is precisely what the term BLUEBIRD means. It means a STAR PLAY, with the players selected for their fitness and *not* because of their reputations. This is the very thing that is raising the standard of moving picture productions. It is the idea that is making BLUEBIRD famous.

A fine play and a perfectly balanced cast is the thing the public has demanded. So if you will follow the sign of the BLUEBIRD, you will find the perfect play, the appropriate cast and the high class entertainment that make it a genuine lasting pleasure to go to the theatre.

You can see "The Girl of Lost Lake", and *ALL* of the BLUEBIRD productions, by simply asking the Manager of your favorite theatre to show them. Among the recent BLUEBIRDS we urge you to see are the following: "Love's Lariat"—"Betting Loved A Soldier"—"Little Eve Edgarton" and "The Unattainable." Watch for the new BLUEBIRD Plays announced in this publication.

"If it's a BLUEBIRD, it's got to be good"

TRADE MARK FACE
'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor
with 12 Radio Blades
$1
Here's the 'Ever-Ready'—the safety razor that has a tender regard for tender faces.
Your barber can't shave your neck like you can do it yourself. You learn to know every twist of your stubble—you avoid ingrown hairs and all the little difficulties of a strange hand and a strange razor on your face.
Every man can easily afford the 'Ever-Ready' outfit and no man who shaves can afford to be without it.
The standard dollar outfit is the one the world is using. The frame is guaranteed for no less than ten years. It is rust-proof and always sanitary by a cleaning in hot water.
You get 12 of the famous, smooth-shaving "Radio" Blades in each dollar outfit—the blades that have established the highest efficiency in blade making that the world has ever seen.
Stores everywhere sell the 'Ever-Ready' complete with 12 blades for $1.
The American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Brooklyn, New York
Extra "Radio" Blades 6 for 30c or 10 for 50c
Complete Outfit with 12 Blades $1.00
'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor
12 Blades
12 Blades

With this end in view, as per plan of campaign for the reclamation of Willard Jackson, Skinner had contrived to get himself interviewed on a subject dear and flattering to the Middle West—especially flattering to St. Paul. He had outlined and written notes on his "First Impressions of St. Paul" on the way out from New York, and had permitted them to be extracted by the reporters—with great cunning—from his modest and reluctant self.

Honey was present—designedly present—while the young newspaper men were quizzing Skinner, dressed in her very latest, which was carefully noted and described in the interview.

When he read the story in the evening paper Skinner made this entry:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT — CREDIT

A certain remarkable authority in discussing social matters which I never thought I possessed; in fact, which I never did possess until I got the dress suit.

The Skinners devoted the days between Wednesday and Saturday to loafing or sightseeing, principally the former. They drove over to Minneapolis again and visited the wonderful flour mills, for anything that pertained to machinery fascinated Skinner.

While the Skinners were sightseeing, something more exciting was developing in another part of the city.

"Do I get another dress?" Mrs. Jackson asked as the famous curmudgeon entered the dining room on Thursday evening.

"You do!" he growled. "I'll be hanged if I understand it."

"It's too bad!" Mrs. Jackson began sorrowfully.

The curmudgeon cut her short:

"Why too bad? What do you care? What's Skinner got to do with you?"

"Got to do with me? Why, he's a regular missing link!"

"Missing link?" Jackson looked at her in surprise. "Have you seen him?"

"I don't mean that—I mean connecting link."

"Some difference!" Jackson grunted.

"If you hadn't gone and broken with McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc.!"

"That's enough. It's too late now."

Mrs. Jackson said no more. She knew that silence at such a time was her most effective weapon. Jackson waited for her to speak; but, as she did not speak, he immediately felt sorry that he'd been short with her. She was the only person in the world he really cared for. But he must show no outward sign of weakness; so he repeated:

"It's too late now, I tell you!"

Being a resourceful man, however, Jackson never considered anything too late. He would never take defeat for granted until he should be in his coffin. As a matter of fact, he had often regretted that he had broken with McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. If it hadn't been for that fresh salesman, Briggs, he never would have done so. And after he had broken with them his stupid obstinacy had stood in the way of resuming friendly relations, for McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. had always delivered the goods.

With his head full of these reflections and without any definite purpose Jackson strolled into the lobby of The Hotel the next morning.

"Who is this Skinner that was interviewed?" he asked the chief clerk, whom he had known for a long time.

Glibly the clerk recounted to Jackson all he knew about their guest who had suddenly become illustrious through the magic touch of the J. Matthews Wilkinsons.

"Point him out to me," said Jackson. "I always like to look over these Easterners who know so much that ain't so about us Middle West people."

"The Skinners don't get down to breakfast before ten," said the clerk.

An hour later Jackson strolled in casually and took a chair opposite the desk. Here was an opportunity for the clerk—an opportunity that Jackson had arranged for him without his knowing it. The clerk passed round from behind the desk and intercepted Skinner as he was about to step into the elevator.

"Mr. Skinner," he said, "I'd like you to meet one of our prominent citizens." He led Skinner over to where the curmudgeon was sitting. "Mr. Skinner, shake hands with Mr. Willard Jackson."

(Continued on Page 61)

No Metal
Can't Rust
Prices:
Silk . . 50c
Lisle . . 25c
This is the men's standard garter—neat, sanitary—non-binding, the ideal garter. At all haberdashers
Ivory Garter
No Metal
Men's Side Garter
This garter is made for those who do not like a garter around their legs. It is used with athletic underwear, and if you are troubled with swollen veins in your legs it will help you
Prices:
Silk 50c Lisle 25c
Ivory Garter Co.
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This garter opens in the middle—you don't have to stoop down to put it on over the foot. A great convenience for all, especially for stout women. It can also be worn in the surf.
Prices:
Silk 75c Lisle 35c

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which cost no more than the old-fashioned inferior kind. This line of fixtures made by

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CONTAINS towel bars, shelves, soap dishes, etc., which cannot tarnish [illegible]

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A Roofing that can't burn and that improves with age.

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Residence of J. A. Currey, Portland, Oregon

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THIS is the modern roofing in every sense of the word. For it is *the* roofing which combines the artistic appearance demanded by the house owner of today with the protection against fire that most up-to-date communities insist on by ordinances.

Not High In Cost

No matter what your building plans, you can afford this perfect roofing, for we are proving daily to hundreds of house builders that in comparison with any other roofing material there is real economy in its use. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are lighter than slate, cheaper than tile, and have no painting cost to be added as in the case of tin.

The Ideal Material

Asbestos, the "mineral of many marvels", has been for years the base of the accepted quality roof for the factories, mills and plants of the country's largest industries. The engineers and consulting experts of the big interests have by every test proved that in durability, low cost of upkeep and fire-retardant qualities, it is superior to every other material.

And when Johns-Manville put on the market artistic shingles made from this wonderful product, these men were the first to herald it as the final answer to the residence roofing problem.

Remember that Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles put a mineral roofing on your house. They are practically imperishable, being made of two incombustible and indestructible materials—Asbestos and Portland Cement.

They are spark-proof and weather-proof—cannot burn or melt in the hottest fire or warp, curl or split. They actually toughen as they age on the roof and practically eliminate all upkeep and repair cost. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are furnished in Indian Red, Soft Gray and Mottled Brown. They are made in a variety of sizes, in various shapes and in two thicknesses with a choice of rough or smooth edges.

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No special skill is required to lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. Any carpenter or slate roofer will have no trouble in giving you a good job.

Our Responsibility Behind Each Roof

When you put a Johns-Manville Roof on your house that roof becomes our obligation to you. Our nearest Branch welcomes the opportunity to add yours to the long list of J-M Registered Roofs and to see to it that it gives you the service that you have every right to expect.

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If you live in or near one of these fifty-four cities visit our branch. Bring this advertisement with you and ask to be shown proof of every statement in it. Let one of our roofing experts help you on your problem.

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Columbus	Portland
Dallas	Rochester
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Detroit	Sacramento
Duluth	Salt Lake City
El Paso	San Diego
Galveston	San Francisco
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In performance the Peerless Eighty Horsepower Eight is two cars in one.

It has two distinct power ranges.

For light work it performs with graceful agility and smoothness, consuming fuel at so low a rate as to make it the envy of many a six—even many a four.

It will crawl along—dash ahead—give all the little evidences of a superior motor car which make you proud to drive it.

In all this kind of work you are feeding it fuel at half rations.

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But there comes a time when you want a brute of a car—for a brush on the open road with a contender of class—or for an emergency demanding rough hard work.

Step on the throttle and listen.

She responds with a deeper tone—no longer the soft purr of a motor lightly performing an easy task—she's working in her higher power range—you have automatically opened her double poppets—she's getting full rations now

Like a hound unleashed she springs to her task—no ordinary car can contend with her now—she's exhibiting her sporting class—and class indeed must any contender show to hold with her now.

The Peerless Eighty Horsepower Eight is a gentleman's car, serving with consummate completeness both his social and sporting requirements.

The Peerless Company, devoted exclusively to the production of motor cars of super-quality—

—Custodian of many of the industry's most creditable traditions

—Cherishing a good name of priceless worth

—With unswerving devotion to the highest ideals is devoting its entire attention to the production of this one chassis offered with four body styles.

It will be continued as improved and refined.

Working at maximum efficiency, the largest force we ever employed is steadily increasing the output—gaining on the demand which this car has created for itself.

We have never yet turned out an unsold Peerless Eight, but can now promise reasonably prompt delivery.

See the nearest Peerless dealer for a demonstration—place your order promptly.

Three passenger Clover Leaf Roadster . . $4890 *Seven passenger Touring Car . $4990* *Six passenger Touring Sedan . . $2750* *Seven passenger Limousine . . $3260*

All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

PEERLESS EIGHT

(Continued from Page 58)

"How do you do, Mr. Skinner?" said Jackson, rather reservedly; for, now that the game was going the way he had designed, he wanted to make it appear that the clerk, and not he, had taken the initiative.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Jackson," said Skinner with his accustomed cordiality.

"I saw your little squib in the paper," said Jackson. "You must belong to the Boost Club."

"It never does any harm to tell pleasant truths," said Skinner.

Presently Jackson remarked:

"You're with McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. I see."

"You know them?"

"Why, yes. I'm Willard Jackson."

"Oh, yes!" laughed Skinner. "How stupid of me! Of course I know. Certainly I know." He caught Jackson's coat and drew him over, and added confidentially: "I'm a little bit abstracted. You see, this is a kind of junketing expedition. Just what they said in the paper—a belated honeymoon. I've never had a chance before, and I'm devoting my whole time to giving the wife a good time." He pulled out his watch. "You'll excuse me? We've got a date."

"Of course," said Jackson.

Skinner grasped Jackson's hand cordially.

"Say, won't you run in again and have a chat? I'm awfully glad to have met you."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Jackson to himself as he left The Hotel.

Anyhow, he reflected as he walked downtown to his office, he'd taken the first step: he'd broken the ice. It had gone against the grain to do it, but it was entirely on the wife's account. He'd let Skinner take the next step. But the man in the case reckoned without his host.

For two whole days Jackson waited in his office for Skinner to appear—waited in vain. He almost dreaded going home to dinner. Each night he half determined to phone some excuse and dine at the club, but put the suggestion aside as petty, shirking. However, nothing was said at dinner by the good Mrs. Curmudgeon, and Jackson began to feel that perhaps the incident was closed.

Sunday morning, however, when Jackson entered the breakfast room he found his wife in tears.

"Look!" she cried, holding up the paper and pointing to a great headline.

"What's the matter? Some accident? Somebody dead?"

"I should say not! Somebody's very much alive! We're the dead ones!"

Jackson took the paper from her hand and read:

"Important Social Event. The West dines the East. Mr. and Mrs. J. Matthews Wilkinson entertain, at a quiet, select dinner, Mr. and Mrs. William Manning Skinner, of New York. The dinner guests were Mr. and Mrs. Philip Armitage; Mr. and Mrs. Almeric Baird; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wendell ——"

Jackson put the paper down. Somehow he felt guilty. He avoided his wife's reproachful eyes. But he didn't dare cover up his ears.

"Think of it!" sniffled Mrs. Jackson, her sniffle developing into a blubber as she went on. "I'm not a snob; but why can't I get in with those people? We've got lots of money! I want to see the best kind of life, but I've never had the chance; and now these Skinners come here, are taken right up, and we're left out in the cold!"

"How can I help that?" Jackson grunted. But he knew what was coming, and it came.

"You could have helped it. Traded with McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. for years and then broke off—spoiled this chance!"

"How in thunder could I see two years ahead and know that Skinner was coming out here?" Jackson snapped. "Besides, he couldn't have got us an invitation to that dinner anyhow!"

"The Wilkinsons have taken him up. They've established his social status. It wasn't an automobile ride or a club affair. It was a private dinner—very private. They introduced him to the select few—him and his wife—his wife!" she wailed.

"But what does that lead to?"

"We might not go there, but we could have had the Skinners here."

"What good would that do? It wouldn't put you in touch with the Wilkinsons, even if you did have the Skinners here."

"No; but it would help. The J. Matthews Wilkinsons dine them one day; the Willard Jacksons dine them another day. See—the connecting link?"

"Darn these social distinctions anyway!" said Jackson. "It's you women that make 'em. We men don't!"

"I can't eat any breakfast," Mrs. Jackson sobbed. "I'm too upset. I must go to my room!"

Jackson didn't eat much breakfast either. When his wife had gone he threw the paper to the floor and kicked it under the table; then he jammed his hat on his head and, with a whole mass of profanity bubbling and boiling within him, left the house. In the calm that succeeded the storm within, Jackson reflected that his present domestic tranquillity was threatened by the presence of these Skinners; and not only that, but their coming, if he could not avail himself of it, would be a source of reproach for years to come.

Many times he passed and repassed The Hotel, first with a grim determination to go in, and then with as grim a determination not to go in. But at last his wife's troubled eyes won, and he went in.

Jackson waited an hour before Skinner appeared. Skinner had reckoned that sooner or later Jackson would be lounging round downstairs, waiting to meet him quite accidentally; so every once in a while he permitted himself a cigar and a stroll in the office.

The curmudgeon had disposed himself in a huge armchair that commanded a view of the elevator; and no sooner did he see Skinner emerge than he busied himself assiduously staring at the pages of the Sunday Magazine Section. With equal assiduity Skinner, who as soon as he had left the elevator had observed Jackson, avoided seeing him.

Thus they played at cross-purposes for a while, like two overgrown boys.

"Hello!" said Jackson, looking up from his paper as Skinner strolled past for the fourth time. "You here yet?"

"I hate to tear myself away," said Skinner. "Have a cigar?"

Jackson took it with a grunt and indicated a chair next his own.

"Yes," said Skinner, seating himself and crossing his legs comfortably, "I like your town. Wonderful climate, fine people, and"—he turned to Jackson—"devilish good grub."

"Have you had a trout dinner yet?" said Jackson.

"Yes; out at the lake the other day."

"I mean a real one—cooked by a real cook—all the trimmings!"

"No; I can't say I have."

Jackson paused, drummed on the arm of his chair, and swallowed hard.

"I've got the best cook in the Middle West," he observed.

"That's going some!"

"You think you've eaten, don't you? Well, you haven't. You ought to try my cook."

"I'd like to," said Skinner.

Skinner knew exactly what Jackson would say next. It was wonderful, he thought—almost uncanny—how the curmudgeon was doing just what he had figured out he might do—had almost willed him to do. He felt like a magician operating the wires to make some manikin dance at the other end, or like a hypnotist directing a subject.

Things were going swimmingly for Jackson too. He felt that he had executed his little scheme very well, without any danger of being found out or even suspected; yet he had never known things to fall in line as they were doing now. Still, he flattered himself it was his own good management; for Jackson was not a believer in luck.

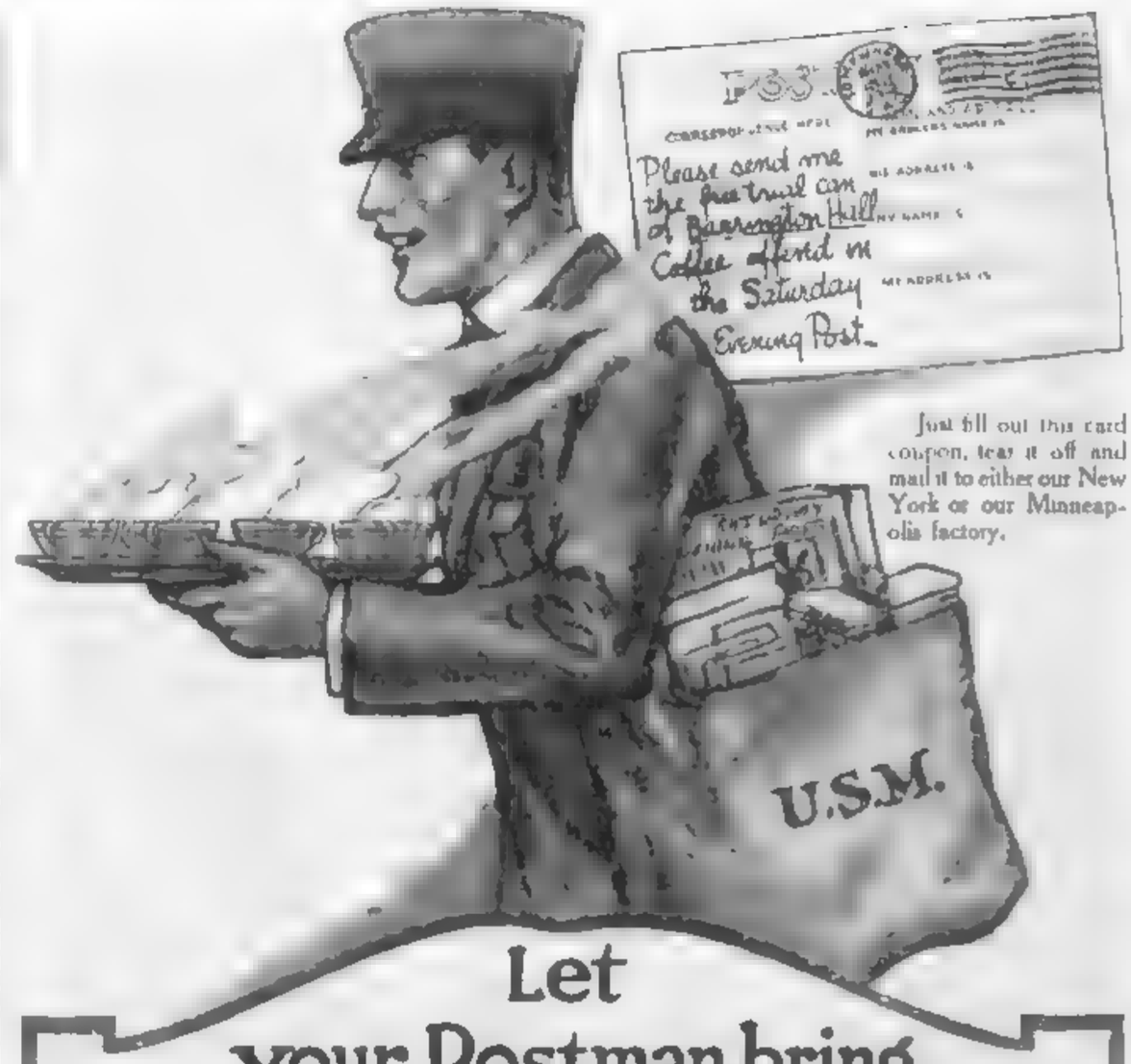
"How long are you going to stay here?" he asked abruptly.

"Tuesday morning."

"You and Mrs. Skinner had better come out and try that cook of mine before you go."

Jackson affected indifference, but his heart was beating high—higher than it had beaten for years; for he was a man who had always had his own way, and was not given to argument or diplomatic finessing. Having shot his bolt, Jackson waited. Skinner turned in his chair.

"That's mighty good of you, old chap," he said cordially. "You're just like these other open-handed, hospitable Westerners. You've bragged about your cook and you want to show me that you can make good; but I'll let you off—I'll take your word for it this time."



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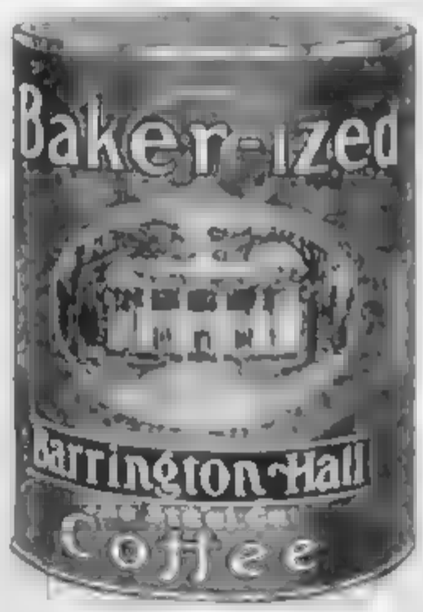

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YOU cannot force contentment—it must be *natural*. And if there is any *one* thing more than another that gives VELVET its fullness of goodness, it is the two years of *natural* ageing.

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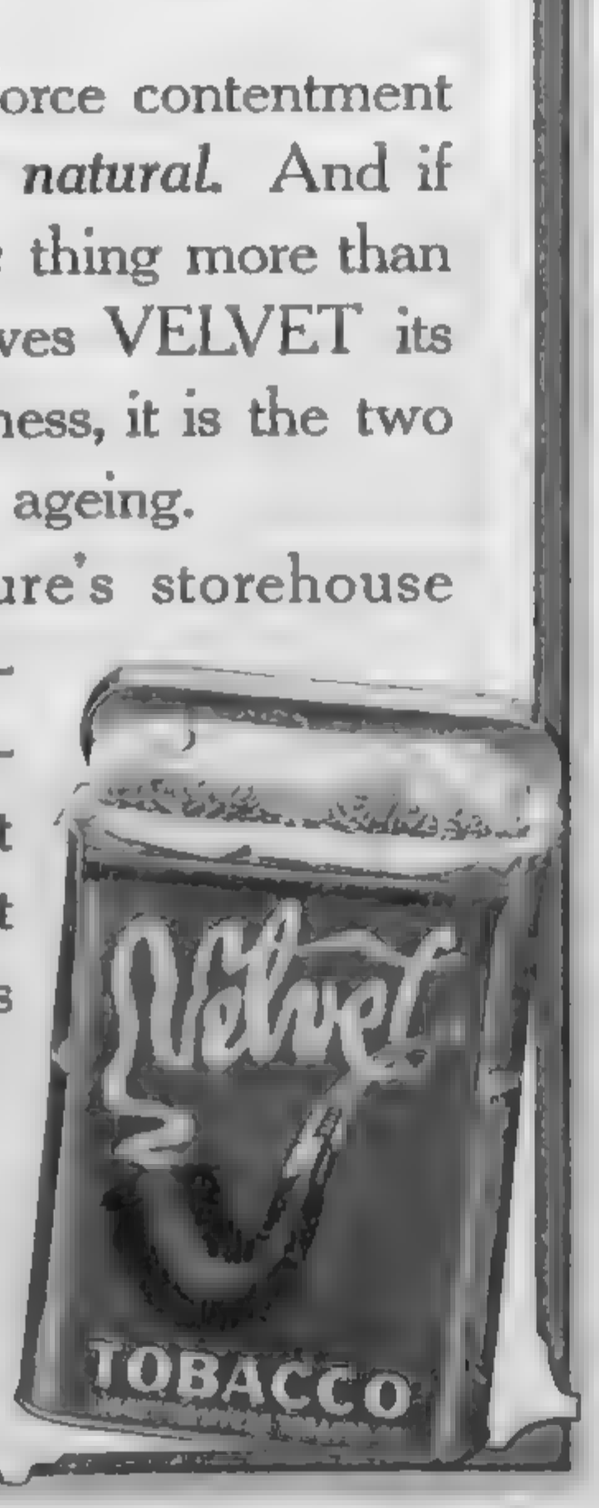

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10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

"I don't want you to take my word for it," Jackson retorted. "Besides, I'd like to have your wife meet Mrs. Jackson."

"So would I," said Skinner.

He paused a moment. Right here was the bit of humble pie that Jackson had prepared to eat, if necessary; but, taken from the hand of a cordial fellow like Skinner, it wouldn't be so hard after all.

"Skinner, you're a good fellow—and I'm not so bad as I sound sometimes. There's no reason why we shouldn't be friends personally, you understand."

"Mr. Jackson," said Skinner, "you're a frank man. I'm going to be frank with you. I am not sure that it would be quite loyal to my firm if I should accept your hospitality under the circumstances. It's all well enough to be impersonal, separate business life from social life; but"—and here he began to butter the humble pie that he had felt it to be inevitable that Jackson should eat—"you stood mighty well with our house.

"You've got a great reputation. It was most important to us. We did everything we could to please you. After the break came we went the limit in the way of eating humble pie to get you back again; but you set your face against us hard. I might even waive that; but just you look at it yourself!"

He laughed.

"You know you didn't treat McLaughlin very well—and the curious part was, McLaughlin was always very fond of you."

At the last words Jackson capitulated.

"See here; you and Mrs. Skinner come out to dinner to-morrow night and we'll talk things over."

Skinner hesitated.

"I've thought this all out," Jackson went on. "The Starr-Bacon folks have been figuring on that bunch of machinery that I'm going to get in. Here's what they say. Can you meet those figures?"

Skinner looked over the memorandum Jackson handed him and made a quick calculation.

"Yes," said he; "we can meet them."

"The order is yours."

"I won't take it," said Skinner, "unless you throw in that trout dinner."

That night Skinner wired McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. that he'd caught the bear and was bringing the hide home with him the hide being the fattest order that concern had had for many a day.

When Skinner entered the office of McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc. three days later, he found a reception committee of two to welcome him.

Both partners shook hands cordially and McLaughlin said:

"Skinner, we're not only convinced that you're a thoroughly honest and methodical man"—he glanced knowingly at Perkins—"but that you're a very able man as well. We ——"

Skinner blushed.

"You don't know how good you've made me feel; really you don't—giving me this chance to show what I could do."

"You had your chance and you showed what you could do, all right!" McLaughlin broke in. He paused; then: "Now tell us, Skinner. How did you do it?"

Skinner hesitated.

"I'd rather not."

"Why?" said McLaughlin. "Ain't you got it patented?"

"Secret process," said Skinner.

"It's more than that; it's an effective process. But what's important to us, Skinner, is —— Could you work it on other folks besides Jackson?"

"Yes, or something like it."

Skinner thrust his hands into his pockets.

"On my way back from St. Paul, Mr. McLaughlin ——" he said—and Perkins, recognizing the premonitory symptoms, crossed to the window and stood with his back to them—"Mr. McLaughlin," Skinner repeated after a pause, "I've been thinking that the most valuable man to any concern is the one who gets business for it."

"Right-o!" said McLaughlin.

"And the hardest customer to get," Skinner went on, "is the man you get back."

"All of which means that you expect a raise—eh, Skinner?"

"I was only going to suggest ——"

"You don't have to suggest. We've already decided to raise you twenty-five dollars a week. How does that strike you? Just as a mark of appreciation."

"I can't see any appreciation in it unless you take me out of the cage."

(Concluded on Page 65)

Sound Feet

Sound feet are necessary to complete health and happiness. Yet how many people neglect their feet! The first step toward sound feet and comfort is proper shoes.

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."

is the proper shoe for Men, Women and Children. They are as near a perfect foot covering as brains, energy and experience can produce. Try them and satisfy yourself.

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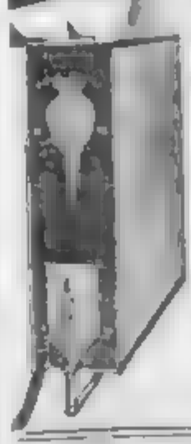

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MALTED MILK
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THE October list of Columbia records (out September 20th) is the greatest list of great records ever issued—a galaxy of talent unprecedented in any previous list:

Graham Marr
Foremost American operatic baritone

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Columbia Records TRADE MARK
Note the Notes

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month

Columbia
Double-Disc
Records

The Hudson Super-Six Now Largest Selling Fine Car in the World

Now the Super-Six outsells any other fine car in the world, with a price above $1100. Its sale has been limited by production. For more than three months now, we have sold in excess of 130 cars every day.

The Hudson Super-Six, remember, is only a few months old. It came out this year. In March our production was 30 per day. It is now 150 daily. It was a new-type motor, controlled by Hudson patents. So all Motordom, of course, was against it.

But it had behind it the vast Hudson prestige. It had the endorsement of Hudson engineers, the most famous staff in the industry. It had proved that it added 80 per cent to efficiency. And, before we ever sold one, official tests had certified it the greatest motor built.

Since then those tests have multiplied. In all of them, of every sort, the Super-Six has proved itself supreme.

And now 17,500 owners find themselves the rulers of the road.

It Will Always Rule

Men who know best believe that the Super-Six will always hold supremacy. Their reasons are these: The Super-Six comes within 10 per cent of absolute perfection. And a closer approach seems impossible.

Perfection would mean a vibrationless motor, utterly free from friction. And that would give us perpetual motion, could it ever be attained. The Super-Six invention is applied to a standard type of motor of very common size. A motor which develops about 84 horsepower, but which delivered before this invention about 42 h. p. at maximum. The Super-Six delivers 76 horsepower. It increases motor efficiency by 80 per cent. That by reducing vibration and friction within 10 per cent of nothing.

No engineer, in any type of motor, can ever reasonably hope to do better.

The Simplicity of It

The great fact is that this is accomplished without radical change in the motor. The size is the same as the Hudson Six-40—the pattern Light Six type. No cylinders are added, no size, no complications. And not one experimental feature. So the universal satisfaction with the Light Six type applies to the Super-Six.

Then our tests have proved that the Super-Six invention practically doubles a motor's endurance. This vast reduction in vibration and friction brings wear almost to nil.

It also results in smooth, effortless performance such as never before was known. A half-hour's ride in the Super-Six will win any man or woman to it.

Some Hudson Records

All made under American Automobile Association Supervision, by a certified stock car or stock chassis and excelling all former stock cars in their tests

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7 passenger touring car with driver and passenger

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger in a 7 passenger touring car

Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 36.3 sec.

One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour

1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

Make a Careful Choice

When you buy a fine car nowadays you are buying it to keep. You will have years of regrets if you don't get the right one.

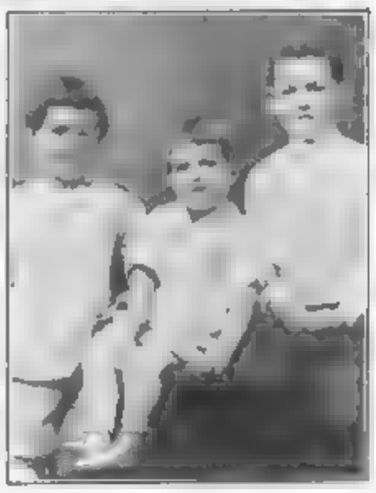
As a motor, the Super-Six is unquestionably supreme. If you doubt that, get the records. Ask the owners. Then go out for a ride.

The car also looks its supremacy. More of luxury and beauty is impossible in car building.

The Super-Six, in all respects, means the best car men have built. And the best they can build, probably. No change is contemplated in this model so far as we can see ahead. And our present rate of output insures a prompt delivery.

Phaeton, 7-passenger . . .	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger . . .	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet . . .	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger . . .	1775	*(Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet . . .	2850

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



They've Started Right

they're well on their way to a lifetime of good teeth—these sturdy youngsters whose mother (name on request) in sending us the picture, writes—

"They're all being taught the faithful use of Dr. Lyon's."

Start your children today. Take them twice a year to the dentist and teach them the three times a day use of

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Powder ~ Cream

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

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Blistering summer heat has passed, paint anchors deep in the open wood pores, painters have time for careful work, gnats and moths are gone, weather is settled, winter is coming.

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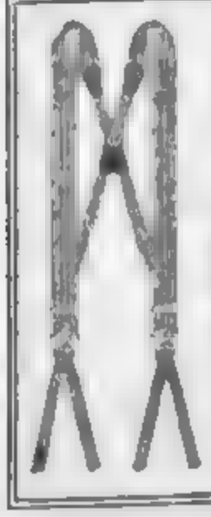

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Kadys never strain or pull.
Kadys make trousers hang just right.
Kadys are made for the man who wants comfort, economy and style.
Buy a pair—wear a week—take them back if not satisfied.
At leading dealers'

50 cents and 75 cents

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO.
Mansfield, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 62)

"Skinner," said McLaughlin, "you didn't for a minute think we were going to keep in a cage a man who could pull off such a trick as that, did you? We're going to make you a salesman."

Even with the advanced salary the idea of going on the road didn't appeal to Skinner.

"To be frank, Mr. McLaughlin, I want something better than that."

"Better?"

"Yes. I want to be put in charge of the sales department."

"What do you think of that proposition?" McLaughlin said to the junior partner.

Perkins turned and came back to the table.

"So far, Skinner seems to have the goods."

McLaughlin looked at Perkins, and Perkins nodded affirmatively.

"Skinner, I'm going to let you see what you can do," said the senior partner.

All that day, while Skinner was instructing the young man who was to succeed him as Cage Man, he was very happy that he should never have to tell Honey how he'd deceived her.

This, however, would involve a negative deception, he mused; for he could not tell her about the twenty-five-dollar advance he'd just received. He finally decided to go right along as he was, each week giving her ten dollars to deposit in the Meadeville National, as usual. Then he himself would deposit ten dollars a week until he had made up for the number of weeks that had elapsed since he had so rashly raised his own salary. Thus, their little bank account would remain intact and Honey would never know.

And so it happened that, some eight months later, one beautiful morning in December, McLaughlin said to the junior partner:

"That which I feared has come upon us!"

"What's the matter? Has Skinner asked for another raise?"

"Worse'n that! The Starr-Bacon people have made him an offer!"

"Raise his pay again," Perkins suggested.

"That ain't enough. Skinner claims he wants broader fields of opportunity."

"I hope he's going to be willing to let us sit round the office here a while longer."

"I don't know what to do. You remember how good Skinner proved just as soon as we gave him his head. He has not only opened up new territory and got in new customers, but he's reclaimed old abandoned fields of operation and got back a lot of old fellows. He's delivered the goods all along the line, Perk. Besides that, it was Skinner who got us to put in that new machinery over in Newark. Why, it's already saved a quarter of its cost in fuel!"

"I know Skinner's value, Mac, just as well as you do."

"If he goes over to the Starr-Bacon people," continued McLaughlin, "he takes his methods with him; and you know customers follow methods."

"What we want to do," said the junior partner, "is to offset the Starr-Bacon offer without you and me having to sell our machines and take to the Subway in order to pay his salary. How would it do to make him general manager? Skinner's ambitious—he's looking for honor."

"No," said McLaughlin after pondering a few moments; "if we keep him on a salary, and he remains an employee only, he will still be susceptible to outside offers. The only thing to do is to make him a partner. That's the only way to keep him!"

"I guess you're right." Perkins paused a bit, then: "Well, Mac, the worm's turned hard—and you're the one who didn't head him off!"

"Who wants to head off a worm like Skinner? Let him turn! Let him keep on turning! The more he turns, the better for us. Do you know what his first turn meant in terms of cash? No? Just ring for Millard to bring the Jackson account."

That night, as Skinner sipped his second demi-tasse, he looked across the table at his beautiful wife, who was assiduously studying an automobile catalogue. The suggestion it conveyed gave Skinner a touch of apprehension; but the touch lasted only a moment. He banished it and all other cares by making the final entry in his little book:

DRESS-SUIT ACCOUNT

DEBIT	CREDIT
	One partnership in McLaughlin & Perkins, Inc.!

That Perplexing Heating Problem

Let Us Help You Solve It

YOU home builders! Remember—***only a few months of the year are Summer!*** Spacious porches—delightful pagodas—cozy sun parlors—lose their charm when the North Wind whistles.

English oak trim in the living room—charming white enamel bedrooms—tile bath—all lose their interest when the mercury sinks to zero—*unless you have HEALTHFUL WARMTH and COMFORT.*

Plan now for the coming winter—***when most of your time must be spent indoors.*** We believe you can settle the problem finally and satisfactorily—with no trouble at all—by getting in touch with us at once.

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We can tell you which is best for *your* kind of building—under its particular locational, constructional and climatic conditions. We make all three accepted types—WARM FRESH AIR, HOT WATER and STEAM, and are, therefore, free to give you an unbiased opinion. Our only concern is to determine which type will give most satisfactory, most economical and most healthful heating service.

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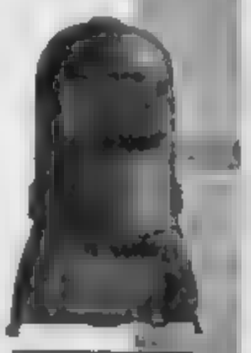

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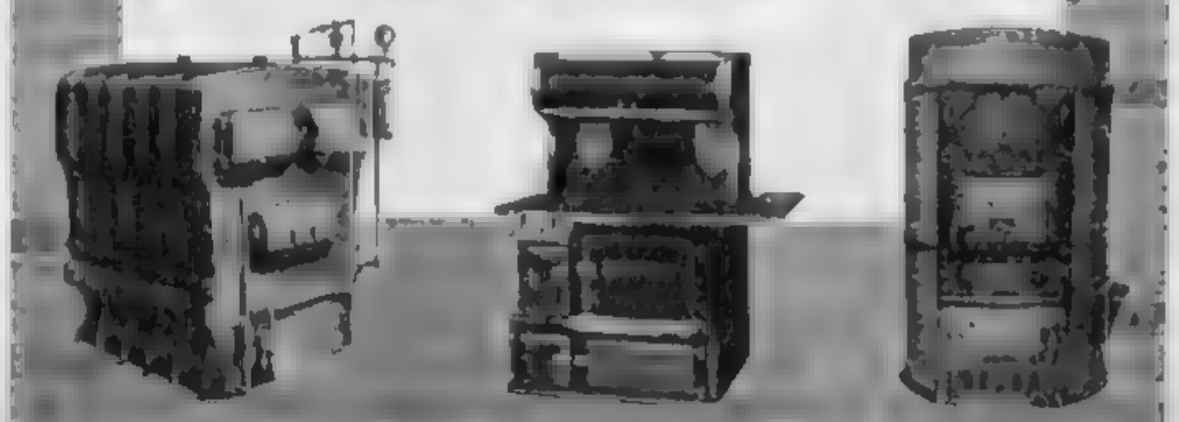

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Chewing Gum, Mints, Cloves and Wintergreens
ASK YOUR GROCER

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

(Continued from Page 23)

place like Berton," I answered, still laughing at the vision I had of Taggy trembling with fear at the narrow escape she had had.

When I recall the men and women who have done the most good in Berton, they are not those with the greatest gifts and the broadest culture. But they are the simpler kind, who believe in infant baptism because they are told to believe in it—or in infant damnation, for that matter, if they are told to believe in that; who have no minds of their own with which to think out the esoteric problems of life and death, but accept these as the shadows of mysteries through which they must pass by faith. They inflict wounds and bind up wounds, never keeping a very straight account of who is to blame. They forgive much, and are ever ready to do something else, sure that this also will be forgiven. Not reasonable—just children, you understand, who must go a long way to school, but who return in the evening of their days to their Father's house, everyone spent, very tired. Dull scholars, having missed half the lessons taught in the hard curriculum of life, but all finished at last. I say these are the best people the world over, though they lead no great reforms and start no revolutions. It is not until you get as bad and as wise as Solomon that you throw down your pen and cry "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." There is a good deal of vexation mixed with the foolishness of faith, but one thing I have learned—never to look to a bad man like Solomon for the right wisdom, and never to follow a woman whose mind is so broad her morals are split, no matter if everything she says is the truth. What she does is bound to be a lie.

The period following Lily Triggs' departure from Berton was the last term we had in our church of the old-fashioned Christian life. We were shortly to be tried by standards so old that they were new. We were to experience anguish and uncertainties which rent the membership as it had never been rent by our feuds and transgressions, and from which the church has never recovered. But I say, for a season we returned to the old order. The life of the community centered once more about the church and Sunday school and the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. The Feminist Movement appeared to have lost consciousness. I could spend the afternoon visiting, and never hear a word about how the Suffragists lost the election in New Jersey or how they won the ballot in some Western state. The choir in our church expanded and contracted from time to time according to the Sabbath-singing mood of the members. No one attended choir practice; anyone who chose flatted his or her notes on Sunday. Still, it gave me a restful feeling to hear Evelina Lipton and Sam Parks and Susie King merely dragging the words of the hymns by the hind legs of the tune—which is a repose I never had when Lily put the fancy trills into

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!

I may have been wickedly prejudiced against Lily. I have set down in these pages all the evidence we ever had against her, which was circumstantial. But many a man has been convicted of murder upon less damaging evidence.

Quarterly meetings are a great occasion among Methodists, especially in village and country churches. For three months the pastor takes his texts from the meeker Scriptures like the Gospel according to John, but when the presiding elder comes we expect a change and we get it. Everybody brisks up. The woman who is to have the honor of entertaining him is in a swivet for days beforehand. She cleans her house from attic to cellar, as if he might be the higher critic of her domestic life. She tears the guest chamber to pieces, puts it together again, covers the pulled-up bed with her fringed counterpane and lays her sacred shams, embroidered with "Holy Night, Peaceful Night," upon the pillows. She bakes cakes, sets yeast to rise for his favorite bread, and offers up her finest chickens. One might think she prepared for a regiment instead of for one man. But he is the presiding elder, next to the bishop in the Annual Conference, and equal as a rule to several men when it comes to nourishing his inner man. All of which we know, and even the fowls know, for they are shy of their own roosting places for a week afterward.

We know what to expect on Sunday—a "great sermon." He may preach the same one four times in succession at the different churches. But you may depend upon one thing—he will take his text from one of Paul's Epistles. Bishops and presiding elders always do. The character of Paul seems to appeal to them more than that of the other apostles. The pastor will have been giving us sermons on "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," or "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me . . . for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light," and has been at great pains to prove the truth of this in spite of the grave mortal suspicions we have to the contrary. But on this day he reads the opening service and then comes down and sits in the congregation with the air of a famished and thirsty man who is about to have a feast of good things. Then the elder takes his text from Paul. And he begins with an interpretation of this great presiding elder of the early church. If he is himself a small, nervous, bald-headed man he is sure to tell us that Paul was a nervous, bald-headed man. If he is a large man with a majestic manner, he pictures Paul as a giant, with the power of presence which belongs only to great souls. In any case the congregation often realizes that there is a striking resemblance between this famous itinerant, who had "no continuing city," and the presiding elder of our district.

I am not in a position to know, being strictly a Methodist in my church experiences, but I have wondered if the Baptists and Presbyterians magnify the character of Paul as we do. And I am not suggesting the least criticism of the bishops and elders in our church who choose him instead of Peter or John or James more particularly as their pattern, for I suppose if a man is able to exalt himself into the Pauline consciousness he is more apt to live like Paul. Certainly many of them sustain a relation to the itinerant pastors very similar to that he had for Timothy. They are very helpful, tender and fatherly to them. But my experience is that you cannot live through the weekdays of your life sustained by a presiding elder's sermon, with the same intimate sense of personal security which comes from remembering what your own pastor tells you.

The point is this: When the presiding elder preaches upon the "great fundamentals of the Christian life," until the reverberations ring back from your eternal hills; when the church is filled with half the town, and everybody goes away to a big dinner—I say all this clothes a quarterly meeting in a glamour which conceals the real purpose of it.

This comes out in the Quarterly Conference, which is a strictly business affair even if it is held on Sunday afternoon. The pastor, stewards and Sunday-school superintendent meet at the church, with the presiding elder in the chair. The preacher in charge is called on for his report. He mentions how many new members have been received, how much has been paid on salary, how much on church extension, foreign missions, and so on. The Sunday-school superintendent does the same thing, tells how much the children paid on Children's Day, so much for missions, so much for literature, incidentals, and so on. The stewards do the same things. They add up the totals. The elder takes his percentage of the preacher's salary, puts on his hat and catches the next train out of town.

It is all for the best, of course. I am not writing this history to criticize the government of our church. But my belief is that this is where the likeness between a presiding elder and the Apostle Paul grows so faint as to be hardly distinguishable. If Timothy had a wife and two children when he was pastor of the church at Ephesus, and received only nineteen dollars during the first three months, I doubt if Paul would have come along as presiding elder and taken two or three dollars of it as his share. I have known that to happen here. And every time I see an elder vaulting through the empyrean of eloquence, with the Pauline Epistles in one hand and the Fundamentals of the Christian Life in the other, I cannot help thinking of the way Brother Battle looked when he paid the elder his percentage of that nineteen dollars.

(Continued on Page 69)

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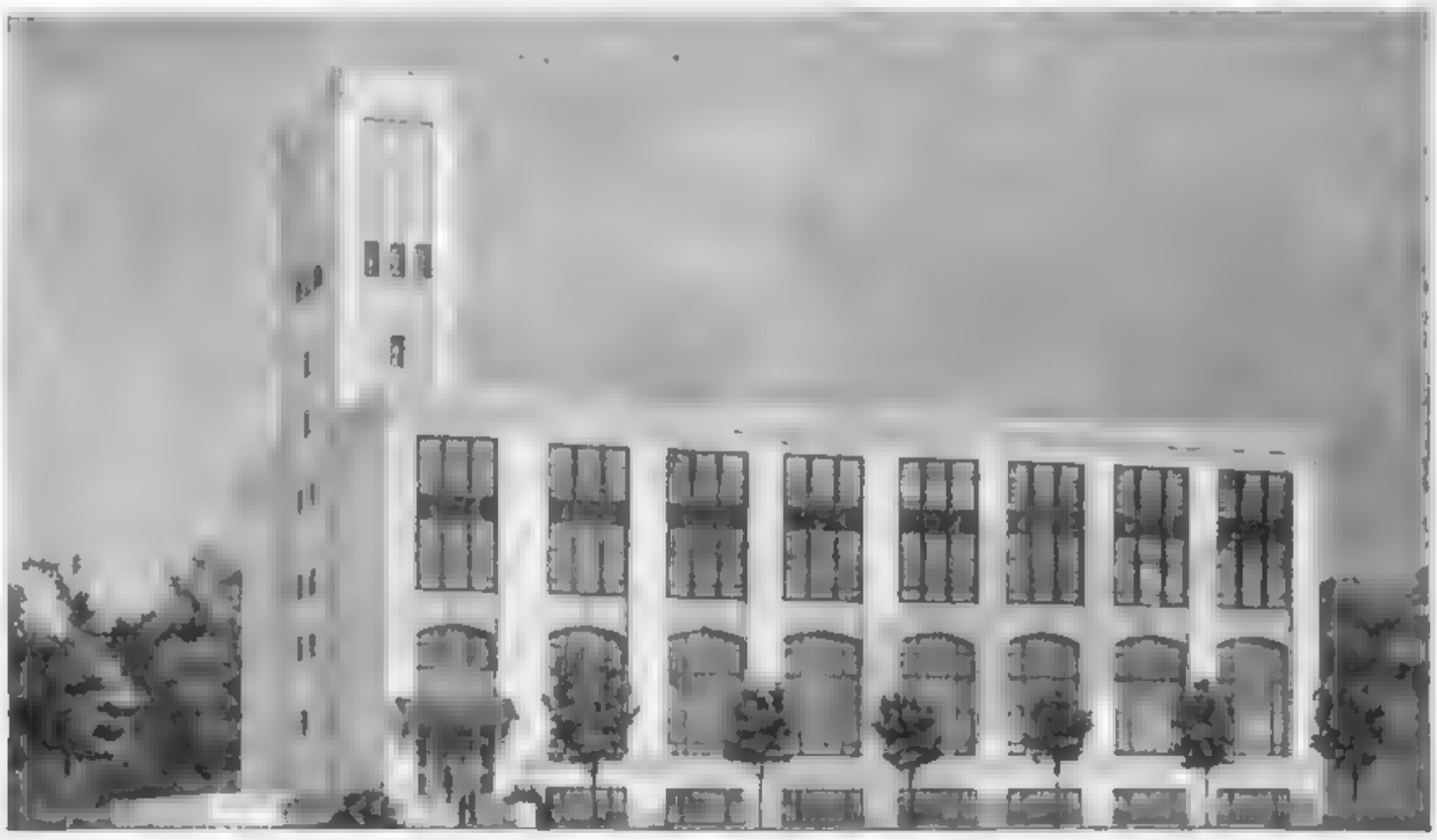

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Then each of these flavors is corked in a vial. And the vial is put in the package.

It is not mixed with the gelatine until you make your dessert. So the flavor is always fresh.

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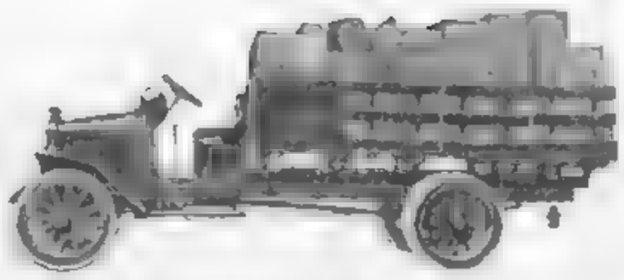

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(Continued from Page 66

With a membership of two hundred and fifteen this church paid that year twenty-one hundred dollars all told. The pastor's salary was seven hundred and eighty dollars. The presiding elder received one hundred and sixteen of that, leaving him with only six hundred and sixty-four dollars. And there was not a man in our church with an income equal to this presiding elder's salary!

Brother Battle had a wife and two children. And he was obliged to keep a horse. He was also, by the laws of the Methodist discipline, obliged to keep out of debt.

I feel about the financial demands of our church as I do about the whale's swallowing Jonah—I do not understand it and I do not understand them. I lack the world breadth of vision required to make and sustain a great Christian organization. So I just accept the miracle of Jonah, and go on collecting dues for our Missionary Society, leaving the Lord to deal with the appropriation boards as He sees fit later on. Most of the members of this church feel the same way. Sometimes, however, I have been discouraged enough about converts in heathen nations to wonder if it would not be less expensive if we sent for the heathens and educated them here as foreign missionaries to their own people, instead of sending our own missionaries to them. A Christian heathen can live on much less than one of our missionaries. And he ought to do as much good.

But this is no affair of mine, and I always feel guilty when I have such thoughts, especially when I consider the raven-fed faith of Methodist itinerants. They are never poor in spirit. They are rich in the knowledge they have of long years before them in the work. They keep up the simplest and most childlike defenses against poverty, being always desperately poor. They have widows' and orphans' funds which do not pay enough to bury the widows and orphans.

But you cannot starve a Methodist preacher, nor get him in debt, nor tempt him to steal from his own church collections, and you will never see his children begging bread. I have known one with a wife and baby to live on two hundred and forty dollars a year, and save enough to pay their railway fare across the state to his next appointment. No man can doubt the miracle of the loaves and fishes who knows anything about the miracle in domestic economy wrought every year by Methodist itinerants. They are artlessly generous, like children, and strangely confiding in their dealings with the grasping world. Faith is a habit of mind with them which reaches cheerfully to the mercies of God when there are no mercies in sight, and back again to any man mean enough to deceive them. I have never known one to show any cunning in his own affairs except when it came to a horse trade.

The Lord himself seems to inspire a Methodist preacher with supernatural shrewdness when he goes out to buy a horse. He invariably returns with a sound beast and something to boot in his pocket, even when he has traded a hammer-headed, goat-hammed nag to the other fellow. This, in fact, is the initial step in the transaction: He picks up a horse which appears to have been assembled from different zoological periods—the lumbering shanks of a mastodon, the hunched-up back of a dromedary and the ribs of any old skeleton; a sort of equine hyperbole of sorrowful negation. But, given time, he will always swap this thing for a good horse.

We had an example of this shrewdness and the itinerant's curious guilelessness in our own pastor. Brother Battle acquired in some manner known only to the Providence which assists in these matters a very fine gray mare. She was a slender-legged, thin-flanked young thing that held her head like a proud maiden, carried her tail airily over the dashboard and spurned the earth with her feet. If she had a fault in the world, which her master stoutly denied, it was pulling the peg out of the fastening on the barn door and helping herself to what she found inside.

One morning I heard groans accompanied by loud screams of anguish from the barnyard of the parsonage. I ran to the window and stood in amazement at the scene across the street. A score of men hung over the fence before the barn. They were shouting directions to a dozen more who were inside. Sister Battle stood in her kitchen door looking as if the worst had happened at last. The two children were wailing disconsolately, with their faces pressed to the pickets of the back fence. Brother Battle, wearing his long-tail coat, occupied the center of the stage. He held the gray mare by the bridle and was walking her up and down with great difficulty, for the horse seemed determined to sit down at every step. She was at least twice her normal size round the middle. Her head drooped, her back arched.

"Don't let her lie down!" shouted a voice.

"If she does she's gone!" cried another.

"She's as good as dead anyhow," growled another. At which the children keened their noses to the wind with ear-piercing shrieks.

"What on earth is the matter?" I panted.

"Poor Daisy pulled the peg out of the door again last night and ate all the peas we had for the cow!" Sister Battle moaned.

"How many peas did you have?" I asked.

"About half a bushel," she admitted reluctantly, as if she shrank from telling how drunk Daisy had made herself on cowpeas.

At this moment the horse went down. She lay with her legs sticking up like the standards of a canvas wagon top.

The crowd dispersed, having given up hope. Sister Battle and I hurried into the house bearing the bereaved children.

Half an hour later Brother Battle came in, wearing the redeemed look a preacher always puts on when he has had an answer to prayer.

"Well, we are going to save her!" he said. "I have secured the services of a veterinary."

"A veterinary!" I exclaimed. "There is not one in this town."

"He has just moved in—lives some distance out on a farm, he told me. He will take the horse home with him presently. Says she will be as good as new in a couple of weeks. But I had to pay him eleven dollars!" he added ruefully.

"Eleven dollars, Joseph!" gasped Sister Battle.

"Yes. He wanted more, but I told him that was all I had."

Ten days later they received a note from the veterinary saying that the mare had died.

Brother Battle made application at once to the Asbury Remounting Association. This is an organization of circuit riders in this Conference which furnishes one hundred dollars toward the purchase of another horse when a member of it loses one.

A private collection among the sympathetic church members added to this sum fifty dollars. And Brother Battle started in high feather to the neighboring town where a young mare was advertised for sale.

The horse proved to be his own mare, Daisy! The owner of the stables bought her from a band of strolling gypsies ten days after the "veterinary" took her and eleven dollars to boot from our pastor.

The reports of the Asbury Remounting Association show that more than one circuit rider has been obliged to return the hundred dollars sent him, owing to the miraculous reappearance of a horse which he mourned as dead.

All told, the year was passing peacefully, as if time had gone back and joined the church. Our lives were measured once more to us by our prayers and aspirations toward the life to come. There was no competition of other interests against those of the church, no Suffrage League meeting to interfere with the attendance of the members of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, no lectures on art, no committees devoted to the solving of social and economic problems. Everything was so peaceful that we might have thought Satan had restored the stolen goods of the spirit in this place. The people drifted back into their old ways of attending divine services. Our prayer meetings were midweek events. Sometimes at the close of an unusually impressive sermon Brother Battle would say: "All those who desire to flee from the wrath to come, or long for a deeper work of grace, will please signify the same by coming forward and giving their hand to the pastor during the singing of the last hymn."

Then Susie King would bring her fingers down upon the organ keys in dolorous chord. The choir would clear its throat, everybody would rise, and we would all begin to search ourselves.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

Then Susie would get the best of it with the organ again, and we would look about

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and wonder why this one or that one did not accept the invitation.

"Last stanza!" Brother Battle would say, looking very mournful because nobody accepted the invitation. And we'd begin again.

Then Molly Brown would sneak by the other people in her pew and step timidly forward to give her hand. Molly is our bellwether ewe in spiritual adventures. Once she moves out the rest of us follow. The congregation winds itself in and out, a long line. Everybody goes up and gives some kind of a hand, and the pastor is kept very busy saying to each one "God bless you!" while only the choir is left to sing the chorus:

We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by!

I do not say that great music has less effect, but I doubt if any grand opera ever sung has so good an effect upon just simple, honest folk as a service like this. We go home and commit our peculiar besetting sins as usual. But these are only the hobnail shoes of our carnal nature by which we keep our feet amid the affairs of this present world. We know that somehow, by and by, we'll set sail, stand the storm, and anchor somewhere, in spite of a few little deeds done strictly in the body. This is faith. And we are all the children of faith, the offsprings of immortal hopes, more than we are the sons and daughters of the flesh.

No great poet ever had a lively sense of humor, because wit is the blasphemy of high emotions. And no great saint ever had a sense of humor, either, because the scenery of the soul is incredibly majestic in its lights and shadows. Still, the annals of every church are filled with stories absurdly out of drawing with this dignity of eternal life. It is because we are still in the childhood of time, subject to the comic accidents of our own human natures.

We had the usual humorous accidents during this peaceful year. First, Emily Peters went off somewhere and joined the Christian Scientists. This was not funny. It was the first wise thing I ever knew Emily to do. But if she had eloped with a Christian Scientist some of our members would not have been more scandalized than they were when the news came. Then Emily came home well and strong. But that which set us all to grinning was the way she talked, in the language of a kind of dissolved mysticism. She who had been the dullest and simplest of women now confounded the wise with her new evangelism. Sin was not sin, but an "error." Neuralgia, from which she had suffered tortures, was also an "error."

"If I'd only known, Sister Thompson," she exclaimed one day, "that there is no such thing as sickness, disease, sorrow and death—that they are all errors!"

"But, my dear," I objected, "surely you know we must all die sometime!"

It was as if I had blown a strong wind against her fragile wings.

"We must not admit death," she returned in tones of awe; "that is the greatest error of all."

"You'll admit that many people are subject to this error," I insisted.

"We must not think of death," she answered, growing very nervous. "Thinking it commits us to it."

I was ashamed of myself, as if I'd cast a stone at a bluebird perched too glaringly in the snow.

She was blessed with a kind of premature immortality of the mind, so I went no farther, even consenting when she offered to give me absent treatments for rheumatism. Both my knees have grown sadly, stiffly erroneous, and I expected no benefit; but my thought was that if she occupied her mind with my ailments she was not so likely to backslide into her own neuralgia.

And there was the incident of Sam Parks' raincoat being up for prayers, which I reckon was one of the most horrifyingly funny things that ever happened in this church. When penitents come to the altar for prayers in our church, sometimes one remains still kneeling after the others are gone and the service concluded. In this case the preacher and other spirit-comforting saints remain and pray with him until he receives the blessing, which is sure to come if he has the true wrestling-Jacob courage.

We were in the midst of our revival late in August of that year. The altar was filled with penitents at the close of each service. One evening the weather was threatening, and Sam Parks brought his raincoat. He came in early and hung it over the knob of the low post which supported the end of the altar. When the penitents returned to their seats as usual after the concluding prayer Brother Battle looked about him. He was near-sighted, but he saw dimly what he supposed to be a particularly meek penitent kneeling in the shadows at the extreme end of the chancel.

"Brethren!" he exclaimed, raising his hand, "we still have one earnest soul kneeling here seeking forgiveness. Let us unite in prayer once more for him!"

There was a moment of ghastly silence. No one knelt, no one even bowed his head. Our attention was riveted upon Brother Battle, who advanced toward the woefully shrunken form. The next moment he stretched out his hand benignly and laid it upon the newel post draped with Sam's coat. He started back as if he'd been stung.

"We will receive the benediction!" he announced sternly. And we did, but the Lord must have wondered at the tartness with which this blessing was asked.

Sam sneaked out and went home in the rain, not daring to claim his coat after what had happened.

I heard a man say, who sometimes stumbled over his wife's footstool in the dark, that the devil entered mere things as often as he did men. Maybe he does, for I have known more than one revival to freeze after some such incident as this. We appear to be hung on a hair trigger spiritually, between the sublime and the ridiculous.

Early in October Lily Triggs returned to Berton. The good may be remembered by their virtues, but so long as we live we are tagged every one by our chief transgression. If a man drinks, he is known as a drunkard no matter if he is a banker, or a congressman, or a loving father and a good provider. If a woman talks, she is known as a gossip though she may be the leading spirit in all good works. The fact that we forget or forgive our own faults makes no difference, the label naming them is tacked on to our reputations like an April Fool placard on a man's back.

Lily had taken such a long rest from being the lady serpent of Berton that she doubtless supposed we were equally refreshed and absent-minded. But the very sight of her set the whole church to seething and hissing speculations. Would she go back to the choir? Would she assemble the League? Some hoped so; some prayed fervently that she would show decent discretion and keep out of things.

She did not keep us long in suspense. She made for the choir on the next Sabbath day, as if it was like singing with John Henry in Paradise just to be back, though Lipton was sitting meekly with his wife four seats in the rear.

She was so glad to see everybody, and didn't we think she was looking better? In fact she was fatally fresh and fair. And how she had longed for dear old Berton! One might have supposed she was the idol of our eyes, to hear her.

The first thing she did was to call a meeting of the League to elect a delegate to the National Suffrage Convention in Washington. Everyone thought she was the one to be sent. But she'd been away so long she wished to stay quietly at home. Mrs. Warren, then! Charlotte was splendid, of course, she explained, but she wished to propose Mrs. John Henry Lipton. And Tagsy, who was not there to defend herself, was elected.

"The impudent thing!" she cried when she heard of the honor. "I wouldn't leave this town while she's in it and John Henry keeps his singing voice, not even for Paradise, much less a Suffrage Convention!"

Meanwhile, we knew before Conference that Brother Battle would be moved. At the last quarterly meeting he frankly informed the board of stewards and the presiding elder that he was not the man for the place, because of "peculiar conditions" which he found beyond his control as a pastor, and he asked for another appointment. Every man present knew the "peculiar conditions" to which he referred, and not one of them dared lift his voice against them.

Thus we had got down to where even a Methodist itinerant, who is the most long-suffering and patient of men, was anxious at any cost to get away from this church. There are other churches in the Conference, similarly afflicted, from which preachers pray "Good Lord, deliver us!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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PICCADILLY JIM

(Continued from Page 20)

forties, whose appearance seemed somehow oddly familiar. The second was a small, fat, blobby, bulging boy who was chewing something. The third, lurking diffidently in the rear, was a little man of about Mr. Crocker's own age, gray-haired and thin, with brown eyes that gazed meekly through rimless glasses.

Nobody could have been less obtrusive than this person, yet it was he who gripped Mr. Crocker's attention and caused that homesick sufferer's heart to give an almost painful leap. For he was clothed in one of those roomy suits with square shoulders which to the seeing eye are as republican as the Stars and Stripes. His blunt-toed yellow shoes sang gayly of home. And his hat was not so much a hat as an effusive greeting from Gotham. A long time had passed since Mr. Crocker had set eyes upon a biped so exhilaratingly American, and rapture held him speechless, as one who after long exile beholds some landmark of his childhood.

The female member of the party took advantage of his dumbness—which, as she had not unnaturally mistaken him for the butler, she took for a silent and respectful query as to her business and wishes—to open the conversation.

"Is Mrs. Crocker at home? Please tell her that Mrs. Pett wishes to see her."

There was a rush and scurry in the corridors of Mr. Crocker's brain, as about six different thoughts tried to squash simultaneously into that main chamber where there is room for only one at a time. He understood now why this woman's appearance had seemed familiar. She was his wife's sister, and that same Nesta who was some day to be pulverized by the sight of his name in the Birthday Honors. He was profoundly thankful that she had mistaken him for the butler. A chill passed through him as he pictured what would have been Eugenia's reception of the information that he had committed such a bourgeois solecism as opening the front door to Mrs. Pett of all people, who already despised him as a low vulgarian. There had been trouble enough when she had found him opening it a few weeks before to a mere collector of subscriptions for a charity. He perceived, with a clarity remarkable in view of the fact that the discovery of her identity had given him a feeling of physical dizziness, that at all costs he must foster this misapprehension on his sister-in-law's part.

Fortunately he was in a position to do so. He knew all about what butlers did and what they said on these occasions, for in his innocently curious way he had often pumped Bayliss on the subject. He bowed silently and led the way to the morning room, followed by the drove of Petts; then, opening the door, stood aside to allow the procession to march past the given point.

"I will inform Mrs. Crocker that you are here, madam."

Mrs. Pett, shepherding the chewing child before her, passed into the room. In the light of her outspoken sentiments regarding her brother-in-law, it is curious to reflect that his manner at this, their first meeting, had deeply impressed her. After many months of smoldering revolt she had dismissed her own butler a day or so before sailing for England, and for the first time envy of her sister Eugenia gripped her. She did not covet Eugenia's other worldly possessions, but she did grudge her this supreme butler.

Mr. Pett, meanwhile, had been trailing in the rear with a hunted expression on his face. He wore the unmistakable look of a man about to be present at a row between women, and only a wet cat in a strange back yard bears itself with less jauntiness than a man faced by such a prospect. A millionaire several times over, Mr. Pett would cheerfully have given much of his wealth to have been elsewhere at that moment. Such was the agitated state of his mind that, when a hand was laid lightly upon his arm as he was about to follow his wife into the room, he started so violently that his hat flew out of his hand. He turned to meet the eyes of the butler who had admitted him to the house fixed on his in an appealing stare.

"Who's leading in the pennant race?" said this strange butler in a feverish whisper.

It was a question, coming from such a source, which in another than Mr. Pett might well have provoked a blank stare of amazement. Such, however, is the almost superhuman intelligence and quickness of mind engendered by the study of America's national game, that he answered without the slightest hesitation:

"Giants!"

"Wow!" said the butler.

No sense of anything strange or untoward about the situation came to mar the perfect joy of Mr. Pett, the overmastering joy of the baseball fan who in a strange land unexpectedly encounters a brother. He thrilled with a happiness which he had never hoped to feel that morning.

"No signs of them slumping?" inquired the butler.

"No; but you never can tell. It's early yet. I've seen those boys lead the league till the end of August and then be nosed out."

"True enough," said the butler sadly.

"Matty's in shape."

"He is? The old souper working well?"

"Like a machine. He shut out the Cubs the day before I sailed!"

"Fine!"

At this point an appreciation of the unusualness of the proceedings began to steal upon Mr. Pett. He gaped at this surprising servitor.

"How on earth do you know anything about baseball?" he demanded.

The other seemed to stiffen. A change came over his whole appearance. He had the air of an actor who has remembered his part.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I trust I have not taken a liberty. I was at one time in the employment of a gentleman in New York, and during my stay I became extremely interested in the national game. I picked up a few of the American idioms while in the country." He smiled apologetically. "They sometimes slip out."

"Let 'em slip!" said Mr. Pett with enthusiasm. "You're the first thing that's reminded me of home since I left. Say!"

"Sir?"

"Got a good place here?"

"Er—oh, yes, sir."

"Well, here's my card. If you ever feel like making a change there's a job waiting for you at that address."

"Thank you, sir." Mr. Crocker stooped. "Your hat, sir!"

He held it out, gazing fondly at it the while. It was like being home again to see a hat like that. He followed Mr. Pett with an affectionate eye as he went into the morning room.

Bayliss was coming along the hall, hurrying more than his wont. The ring at the front door had found him deep in an extremely interesting piece of news in his halfpenny morning paper, and he was guiltily aware of having delayed in answering it.

"Bayliss," said Mr. Crocker in a cautious undertone, "go and tell Mrs. Crocker that Mrs. Pett is waiting to see her. She's in the morning room. If you're asked say you let her in. Get me?"

"Yes, sir," said Bayliss, grateful for this happy solution.

"Oh, Bayliss!"

"Sir?"

"Is the wicket at Lord's likely to be too sticky for them to go on with that game to-day?"

"I hardly think it probable that there will be play, sir. There was a great deal of rain in the night."

Mr. Crocker passed on to his den with a lighter heart.

It was Mrs. Crocker's habit, acquired after years of practice and a sedulous study of the best models, to conceal beneath a mask of well-bred indifference any emotion which she might chance to feel. Her dealings with the aristocracy of England had shown her that. Though the men occasionally permitted themselves an outburst, the women never did, and she had schooled herself so rigorously that nowadays she seldom even raised her voice. Her bearing, as she approached the morning room, was calm and serene, but inwardly curiosity consumed her. It was unbelievable that Nesta could have come to try to effect a reconciliation, yet she could think of no other reason for her visit.

She was surprised to find three persons in the morning room. Bayliss, delivering his message, had mentioned only Mrs. Pett. To Mrs. Crocker the assemblage had the appearance of being a sort of Old Home Week of Petts, a kind of Pett family mob

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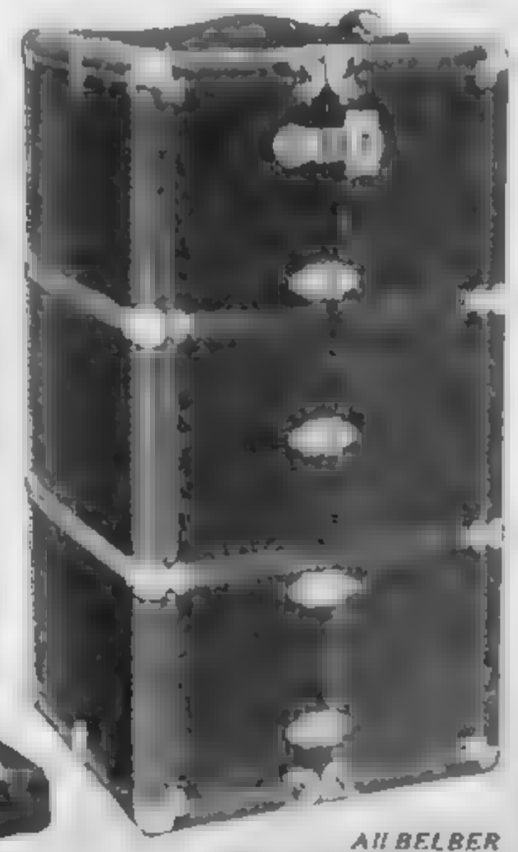

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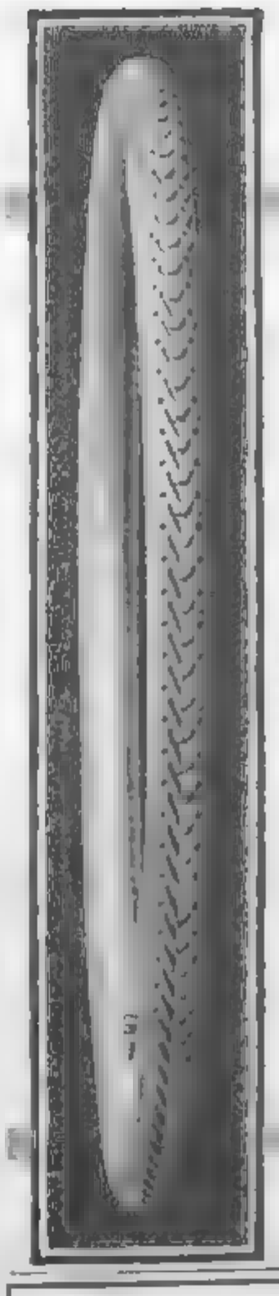

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scene. Her sister's second marriage having taken place after their quarrel, she had never seen her new brother-in-law, but she assumed that the little man lurking in the background was Mr. Pett. The guess was confirmed.

"Good morning, Eugenia," said Mrs. Pett. "Peter, this is my sister, Eugenia. My husband."

Mrs. Crocker bowed stiffly. She was thinking how hopelessly American Mr. Pett was; how baggy his clothes looked; what absurdly shaped shoes he wore; how appalling his hat was; how little hair he had; and how deplorably he lacked all those graces of repose, culture, physical beauty, refinement, dignity and mental alertness which raise men above the level of the common cockroach.

Mr. Pett, on his side, receiving her cold glance squarely between the eyes, felt as if he were being disemboweled by a clumsy amateur. He could not help wondering what sort of man this fellow Crocker was whom this sister-in-law of his had married. He pictured him as a handsome, powerful, robust individual, with a strong jaw and a loud voice, for he could imagine no lesser type of man consenting to link his lot with such a woman. He sidled in a circuitous manner toward a distant chair and, having lowered himself into it, kept perfectly still, pretending to be dead, like an opossum. He wished to take no part whatever in the coming interview.

"Ogden, of course, you know," said Mrs. Pett.

She was sitting so stiffly upright on a hard chair, and had so much the appearance of having been hewn from the living rock that every time she opened her mouth it was as if a statue had spoken.

"I know Ogden," said Mrs. Crocker shortly. "Will you please stop him fidgeting with that vase? It is valuable."

She directed at little Ogden, who was juggling aimlessly with a handsome *objet d'art* of an early Chinese dynasty, a glance similar to that which had just disposed of his stepfather. But Ogden required more than a glance to divert him from any pursuit in which he was interested. He shifted a deposit of candy from his right cheek to his left cheek, inspected Mrs. Crocker for a moment with a pale eye, and resumed his juggling. Mrs. Crocker meant nothing in his young life.

"Ogden, come and sit down," said Mrs. Pett.

"Don't want to sit down."

"Are you making a long stay in England, Nesta?" asked Mrs. Crocker coldly.

"I don't know. We have made no plans."

"Indeed?"

She broke off. Ogden, who had possessed himself of a bronze paperknife, had begun to tap the vase with it. The ringing note thus produced appeared to please him.

"If Ogden really wishes to break that vase," said Mrs. Crocker in a detached voice, "let me ring for the butler to bring him a hammer."

"Ogden!" said Mrs. Pett.

"Oh, gee! A fellow can't do a thing!" muttered Ogden, and walked to the window. He stood looking out into the square, a slight twitching of the ears indicating that he still made progress with the candy.

"Still the same engaging child!" murmured Mrs. Crocker.

"I did not come here to discuss Ogden!" said Mrs. Pett.

Mrs. Crocker raised her eyebrows. Not even Mrs. Otho Lanners, from whom she had learned the art, could do it more effectively.

"I am still waiting to find out why you did come, Nesta!"

"I came here to talk to you about your stepson, James Crocker."

The discipline to which Mrs. Crocker had subjected herself in the matter of the display of emotion saved her from the humiliation of showing surprise. She waved her hand graciously—in the manner of the Duchess of Axminster, a supreme handwaver—to indicate that she was all attention.

"Your stepson, James Crocker," repeated Mrs. Pett. "What is it the New York papers call him, Peter?"

Mr. Pett, the human opossum, came to life. He had contrived to create about himself such a defensive atmosphere of non-existence that now that he reëntered the conversation it was as if a corpse had popped out of its tomb like a jack-in-the-box. Obeying the voice of authority he pushed the tombstone to one side and poked his head out of the sepulcher.

(Continued on Page 77)

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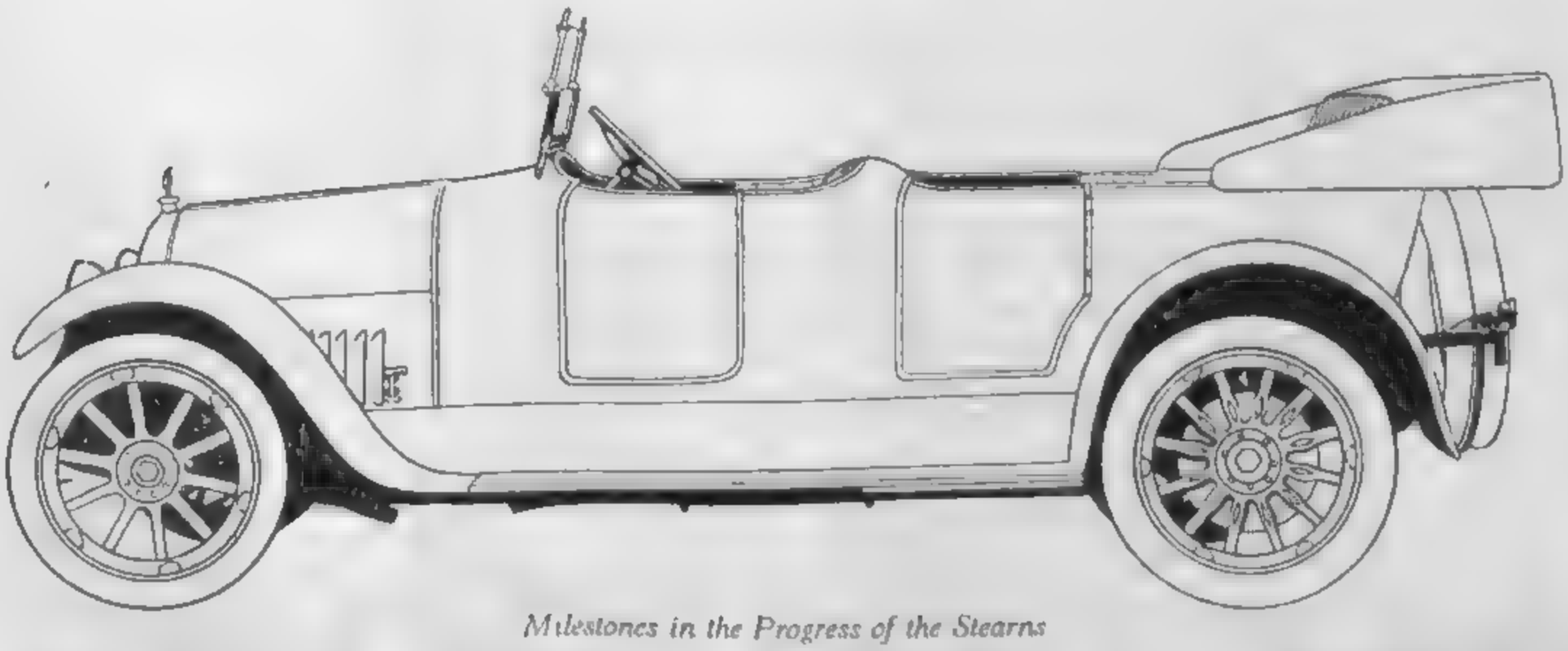


Milestones in the Progress of the Stearns

Established 1896
First Car—1 cylinder—1899
2 cylinders 1901
4 cylinders 1903
6 cylinders 1908
Knight Motor 1911
6 cylinder discarded 1915
Perfected Knight Eight 1916

Stopping Runaway Dollars

How Sanders the Sailor Plugged His Store Leaks with a Burroughs

Sanders was a sailor before he took up storekeeping, and he has applied to his grocery and provision business, at River Rouge, Michigan, two principles of good seamanship.

1. When the ship springs a leak, don't break your back at the pumps—*find the leak and stop it.*

2. Scientific navigation beats dead-reckoning for a store as well as for a vessel.

Finding the Leaks

Sanders worked hard and all the time; business increased, but profits didn't keep pace.

He knew there were leaks somewhere.

He decided to get more accurate figures to show his cash and charge sales and his expenses.

His first step was to put a Burroughs Figuring Machine on the counter.

Mechanical addition of cash sales and charge slips showed right away that he'd been losing as much as a dollar a day by the unavoidable errors of human-brain addition.

Stopping that one leak started his store toward the profit class. But that was only a beginning.

No More "Dead-Reckoning"

"Dead-reckoning" is the term by which sailors describe "guess-work" as distinguished from absolute knowledge of a ship's position as shown by chronometer and sextant.

Sanders found with a Burroughs he could "sail" his store by knowledge instead of guess-work.

How Accuracy Pays a Small Business

Cash sales involving any considerable number of items are totaled on the Burroughs, and thus Sanders avoids another common source of loss in retail business.

His bookkeeper totals charge slips with the machine, every day.

No more dollars can escape that way.

He knows his total sales on each line of goods and where he gets the quickest turnover.

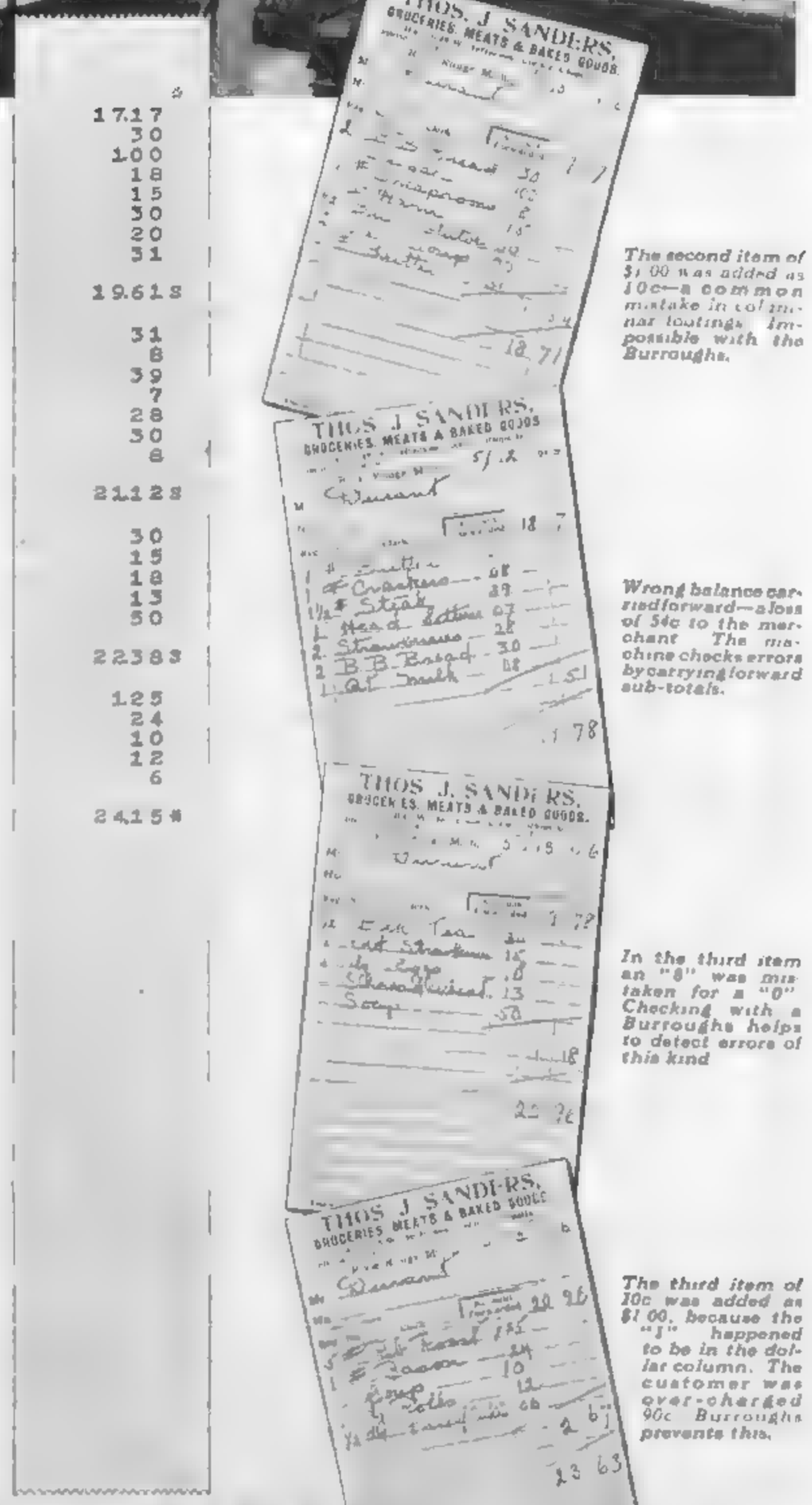
He knows he's getting a profit on the goods he's bought.

His customers know their bills are right.

The price of the machine comes back in bigger profits over and over again.

There's a Burroughs to fit every man's business needs.

Look in your telephone book or ask your banker for the address of the nearest of the 170 offices maintained by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.



The second item of $1.00 was added as 10c—a common mistake in columnar footings. Impossible with the Burroughs.

Wrong balance carried forward—a loss of 54c to the merchant. The machine checks errors by carrying forward sub-totals.

In the third item an "8" was mistaken for a "0". Checking with a Burroughs helps to detect errors of this kind

The third item of 10c was added as $1.00, because the "1" happened to be in the dollar column. The customer was over-charged 90c. Burroughs prevents this.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 74)

"Piccadilly Jim!" he murmured apologetically.

"Piccadilly Jim!" said Mrs. Crocker. "It is extremely impertinent of them!"

In spite of his misery, a wan smile appeared on Mr. Pett's death mask at this remark.

"They should worry about ——"

"Peter!"

Mr. Pett died again, greatly respected.

"Why should the New York papers refer to James at all?" said Mrs. Crocker.

"Explain, Peter!"

Mr. Pett emerged reluctantly from the cerements. He had supposed that Nesta would do the talking.

"Well, he's a news item."

"Why?"

"Well, here's a boy that's been a regular fellow—raised in America—done work on a newspaper—suddenly taken off to England to become a London dude, mixing with all the dukes, playing pinochle with the King. Naturally they're interested in him."

A more agreeable expression came over Mrs. Crocker's face.

"Of course that is quite true. One cannot prevent the papers from printing what they wish. So they have published articles about James' doings in English Society?"

"Doings," said Mr. Pett, "is right!"

"Something has got to be done about it," said Mrs. Pett.

Mr. Pett indorsed this.

"Nesta's going to lose her health if these stories go on," he said.

Mrs. Crocker raised her eyebrows, but she had hard work to keep a contented smile off her face.

"If you are not above petty jealousy, Nesta ——"

Mrs. Pett laughed a sharp, metallic laugh.

"It is the disgrace I object to!"

"The disgrace!"

"What else would you call it, Eugenia? Wouldn't you be ashamed if you opened your Sunday paper and came upon a full-page article about your nephew having got intoxicated at the races and fought a bookmaker, having broken up a political meeting, having been sued for breach-of-promise by a barmaid?"

Mrs. Crocker preserved her well-bred calm, but she was shaken. The episodes to which her sister had alluded were ancient history, horrors of the long dead past, but it seemed that they still lived in print. There and then she registered the resolve to talk to her stepson James, when she got hold of him, in such a manner as would scourge the offending Adam out of him for once and for all.

"And not only that," continued Mrs. Pett. "That would be bad enough in itself, but somehow the papers have discovered that I am the boy's aunt. Two weeks ago they printed my photograph with one of these articles. I suppose they will always do it now. That is why I have come to you. It must stop. And the only way it can be made to stop is by taking your stepson away from London, where he is running wild. Peter has most kindly consented to give the boy a position in his office. It is very good of him, for the boy cannot in the nature of things be of any use for a very long time, but we have talked it over and it seems the only course. I have come this morning to ask you to let us take James Crocker back to America with us and keep him out of mischief by giving him honest work. What do you say?"

Mrs. Crocker raised her eyebrows.

"What do you expect me to say? It is utterly preposterous. I have never heard anything so supremely absurd in my life."

"You refuse?"

"Of course I refuse."

"I think you are extremely foolish."

"Indeed!"

Mr. Pett cowed in his chair. He was feeling rather like a nervous and peace-loving patron of a wild Western saloon who observes two cowboys reach for their hip pockets. Neither his wife nor his sister-in-law paid any attention to him. The concluding exercises of a duel of the eyes was in progress. After some silent, age-long moments Mrs. Crocker laughed a light laugh.

"Most extraordinary!" she murmured.

Mrs. Pett was in no mood for Anglicisms.

"You know perfectly well, Eugenia," she said heatedly, "that James Crocker is being ruined here. For his sake, if not for mine ——"

Mrs. Crocker laughed another light laugh, one of those offensive, rippling things that cause so much annoyance.

"Don't be so ridiculous, Nesta! Ruined! Really! It is quite true that a long while ago, when he was much younger and not quite used to the ways of London Society, James was a little wild, but all that sort of thing is over now. He knows"—she paused, setting herself as it were for the punch—"he knows that at any moment the government may decide to give his father a peerage ——"

The blow went home. A quite audible gasp escaped her stricken sister.

"What!"

Mrs. Crocker placed two ringed fingers before her mouth in order not to hide a languid yawn.

"Yes. Didn't you know? But, of course, you live so out of the world. Oh, yes, it is extremely probable that Mr. Crocker's name will appear in the next Honors List. He is very highly thought of by the Powers. So naturally James is quite aware that he must behave in a suitable manner. He is a dear boy! He was handicapped at first by getting into the wrong set, but now his closest friend is Lord Percy Whipple, the second son of the Duke of Devizes, who is one of the most eminent men in the kingdom and a personal friend of the Premier."

Mrs. Pett was in bad shape under this rain of titles, but she rallied herself to reply in kind.

"Indeed?" she said. "I should like to meet him. I have no doubt he knows our great friend, Lord Wisbeach."

Mrs. Crocker was a little taken aback. She had not supposed that her sister had even this small shot in her locker.

"Do you know Lord Wisbeach?" she said.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Pett, beginning to feel a little better. "We have been seeing him every day. He always says that he looks on my house as quite a home. He knows so few people in New York. It has been a great comfort to him, I think, knowing us."

Mrs. Crocker had had time now to recover her poise.

"Poor dear Wizzy!" she said languidly.

Mrs. Pett started.

"What!"

"I suppose he is still the same dear, stupid, shiftless fellow? He left here with the intention of traveling round the world, and he has stopped in New York! How like him!"

"Do you know Lord Wisbeach?" demanded Mrs. Pett.

Mrs. Crocker raised her eyebrows.

"Know him? Why I suppose, after Lord Percy Whipple, he is James' most intimate friend!"

Mrs. Pett rose. She was dignified even in defeat. She collected Ogden and Mr. Pett with an eye which even Ogden could see was not to be trifled with. She uttered no word.

"Must you really go?" said Mrs. Crocker. "It was sweet of you to bother to come all the way from America like this. So strange to meet anyone from America nowadays. Most extraordinary!"

The *cortège* left the room in silence. Mrs. Crocker had touched the bell, but the mourners did not wait for the arrival of Bayliss. They were in no mood for the formalities of polite Society. They wanted to be elsewhere, and they wanted to be there quick. The front door had closed behind them before the butler appeared.

"Bayliss," said Mrs. Crocker with happy, shining face, "send for the car to come round at once."

"Very good, madam."

"Is Mr. James up yet?"

"I believe not, madam."

Mrs. Crocker went upstairs to her room. If Bayliss had not been within earshot she would probably have sung a bar or two. Her amiability extended even to her stepson, though she had not altered her intention of speaking eloquently to him on certain matters when she could get hold of him. That, however, could wait. For the moment she felt in vein for a gentle drive in the park.

A few minutes after she had disappeared there was a sound of slow footsteps on the stairs, and a young man came down into the hall. Bayliss, who had finished telephoning to the garage for Mrs. Crocker's limousine and was about to descend to those lower depths where he had his being, turned, and a grave smile of welcome played over his face.

"Good morning, Mr. James," he said.

IV

JIMMY CROCKER was a tall and well-knit young man, who later on in the day would no doubt be at least passably good-looking. At the moment an unbecoming

Building the Memorial a Present-Day Duty

MEN and women throughout the country are making the erection of mausoleums, monuments and smaller memorials a task *for themselves*—for their own supervision—rather than leaving it to others after their departure.

More and more is the installation of memorials in family burial lots being considered a present-day duty. And when selections are made—whether to mark new graves or to stand in readiness for the time when they are needed—the suitableness of Barre Granite makes a strong appeal.

BARRE GRANITE

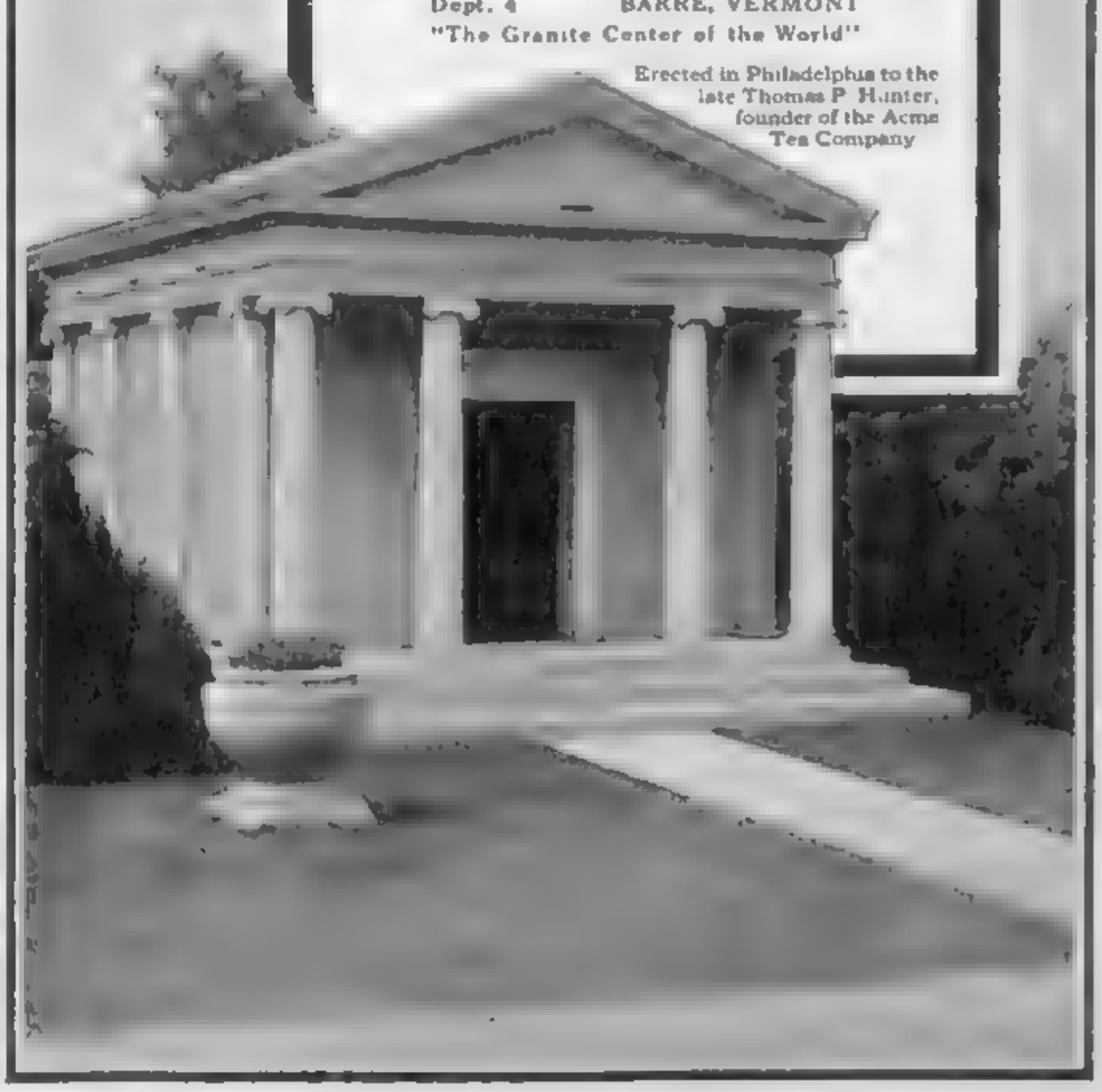
The Rock Beautiful and Everlasting

is free from flaws. Its texture is sturdy. Its power to resist time and weather is unquestioned. Marked beauty—whether in hammered or polished form—combined with density and strength that produce everlasting qualities—make it the ideal stone for memorials, large or small.

Barre Granite in many designs—both pretentious and modest—may be seen in any cemetery. It is sold by the best dealers everywhere. Ask your dealer to show you specimens of it. Specify that every part of your memorial be of Barre Granite.

Barre Granite is the ideal material for columns and other ornamental building purposes. Write for illustrated booklet, "Memorial Masterpieces," showing monuments of prominent people throughout the United States.

BARRE QUARRIERS AND MANUFACTURERS ASS'N
Dept. 4 BARRE, VERMONT
"The Granite Center of the World"



Erected in Philadelphia to the late Thomas P. Hunter, founder of the Acme Tea Company

For the Children After School

WHEN the little fellows come trudging home after school, think how they love to find fresh Necco Confections in the house! It's a real pleasure to see them enjoying these palate-tickling joy-drops, because you know that Necco Sweets are good for growing children.

Keep some fresh, spicy Necco Lemon Drops, Fruit Drops, Hoarhound Drops, Sweethearts, Boston Baked Beans, Necco or Hub Wafers on the table for everyone. It's the surest way to know your children are eating candy that will not hurt them.

Kept fresh and tasty in the protective glassine wrappers—5 cents everywhere. Necco and Hub Wafers have nine delicious flavors. Try them.

New England Confectionery Co.
Boston, Mass.

Necco Wafers

pallor marred his face, and beneath his eyes were marks that suggested that he had slept little and ill.

He stood at the foot of the stairs, yawning cavernously.

"Bayliss," he said, "have you been painting yourself yellow?"

"No, sir."

"Strange! Your face looks a bright gamboge to me, and your outlines wabble. Bayliss, never mix your drinks. I say this to you as a friend. Is there anyone in the morning room?"

"No, Mr. James."

"Speak softly, Bayliss, for I am not well. I am conscious of a strange weakness. Lead me to the morning room, then, and lay me gently on a sofa. These are the times that try men's souls."

The sun was now shining strongly through the windows of the morning room. Bayliss lowered the shades.

Jimmy Crocker sank on to the sofa and closed his eyes.

"Bayliss."

"Sir?"

"A conviction is stealing over me that I am about to expire."

"Shall I bring you a little breakfast, Mr. James?"

A strong shudder shook Jimmy.

"Don't be flippant, Bayliss," he protested. "Try to cure yourself of this passion for being funny at the wrong time. Your comedy is good, but tact is a finer quality than humor. Perhaps you think I have forgotten that morning when I was feeling just as I do to-day, and you came to my bedside and asked me if I would like a nice rasher of ham. I haven't, and I never shall.

"You may bring me a brandy-and-soda. Not a large one. A couple of bathtubsful will be enough."

"Very good, Mr. James."

"And now leave me, Bayliss, for I would be alone. I have to make a series of difficult and exhaustive tests to ascertain whether I am still alive."

When the butler had gone Jimmy adjusted the cushions, closed his eyes, and remained for a space in a state of coma. He was trying, as well as an exceedingly severe headache would permit, to recall the salient events of the previous night. At present his memories refused to solidify. They poured about in his brain in a fluid and formless condition, exasperating to one who sought for hard facts.

It seemed strange to Jimmy that the shadowy and inchoate vision of a combat, a fight, a brawl of some kind persisted in flitting about in the recesses of his mind, always just far enough away to elude capture. The absurdity of the thing annoyed him. A man has either indulged in a fight overnight or he has not indulged in a fight overnight. There can be no middle course. That he should be uncertain on the point was ridiculous. Yet try as he would he could not be sure. There were moments when he seemed on the very verge of settling the matter, and then some invisible person would meanly insert a red-hot corkscrew in the top of his head and begin to twist it, and this would interfere with calm thought.

He was still in a state of uncertainty when Bayliss returned, bearing healing liquids on a tray.

"Shall I set it beside you, sir?"

Jimmy opened one eye.

"Indubitably. No mean word that, Bayliss, for the morning after. Try it yourself next time. Bayliss, who let me in this morning?"

"Let you in, sir?"

"Precisely. I was out and now I am in. Obviously I must have passed the front door somehow. This is logic."

"I fancy you let yourself in, Mr. James, with your key."

"That would seem to indicate that I was in a state of icy sobriety. Yet, if such is the case, how is it that I can't remember whether I murdered somebody or not last night?

"It isn't the sort of thing your sober man would lightly forget. Have you ever murdered anybody, Bayliss?"

"No, sir."

"Well, if you had, you would remember it next morning?"

"I imagine so, Mr. James."

"Well, it's a funny thing, but I can't get rid of the impression that at some point in my researches into the night life of London yestreen I fell upon some person to whom I had never been introduced and committed mayhem upon his person."

It seemed to Bayliss that the time had come to impart to Mr. James a piece of news which he had supposed would require no imparting. He looked down upon his young master's recumbent form with a grave commiseration. It was true that he had never been able to tell with any certainty whether Mr. James intended the statements he made to be taken literally or not; but on the present occasion he seemed to have spoken seriously, and to be genuinely at a loss to recall an episode over the printed report of which the entire domestic staff had been gloating ever since the arrival of the halfpenny morning paper to which they subscribed.

"Do you really mean it, Mr. James?" he inquired cautiously.

"Mean what?"

"You have really forgotten that you were engaged in a fracas last night at the Six Hundred Club?"

Jimmy sat up with a jerk, staring at this omniscient man. Then the movement having caused a renewal of the operations of the red-hot corkscrew, he fell back again with a groan.

"Was I! How on earth did you know? Why should you know all about it when I can't remember a thing? It was my fight, not yours."

"There is quite a long report of it in to-day's Daily Sun, Mr. James."

"A report? In the Sun?"

"Half a column, Mr. James. Would you like me to fetch the paper? I have it in my pantry."

"I should say so. Trot a quick heat back with it. This wants looking into."

Bayliss retired, to return immediately with the paper. Jimmy took it, gazed at it and handed it back.

"I overestimated my powers. It can't be done. Have you any important duties at the moment, Bayliss?"

"No, sir."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind reading me the bright little excerpt then?"

"Certainly, sir."

"It will be good practice for you. I am convinced I am going to be a confirmed invalid for the rest of my life, and it will be part of your job to sit at my bedside and read to me. By the way, does the paper say who the party of the second part was? Who was the citizen with whom I went to the mat?"

"Lord Percy Whipple, Mr. James."

"Lord Who?"

"Lord Percy Whipple."

"Never heard of him. Carry on, Bayliss."

Jimmy composed himself to listen, yawning.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OUR MOST HUMAN INDUSTRY

(Concluded from Page 17)

furnishes enough fuel for their roasting. When a new vein of this copper sulphide is first opened underground, the streams of water that trickle through it are sulphurous, but almost sweet enough to drink. As soon as air reaches the ore, however, it oxidizes the sulphur, forming sulphuric acid. In a little while the mine water becomes so sharp that a drop falling on a miner's bare shoulder, in the heat of deep workings, raises a blister. This acid proceeds to take copper metal in solution and then it flows away and is pumped out of the mine. For many years no attention was paid to copper-mine water.

It is a fact that sulphuric acid likes iron much better than copper. When the traditional policeman hid his can of beer in the mine pond, if he ever did, the water simply ate it up. There was a chemical trade. The water took the iron in the pail, leaving behind so much copper. It was more than a fair trade, because the water flowed away, pleased with its new content of iron, at about half a cent a pound, leaving a shell of soft copper precipitate, like rust. It was all to the advantage of the policeman, because his pail was turned into a substance that is eighty per cent metallic copper.

When the mining companies round Butte realized that their mine water was valuable they began collecting all the old cans in the neighborhood and dumping them into the ponds. From that the process of recovery was developed, so that nowadays all mine water flows through troughs, into which scrap iron of every description is piled, and as the metal turns to copper precipitate the iron fades away. Rich water will eat up a steel rail in three days, and as the water grows weaker it is led over smaller and smaller iron, until it finally leaves its last modicum of copper on tin cans, which give the greatest surface for acid to act upon. Water from a mine will carry from one-quarter of one per cent copper down to as little as the two-hundredth part of one per cent. Ninety per cent of this metal is recovered.

All sorts of old iron are eaten up in the precipitation plants. There will be a railroad wreck, for instance, and steel ore cars are twisted and smashed beyond salvage. They are placed in the copper-laden water and are quickly eaten up. At one big mining plant the superintendent erected a mill for performing some small operation in the separation of concentrates. In a year and a half this mill paid for itself several times over by its economies, and was then rendered useless by the new flotation process. All the machinery was forthwith jerked out, carried to the precipitation troughs, dumped in, eaten up, and turned into copper precipitate.

Western Smoke Farming

This method of working mine water has led to vast possibilities in the reworking of tailings from mill and smelter. The West is full of such tailings, and they contain more copper than mine water does. Recovery of the metal is made by leaching. Either the spent mine water is run through a tailings pile, and reënriched with copper and acid, or sulphuric acid is recovered from smelter fumes and used to leach tailings.

What is known as smoke farming is one of the most profitable branches of farming in the West—at least, that is the opinion of the copper-smelter men. It seems that their operations give rise to sulphur fumes, which are really harmful to crops in many districts. Hence laws have become so strict that very often it is only necessary for a farmer to prove smoke damage and put in his bill to the smelter company to get his money. Even if his farm is only a sagebrush patch, with a crop of jack rabbits, if he can show that smelter smoke is harmful to his jack rabbits he gets paid.

Now this thriving industry of smoke farming appears to be in danger. The smelter fumes are being turned into acid, and the acid used to leach tailings, and the resulting solution of acid and copper is run over scrap iron, to recover the copper. Even this process is not feasible for the big porphyry-copper companies, however, for their tonnage is so vast that a few weeks of the precipitation method would use up all the scrap iron in the West. They have perfected another process, whereby the copper in tailings is leached out and recovered by electrolytic means.

Cheap water-power electricity is now effecting vast economies in the working of zinc. In the past when the West had zinc ores of sufficient richness and purity to warrant concentration, the concentrates were shipped to smelters in the coal fields of the East, or to the natural-gas fields of Oklahoma, where they were smelted by the method of converting the zinc into a gas and condensing it into metal. When the zinc was not rich enough to stand shipment, however, it was almost worthless in the West, by reason of lack of fuel. When a small percentage of zinc was mingled with other metals the latter were often unsmeltable at a profit, because the zinc itself could not be recovered, and it also interfered with the economical working of other metals. Now the ore is treated with sulphuric acid, reduced from smelter fumes, and then the zinc is extracted by the electrolytic process.

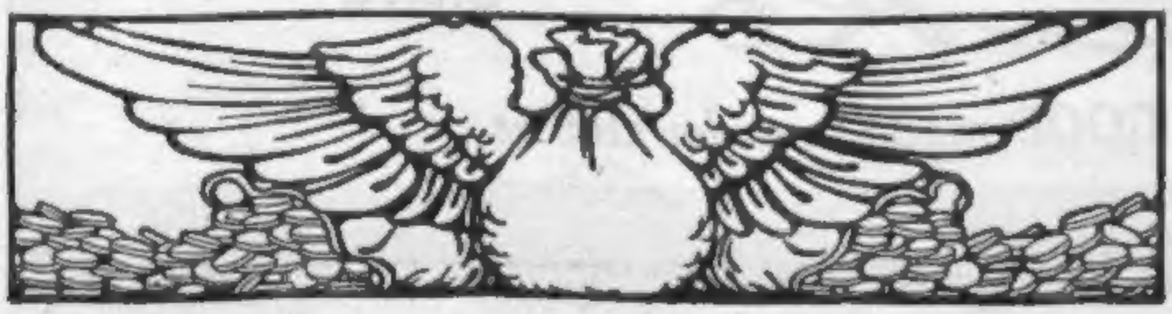
Competition in Zinc

This process is the same as that of electroplating, by which silver and gold are deposited on plated ware, and copper on electrotypes. The electric current has the peculiar property of being able to deposit only one metal, though several different metals be present in the plating solution through which it passes from the anode to the cathode. Western copper is smelted by the heat of pulverized coal, blown into the furnaces in a stream like gas. When the copper is smelted it is poured into molds that give it the form of anodes suited to the purposes of the Eastern refineries. It contains small percentages of gold and silver. The anodes are sent East, placed in refining apparatus, and subjected to current. All the copper passes from the anode to the cathode in the state of high purity that brings the best prices, while the gold and silver fall to the bottom of the electro-deposition tanks as sludge, and are afterward refined separately.

When solutions from a conglomerate ore containing zinc are submitted to this same process, the zinc is deposited in great purity, commanding the premium prices paid by munitions makers and other manufacturers who want the finest quality for brass. The copper, silver, lead and other metals in the conglomerate are precipitated as sludge, and when the troublesome zinc is out of the way they are easily separated and refined.

By electrolytic refining the West hopes to be able to keep many of its zinc mines running after the European war stops and the great zinc smelters of Germany, Belgium and England resume operation. Zinc is one of the most difficult metals to produce against competition, because it is mined in many countries, and the business goes where the price is the lowest—to the country with the most economical methods of treatment. This metal is decidedly representative both of Western mining methods and of Western mining ambition. For though the West has been spurred to produce zinc during the war boom at prices four hundred per cent above normal, it has not lost sight of the fact that the normal price is from five to six cents a pound, not from twenty to twenty-five cents. With the money made from twenty-cent zinc, however, the West is prepared to compete with the six-cent product, and this is largely true of the Western attitude on other metals.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early issue.



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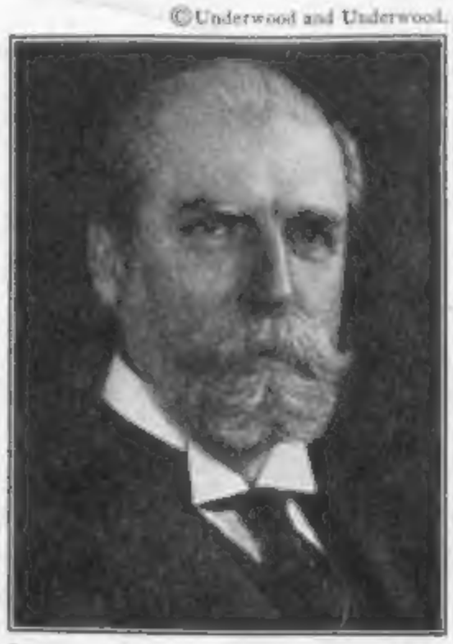

Give us a Great President for a Great Crisis

THESE are days that demand true greatness at Washington. And for the critical days that are to come after the war, we shall more than ever have need of a great executive.

Charles E. Hughes is the man.

His record as a great Governor of New York State proves it.

This is his record in brief:

When the gas investigation began in New York City, Hughes, unknown to the public and unheard of in politics, was the one great lawyer whose freedom from corporation entanglements made it possible for him to perform brilliant service for the people.

In the insurance investigation, by sheer intellectual power he mastered intricate technicalities, fought his way through the confusing defenses of experts and, almost single-handed, brought the gigantic insurance companies to justice and reform.

Public admiration of his fearlessness as an investigator brought him the Republican nomination for Mayor of New York which he instantly waved aside because it might impair his uncompleted insurance work.

Elected Governor, he put new life into every branch of government, and brought into office a great group of the strongest and most expert administrators that had ever served the State.

When he dared to attack race-track gambling, he risked his whole political future in an enterprise which his political advisers told him was hopeless. He won. Race-track gambling was suppressed. He was re-elected.

He battled with the bosses for direct primaries, ballot reform and the short ballot.

He devised and created the great public service commissions which took the railroads out of politics and drove the "Black Horse Cavalry" out of Albany. His idea of public service control has since been followed by many other States.

He advocated and helped to bring about the enactment of a Workmen's Compensation Law, the first of its type in the Union.

This law has been the basis for subsequent legislation in New York and other States.

He did not fear popular clamor. His veto of the unsound but popular 2c.-a-mile railroad rate bill shows that.

Finally, he never made a deal. He never traded appointments for measures. He appointed men to office for merit only. He never removed a man from office for political or personal reasons. Had he stooped even occasionally to the use of patronage to reward friends and to punish enemies, his victories would have been quick and easy—but he never stooped. He could have easily undermined the power of his political archenemy by a single threat to the unprotected State Capitol employees, yet every workman who did his duty remained secure in his job. He never appointed a Republican because he was "deserving" in Bryan's sense of the word.

Politicians of both parties sneered, fought, called him "cold", "impractical" and "theorist", and succumbed to him. Here was a new type of man. They did not understand him. Apparently the people did, for they trusted him.

Thus did the magic name of Hughes become a name to conjure with in New York State politics for years thereafter. To say a man was a "Hughes man" has had a special meaning in New York State; to say that a measure was favored by Hughes has given it at once a standing that nothing else could. Democrats, Progressives and Republicans have used the name of Hughes to win support for men and measures.

Today, Hughes is saying:

"I propose that every man I put in charge of an important department shall be a man eminently fit to discharge the duties of that department."

"I don't care, if I'm elected President, what becomes of my personal political fortunes."

This is the same Hughes who made his performances tally with his promises when he was Governor of New York State. Can there be any doubt that he will do likewise when he becomes President of the United States?

Enroll in the National Hughes Alliance!

It is a union of men of all parties. The Hughes Alliance is not the Republican party; it is not a party at all. Whatever your political creed, you can join the Alliance without cutting loose from your own party.

There are no dues; no pledge to support any party platform or candidate except Hughes.

After you enroll, we will send you literature with which you can convince your friends.

Women may enroll with the Woman's Committee through the National Alliance.

If you are willing to contribute to the support of the Alliance campaign, make your checks payable to A. W. Shaw, Treasurer.

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National Hughes Alliance

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To the Secretary of the National Hughes Alliance,
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I hereby enroll as a member of the Hughes Alliance. I pledge myself to work and vote for the election of Charles E. Hughes.

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And no trouble to open wide or close tight—simply lower the windows or raise them, as the case may be.
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It has the wonderful Knight type sleeve-valve motor which is far better adapted for closed cars than any other type.
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But here is a car which you can shut as tight as a drum and yet have peace and quiet.

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Cantilever rear springs absorb all ordinary road inequalities.
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It is a good long car—121 inch wheelbase—and it has big tires, 34 x 4½-inch—two more features which contribute to make this the easiest riding car you ever dreamed of.

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